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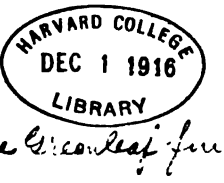

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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

Dramatic Opinions.

By MRS. KENDAL.

Part I.

My opinions! What nonsense, they won't interest any one, for my personal friends already know them, and my enemies won't like them, or believe in them; they will only dissect them, turn them inside out, and try to make out and prove to my unknown generous British public that I am wrong in everything I say! You see, I start with the idea I've enemies. I'll tell you why: all people that have many friends must have the other things; now, I am sure I have the former, so there you are. Who is it says, "A man without an enemy has not got a friend"? Well, I believe that—that's one of my *opinions!*

Before I begin, I suppose I ought to say, like a child on going into school, how old I am and where I was born. But, dear reader, please don't ask me that—where I was born and how old am I. Don't you know? Some folks add a year or two to my age when writing about me, and can't quite decide where I was born. Perhaps I "growed," eh? I shan't tell you, because curiosity in a man is awful; in my sex it's pardonable, I'm told, and most women ask each other, "How old do you think Miss, or Mrs., So-and-so is? Now think. She began in such a theatre, and played such a part; she must have been over twenty then, that makes her —— Oh, my dear, she *must* be!" But *men* never talk like that. At their clubs they converse only of politics, and discuss the progress of the different ages of man, but no, never—never of woman!

Both my father and mother were on the stage, so were my grandfather and grandmother, so were my great-grandfather and great-grandmother; so were my great-aunts and uncles, my *simple* aunts and uncles, my brothers, my sisters, my nephews, my nieces. I hardly have a relation in the world that hasn't been on the stage, except the new-made knight, Sir William Tindal Robertson, the member for Brighton; but his father, my uncle, was an actor for some years.

We are very, very proud of the fact; when I say we, I mean the Robertson family. *We* sounds regal, doesn't it? but I can't say *us* because that wouldn't be grammatical, so I am obliged to say *we*. Yes, we are proud of it. The blood of the Montmorencys doesn't fire up more when they speak of their long line of ancestry dating from the Conquest, than the Robertson blood burns with enthusiasm when speaking of our long line of descent from actors of old. And we shall, I hope, do nothing in the future to lessen that enthusiasm.

I am the twenty-second child of my parents. Yes, the twenty-second. My brother Tom, the author, was my father's eldest son. I am the youngest of the family. I never knew my brother Tom except as a man grown up—such a great many brothers and sisters came between us.

I am sorry to say I did not play in any of his comedies, in none of what is considered his best work I played in 'Dreams' at the Gaiety, which was charming to the end of Act II., and then fell off considerably, and none knew this better than himself. I often hear my brother's work spoken of as "*The Bread and Butter School.*" Bread and butter! but what good bread and butter! How fine the flour! How carefully kneaded, and always served hot from the bakehouse! Then the butter! How fresh and sweet, what an excellent colour, what delicate pretty pats, with just enough salt to give it a rich, delicious flavour! And then, again, how well the butter was spread over the bread—just enough, no more. And this bread, like all good home-made loaves, was all the better for the keeping. Everybody must eat bread and butter, then how necessary these commodities should be wholesome and pure! We Robertsons never speak of Tom without calling him "Napoleon," for his "Bread and Butter School" was the *coup d'état* to many things. Sometimes I fancy people mean to be rude and speak slightingly of his work when they call it "bread and butter," but at every tea party I take my children to I say, "Begin with your uncle's

fare *first*, you shall have some fairy poetical drama called 'cake' afterwards!"

Now let me say a few words of personal biography.

Once upon a time there were three theatrical circuits, the York circuit, the Bath circuit, and the Lincolnshire circuit. A Robertson built theatres in the eight towns of the Lincolnshire circuit: companies used to travel (as we do now on a larger scale, among the provincial towns); but in those days all the theatres within a certain radius belonged to one manager, and you were an actor of importance if you belonged to either circuit. My uncle, who was known as "old Tom Robertson, the Mogul," succeeded to the property; when he died he left it to his wife, from whom my father obtained it.

Mr. Chippendale, Messrs. Compton, Braid, and Rogers of the Haymarket Theatre were all actors in my father's theatre. I have letters from Compton to my father when he began I do not like to say at how much a week—and how he was advanced a certain sum of money to get to town. Afterwards life was reversed, and when I became an actress at the Haymarket Theatre I was called by these old actors "The daughter of the Regiment."

When the railway mania or some other burst of speculation reached into Lincolnshire, my father lost everything he possessed; and, on the very day and hour when he knew everything was lost, I was born.

As I have told you, I was the youngest of the family, and considered a very wonderful person to have been reared, because I was the twenty-second child of the same parents. My mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Marinus. She was a German—the name is Dutch. She was born near the Hague, but her parents really were Germans. Mr. Buckstone was at one time, I believe, a sweetheart of my mother's, and he was so thin and so small, that my mother used to say she could blow him away! I always have believed, perhaps it is a childish belief, that if my mother had had a fair opportunity of appearing before the London public, she would have been a very shining light indeed. I believe she did act there once, but not in any prominent part. She was a true *comédienne*. I was too young to form a reliable estimate of her powers until she was quite an old woman, but her reminiscences and her anecdotes and her sense of humour were very fine.

It appears that my mother wrote to Mr. Chute, of Bristol,

and said: "You were a poor actor once in our theatre; you have now one of your own; let me be an actress in it." Mr. Chute said "Yes"; and in that theatre I was brought out as Eva in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

Gentlemen who acted with me were George Melville, William Rignold, and George Rignold. A clever lady, Miss Cleveland, who now is Mrs. Arthur Stirling, was the Eliza. I was cast for the part of Eva, which contained three or four little songs, because I used to sing as a child, and was supposed to have something of a voice. At the end of the play I used to be carried up to heaven with Uncle Tom. I was put in a kind of machine, something was put round my waist, and I went up in a sort of apotheosis, as in 'Faust and Marguerite.' I remember too that all my hair was let down my back. I was very fair when I was a child. You can imagine that, as one grows older, hair gets darker if nature is not interfered with.

Then came a blank in my life, when I was too old to play children's parts and not old enough to play women's. There was a certain Miss Pillinger, an intimate friend of Mrs. Chute's, who used to keep a musical academy of very great pretensions. From Miss Pillinger I received—I must not say my musical education, because I am not a sufficiently good musician to say that, but the elements of one.

I remained at Miss Pillinger's Academy until I was about fifteen, when Mr. Wild, who was a partner of Mr. Buckstone at Bradford, came and heard me sing, and insisted on engaging me for the burlesque boy's part of Rasselas. Mr. John O'Connor was the scenic artist. He used to do painting on his own account. I said to him one day, "Mr. O'Connor, when I am rich I shall buy a picture from you," and the first five pounds I ever spent on a picture was in buying a bit of still life of his, which now hangs in my drawing-room.

At this time I used to play parts in the first piece, the burlesque boy's part in the second, and then I sang, and nobody could discover whether I was going to be an actress or a singer, or what my future was to be. I was always told I was "going to be something," and perhaps the most tangible result of the prediction was that during this period of my life I began to earn £10 a week. I was very glad and happy, because I then took my father and mother off the stage, and never allowed them to act again.

I had for some time been very anxious to do this. One day

an old actor had come off the stage and said, "God bless my soul, Robertson has forgotten his lines again!" I thought, "They shall work no more." From that time my father and mother never acted again.

After leaving Bradford, I came to London, and played for six weeks at the Haymarket Theatre with Mr. Walter Montgomery. The Hon. Lewis Wingfield played Roderigo; he was a great friend of my brother's, and a great lover of art in every way. During the time that I was there Mr. Ira Aldridge was engaged to act. Mr. Ira Aldridge was a man who, being black, always picked out the fairest woman he could to play Desdemona with him, not because she was capable of acting the part, but because she had a fair head. One of the great bits of "business" that he used to do was where in one of the scenes he had to say, "Your hand, Desdemona." He made a very great point of opening his hand and making you place yours in it, and the audience used to see the contrast. He always made a point of it, and got a round of applause: how, I do not know. It always struck me that he had got some species of—well, I will not say "genius," because I dislike that word, as used nowadays—but gleams of great intelligence. Although a genuine black, he was quite *preux chevalier* in his manners to women. The fairer you were, the more obsequious he was to you. In the last act he used to take Desdemona out of bed by her hair, and drag her round the stage before he smothered her. You had to wear sandals and toed stockings to produce the effect of being undressed. I remember very distinctly this dragging Desdemona about by the hair was considered so brutal that it was loudly hissed. Those are the main points of my performance in 'Othello,' to the success of which I am afraid I did not very much contribute.

Now, I must tell you something very odd. Madame Jenny Lind, afterwards Madame Goldschmidt, once called on me and told me she was going to teach the scholars of the Royal College of Music, by the wish of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and she did not feel that she would be able to teach them to sing unless I would teach them how to speak. I told her I didn't consider myself qualified to do so, whereupon she replied that she would not belong to the College of Music unless I did. I was so immensely flattered by this great and gifted creature coming to me, that on the receipt of what I am proud to think was a command from H.R.H. the Prince of

Wales, who, you know, is the President, I undertook to teach the scholars that came to Madame Jenny Lind. Well, when I first called over the names of my pupils, I found the name of 'Miss Aldridge,' and was informed that she was the daughter of the gentleman with whom I had acted Desdemona as a girl at the Haymarket, a fact which immediately gave me the strongest interest and feeling for her. She has since then given singing lessons and concerts.

From the Haymarket I went with Mr. Montgomery, and opened the new Nottingham Theatre which he had taken. Nottingham was one of the places where my grandfather had built a theatre. It was a strange thing that my eldest sister sang the last note in my grandfather's theatre, and that I sang the first note in the New Theatre Royal. Again, you see, I go back to my singing propensities. I sang the first verse of "God Save the Queen," which in those days was always upon the programme. I was in Nottingham for a very short time. From there I went to the Theatre Royal, Hull, which was a new theatre, to open with Mr. William Brough, who was the manager. I was the leading lady. I used to play everything, from Lady Macbeth to Papillonnetta. Papillonnetta was a lady with wings, in a burlesque of Mr. Brough's. The wings were invented by Mr. Brough, and they used to wind up and flap for about ten minutes, and you then had to run off and be wound up again. In that I used to dance a *pas seul.* Every actress on the stage of any known position has always attempted Lady Macbeth, and has got a more or less ridiculous or interesting anecdote to tell of that attempt. Here is mine:—Mr. Samuel Phelps came down to Hull to play for three nights, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. He chose for his three nights' performances, 'Richelieu,' in which I played Julie; the 'Man of the World,' in which I played the comedy part, and, to complete it, 'Lady Macbeth.'

The reason I played Lady Macbeth was that there was nobody else to play it, except a very old lady. Mr. Phelps had to choose between this very old lady and myself. Mr. Brough told Mr. Phelps that he had better take me, as, whether I could do it or could not, I had at that time so completely got the Hull people to like me that they would forgive me anything. I was put in a garment of my mother's. Mr. Brough, thinking that this was a hazardous experiment, put it in the play-bills "for the first time." I went on, and was received tremendously, and,

having been taught by my father, I suppose I got through it somehow, and was vociferously cheered. It shows how if anybody, however incompetent, pleases an audience, they will sweep art, experience, and knowledge out of the whole thing and give the inexperienced a hearing. I was called over and over again. Mr. Phelps did not take me before the curtain. Why should he? When he went on again, he was greeted with the most tremendous cries of "Bring her out!" As my father was standing at the wings, he was sent for, and a young man out of the gallery, of enormous size, came round and said to him, "Ay, Mr. Robertson, if thou say'st t' word, I'll duck him in t'Humber; he's not brought on our Madge." My father had to take Mr. Phelps out of the front door to avoid the gallery boys throwing him in "t'Humber." A greater insult to a "genius"—for this time we may apply the word in its right place—a greater insult than a chit attempting to stand upon the same stage with this man, who was, as all the world will acknowledge, a really great actor, I have never experienced. But so kind, so generous, was Mr. Phelps, that, when I came to London, he paid me the compliment of sending for me to play Lady Teazle at his benefit at the Standard Theatre.

From Hull I came to the Haymarket Theatre under Mr. Buckstone, where I remained seven years. There I met my husband, and married. I went to the Haymarket a single girl, and left it "*The Matron of the Drama.*" This title, which is always applied to me, it would be foolish to say I am not proud of. I am very, very proud of it; but with the pride comes a feeling of regret at being so conspicuously selected. To the generous-minded friends who have given me this title my grateful thanks are due; but I fear they did not take into consideration the feelings of many others when they placed on my poor head this crown of honour! I next went to the Court Theatre with Mr. Hare to play Lady Flora: then to the Prince of Wales's to play in 'Peril' and 'Diplomacy'; and afterwards to the St. James's. Such has been my life. They say that rolling stones gather no moss, but sometimes I think it is a pity to remain too stationary.

I have often been asked, I may say, by thousands, both in letters and in conversation, as a matter of interest by my friends and from curiosity by others, why my husband and I always act together, and have never been parted. I wish to state to the public why it is so. My father was an actor who

said he believed that the greatest amount of domesticity and happiness in a life devoted to art could exist upon the stage, provided husbands and wives never parted. If, on the contrary, a man, because he could earn £10 a week more, went to one theatre, whilst his wife for a similar reason went to another, their interests tended to become divided; their feelings ran in separate grooves, and gradually a shadow would grow up at home which divided them for ever. On my expressing a wish that I should marry an actor, he said that only on this condition would he allow me to marry my husband,—that we should never be parted. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean always acted together, and she endorsed my father's words. If my husband and I had been separated, if he had played parts to other women; if other women had played parts to him, and I to other men, and other men to me, there is no doubt that certain go-ahead people would have preferred it, and we should probably have been worth thousands of pounds more to-day; but, on the other hand, there is another section of the public who say they like to see us act together: that the very fact of knowing we are man and wife gives them a certain satisfaction in witnessing our performance, which they would not otherwise feel. That, however, I must leave for the public to decide; as far as we are concerned, however, it was a vow made to my father, from which my husband has never departed; and if, when we are dead, we leave our children less money, let us hope they will respect what we have done.

Letters have been written to me, and friends have come to me and argued the point, saying it would be more interesting to see another man embracing me. Where the interest comes in, I do not know. Also that it would be infinitely more fascinating if somebody else acted with my husband. I believe there is a little sort of story going forth that the reason of all this is to be found in the existence of a peculiar green-eyed monster in Mrs. Kendal's heart. Poor lady! It is a blessed gift that her shoulders are broad, because I have found that, if a woman has lived many years happily and creditably with her husband, some reason or reasons must be given. However, in return, I beg the disaffected always to look with large opera-glasses at my husband, who, having lived with me for twenty years, is a very good target for them to shoot their pistols at!

I wonder will it interest you to hear what I think of the French actors coming over to London, and the effect it had on art generally

in this country? I think for one thing that it has made the English people see that there is just as much good art here as abroad. But then you must make allowances for the different peculiarities of nations. For instance, as you drive through the streets of Paris you often see two people talking at a corner, and you notice their gesticulations. One is explaining something to the other. From the extraordinary twinkle in his eye, the expression of his mouth, the waving of his hand in the air, and the undulating sort of movement of his body, you suppose that he is describing some most exciting scene, perhaps a murder; you go up to him and find that he is simply pointing to a *café* where he had some beer! Now all these gesticulations are to a Frenchman perfectly natural, he is to the manner born.

We English, speaking generally, have by nature no gesticulation. We are more phlegmatic, more solid. Like the parrot, we "think a great deal," but we don't show it. We sit on our perches and imagine we are expressing all sorts of emotions, but as a matter of fact we are doing no such thing. Our excitement is taken inwardly; inwardly we feel as much as the French do, perhaps more; but we do not give that extraordinarily graphic description of what is passing in our minds which makes a Frenchman's account of even trivial events so dramatic. Therefore I consider that the gesticulation on the French stage, which is supposed to be so wonderful and so charming, is merely the result of a difference in national temperament. With us it is more art than nature: with them it is more nature than art. As animated gesticulation is more difficult of attainment by English actors, it ought, when we do see it, to be estimated doubly highly from an art point of view. But there is another reason why we pay less attention to the small details of gesture. English audiences are so totally different from French audiences. I remember going to see a play called 'Les Danischeff,' where one of the greatest actresses, Madame Favart, played the part of the mother. She was a *grande dame*, and came on the stage with two attendants, a parrot and a dog. For a long time she held her audience by little remarks, such as "my son has arrived in Paris. Pleasant society there. I was there myself in my youth. I enjoyed it immensely"—then to the parrot, "you darling,"—and so she went on; she just played with her little bits of lace on her dress—put her rings straight—arranged her bracelets—took her lace pocket-handkerchief up and sprinkled a little scent, fanned herself, played with the dog, conversed with the parrot,

spoke of the political intrigue that was going on in Russia. There was not any action, any "play"; but the artist arrested the attention of the audience, who sat listening eagerly to nothings exquisitely delivered.

An English audience would have grown impatient; they would have said, "There is nothing going on, there is no conversation, there is no narrative, there is no action."

French audiences will listen attentively to long duologues, or even monologues; witness the monologue in 'Don Cæsar de Bazan,' and that oration of Charles V. to the tombs of his fathers in 'Hernani.' When I heard it, it was magnificently delivered by M. Worms. It lasted—my gracious! how long it lasted! Nothing took place, the actor was surrounded by tombs; a dark scene, a beautiful soliloquy in verse, and the audience listened to the music of their own language, delivered by an elocutionist whom to hear was a delight.

Now an English audience must have action. The eye must be pleased or the ears tickled, there must be some strong appeal to the senses. You must gratify the eye by spectacle, or the ear by an equivoque, some such devices are indispensable. In France you hear two or three men and women discuss some political question or society question of the day for twenty minutes or half an hour, as they do for instance in the play of 'Le Monde où l'on s'ennui.' Such is the difference between an English and a French public.

I have often been asked whether actors who play minor parts conspicuously well spring suddenly into more prominent positions. The question reminds me of an incident which occurred in a play by Arthur Sketchley, the well-known author of the "Mrs. Brown" series. He had written a three-act drama called 'Blanche,' which my husband and I, on tour at the time, were playing at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool. The plot was taken from an old French drama, and consisted of a woman being falsely accused of poisoning her husband. It was very hard work, I remember, for three acts for every one in the play. In the last scene, when the villain steps forward and denounces the heroine with the words, "You poisoned your husband. I saw you put the poison in the glass at such and such a time," a black man-servant comes forward and says "Liar!" I am sorry to say that this was the only occasion for genuine applause throughout the play. So great was the success of the minor actor, that he immediately jumped into a most prominent

position in the provinces and became a leading man. Whether he has kept his position till now I do not know, for I have lost sight of him.

Many actors have established reputations by playing small parts only, and by playing them so well that, of course, being known for a particular style of acting, they are engaged solely for the kind of parts that suits their peculiar personalities. In this way they sometimes establish a good reputation, and are really more valuable than some persons in greater positions. As to the income they can earn, it is hard to lay down a general rule. There are men in our profession, and women too, who have played subordinate parts, and who, when fitted physically and artistically for them, are worth their weight in gold. They earn an extremely large sum of money while they have an engagement, but the engagement is so precarious and breakable, according to the arrangement,—whether it be for the play, which may or may not be a success, or for whatever time it may be. In a bank, when a man has once arrived at being the manager, he gets so many hundreds a year, and it goes on until he dies or does something unworthy of the trust of his employers. We actors and actresses are but "creatures of the hour," and, if we do not make money while before the public, we certainly make nothing when we are hidden from their admiring eyes.

Perhaps you want to know whether there have been any public favourites who never could really fill a prominent position or take a leading part in a play, but who have made a small part famous? I think I may safely say that there have not, because, directly a man has made a success, he immediately gets on, and on, and on. There is no station at which you take the train "for ever" in our profession. You see the man who made his reputation by the one word "Liar" did not go on lying—he jumped. On the other hand there is no difficulty in finding actors to take small parts, the difficulty is to know whom to refuse nowadays. All these matters are easily arranged. There is no difficulty in anything when you are down in the world, difficulties only begin when you rise to a position. As long as you are a nobody, you hurt nobody, and therefore you are a charming person and all right. It is when you are in a position, when others want that position, and when, if they cannot say one thing against you, they wish to devise something else, that difficulty comes in.

(*To be continued.*)

Books and Book-buying.

I HARDLY know whether to lament or rejoice over the enormous dispersion of old Libraries which has taken place during the last few years. On the one hand, the natural conservatism of the English mind compels regret that the books which have cost so much time and trouble in the collection, and have doubtless afforded such intense interest to the collector, should be sent forth (to borrow the touching words of Lord Crawford in his Preface to the sale of the second portion of his Library) "to battle for new homes and hearths." On the other hand, it is well to remember that the accumulation of valuable books in the hands of individual owners for a great length of time is so much knowledge kept from the world at large, and that the dissemination of that knowledge through a hundred different channels can hardly fail to be more or less generally useful, and to stimulate literary research and enquiry which the want of fresh supplies would discourage and diminish. From this point of view, I cannot share in the regret which I sometimes hear expressed, that so many of our good books find their way to America. On the contrary, I think it is a subject for great satisfaction that our American cousins should delight in acquiring English books, and should show their appreciation of our literature by the practical method of paying highly for good and old editions of English works. It is a proof that they value the tie of blood and kindred which exists between themselves and us, that they consider themselves to have a claim to a share of the pride which we feel in our great authors, and desire to possess and preserve memorials of the old country to which no other nation has so good a right.

Wherever the books have gone, there is no doubt of the fact, either of the quantity or quality of those which have been brought under the hammer within seven years past. I take

that period because it comprises the years during which I have amused myself in the collection of a library, chiefly relating to English Topography, and have consequently paid some attention to the sales which have taken place. In dealing with these sales, there is nothing more remarkable at first sight than the different prices obtained for the same books in different libraries. I say "at first sight," because, when the matter is investigated a little more closely, it will be found that the particular edition, the binding and the condition of the books go a long way to account for the variety in price. I have seen valuable books brought into the market, immensely depreciated in value from the fact of having been kept in damp rooms. The accumulation of dust also, especially London dust, is hurtful to books, and a glance round the volumes arranged for any coming sale at Sotheby's will soon tell an experienced eye whether they have been well cared for or neglected, in which latter case rubbed backs, broken bindings, &c., soon pull down the value even of a good edition of a good book.

As a matter of curiosity, I have analysed ten of the noteworthy sales which have occurred during the time of which I write.

Name of Sale.	Year.	No. of Days' Sale.	No. of Lots.	Amount realized.	Average price per Lot.
				£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1. Beckford sale . .	1882 1883	40	9,837	73,551 18 0	7 9 6
2. Towneley sale . .	1883	8	2,815	4,616 0 0	1 12 9
3. Stourhead sale . .	1883	8	1,971	10,028 6 6	5 1 9
4. Gosford sale . .	1884	11	3,363	11,318 5 6	3 7 3
5. Osterley Park sale .	1885	8	1,937	13,007 9 0	6 14 3½
6. Hartley sale . .	1885–6	20	5,057	14,895 13 6	2 18 10½
7. Sir T. Phillipps' sale .	1886	8	3,346	2,200 15 0	13 2
8. Aylesford sale . .	1888	9	1,983	10,574 14 0	5 6 7
9. Thornhill sale . .	1889	2	410	2,030 6 0	4 19 0
10. Buccleuch sale . .	1889	3	1,012	3,702 16 0	3 13 2
			31,731	145,926 2 6	4 13 3

My statement as to the variety of price will be fully sustained by the above figures; but there is something more to be said to account for that variety, and a casual glance at the list may easily mislead as to the value of the books in any particular library. The arrangement of the Catalogue has to be taken into account; in some catalogues many lots include several books, whilst, in another, single volumes may be the order of the day,

which has, of course, an appreciable bearing upon the value of each lot. Then, again, there are books which are sold "with all faults," upon which the wise buyer looks with a suspicious eye, as this description precludes him from returning his purchase if he should find imperfections in any or all of the lots so purchased. As a general rule, a good collector will not admit into his library any book which is not perfect, and, if he buys one which is "not subject to return," he is in the position of the man who buys a horse without warranty, and must run the risk. That necessarily diminishes the market value of the book. There are, of course, exceptions to the "general rule"; one, when the book happens to be one of which absolutely perfect copies are almost impossible to get, and another, when the book itself is so rare, that if a man waits for a perfect copy he will probably go without any copy to the end of his days. Then, again, what *is* a perfect book? A collector of British topographical books appeals to his 'Upcott' and 'Lowndes,' invaluable assistants to the searcher after perfect volumes. Upcott is especially particular and minute in his account and description of books. He gives the titles, half-titles, engravings, contents, number of pages in each volume, and even down to the misplacing of pages, so carefully, that if the volume corresponds with his description it is tolerably certain to be perfect. There are some books, indeed, notably Nichol's great 'History of Leicestershire,' and Blomfield's 'History of Norfolk,' of which it is almost impossible to obtain a copy perfect, according to Upcott. I have examined many copies and found some one or more imperfections, though often immaterial, in all. But the worst part of the story is, that although Upcott is delightfully minute, and Lowndes exceedingly accurate and useful, the book of the former was published in 1818, and that of the latter in 1834. Consequently there are a large number of topographical works of a later date, of which the two authors I have named knew nothing and could say nothing. It would be a valuable service to the topographical literary world if some successor to these two authors should arise, and carry on the account of British topographical works down to the present time. The taste for writing small works relating to local topography seems to be on the increase, but, so far as I can see, it is highly improbable that any more—certainly not many—large County histories will appear. A supplementary work to those of Upcott and Lowndes would be certainly a somewhat arduous

undertaking, but it would be of great interest, and would supply a want which increases with every new topographical publication.

While speaking of the price of books, one must not forget that competition forms an important factor in the determination of price. This seems a self-evident proposition; but the meaning which I intend to convey is that there is a great variation in competition, which causes a natural and corresponding variation in the prices. This is easily understood when one considers the character of an auction, and the different classes of bidders and buyers. These may be roughly divided into three separate categories. First are to be named the booksellers and agents who have received commissions, general or specific, to bid for customers. If a would-be buyer employs one of these gentlemen, the usual practice is to pay him ten per cent. upon the price given. I have heard of more being charged; but this is the legitimate price, and fair enough when all things are considered. If the buyer has been wise enough to select a bookseller of standing and position, who is himself habitually a large purchaser of books, he gains several distinct advantages. In the first place, he takes out of the field a probable competitor who might otherwise oppose him; in the next place, if, as is sometimes the case, he is obliged to bid for books by the catalogue, without having been able to see them, he has the advantage of his agent's personal inspection and judgment, and in any event he saves time and personal trouble to an appreciable extent. Moreover, I am bound to say, that there is a perhaps not unnatural desire on the part of some of the professional bidders for books to prevent an amateur from securing "good bargains," which points to the desirability of his proceeding in what these gentlemen consider the proper and legitimate manner by employing an agent. It has been observed to me that, inasmuch as the payment is according to the price given, it is the interest of the agent that a large price should be given in order that his percentage may be higher upon the transaction. At first sight this would appear to be the case, and of course there are honest and dishonest men in all trades, but I can only say that my experience has been on the side of honesty. I have bought many hundred pounds' worth of books through an agent, and have over and over again found that he has purchased them for less than half the price to which I had authorized him to go. Of course it is easy to suppose collusion between two

or more men to "run up" the price of a book for their own purposes; but, as a rule, I believe that the bidding at the great book sales is as honest and straightforward a proceeding as in any auction sales that can be named.

Besides the booksellers who hold commissions, there is a second category which consists of those who buy on their own account, hoping, and being very often able, to realize a fair and sometimes a large profit on their purchases. As a rule, however, I think the better class of books generally fetch nearly their full value, inasmuch as that value is pretty well known to the booksellers, none of whom is inclined to let a trade-rival have a lot much below the price at which he knows it can be easily resold. Risks and speculations there must be, and sometimes a good book is sold at a cheap rate; but this is the exception and not the rule, and generally happens at some small sale where such a book accidentally turns up among a lot of "rubbish." The third category of bidders and buyers comprises the amateurs, who like to bid for themselves. As a rule they pay for their pastime, for the professional buyer soon "spots" the amateur, and the latter has to calculate whether he saves his commission, or pays a sum which covers it, by bidding for himself. A curious incident once happened to me in relation to this practice. I chanced to stroll into the room where a book was selling for which I had authorized my agent to bid £12 12*s.*, which, with the ten per cent., would have been £13 17*s.* He had very properly stopped bidding at my limit, and the book was just about to be knocked down at £13 5*s.*, when I gave one bidding for myself, and got it at £13 10*s.*, or 7*s.* less than I should have given if I had bought it through the agent. Of course there are men who leave price entirely to the bookseller they employ, which doubtless may very often be done with impunity, but which, if I were a bookseller, I should very much dislike. It is better to give a limit, even if it be a very wide one, else such mistakes may occur as happened ten years ago at Lord Farnham's sale at Sotheby's. There was a book entitled 'The Brights of Suffolk, England,' published for private distribution in Boston (U.S.) by an American gentleman who desired to commemorate his descent from the English family whose name he bore. It was an interesting book enough, and had cost the author (as he tells us in his dedication to his daughter) "many hours of wearisome labour, while tracing the footprints of his ancestors in England." But to the general

public it was of no great value, and a couple of pounds at the outside would have been the price for this octavo volume, "with plates and pedigrees, clean, brown morocco, red edges." However, two agents had been employed to bid without limit, and they actually ran the volume up to £25 before the hammer fell. The same copy was afterwards sold for £2 10*s.* at the sale of the second portion of the Hartley Library in 1886. The extraordinary price given at Lord Farnham's sale was accidentally the cause of my buying a very clean good copy of this book for £2 6*s.*

At Colonel Chester's sale at Sotheby's in April 1883, the Farnham incident was given—or rather the price at which the book had then been sold was stated—in the catalogue, and casually hearing the bidding hanging at £2 4*s.* 0*d.*, I made one bid, not knowing anything of the book, and somewhat to my surprise, secured it. Curiously enough, when I came to look into the book I found that one of the ancestral relations claimed by the author is one concerning whom I have a similar claim, namely Mary Waters, daughter of Robert Waters of Lenham, Kent, and Katherine Bright. This lady married Robert Honywood of Charing, afterwards of Marks Hall, Essex, who is stated on her tombstone to have been her only husband. Furthermore it is stated that she "had at her decease lawfully descended from her, three hundred three score and seven children, 16 of her own bodie, 114 grandchildren, 228 in the third generation, and 9 in the fourth." She died at Marks Hall at the age of 93, in the year 1620, having been married in 1543 at the early age of 16. This is the lady of whom we are told in 'Fuller's Worthies of England,' that "falling at one time in a low, desponding state of mind, she was impressed with the idea that she should be damned; and exclaiming in a paroxysm of the malady, "I shall be damned as sure as that glass is broken!" at the same time she threw on a marble slab a glass she held in her hand; but the glass did not break." "However," says Fuller, "the gentlewoman took no comfort thereat, but continued a great time after in her former disconsolate condition." I may remark that the glass referred to in this story was kept for many years in the Honywood family, and at last broken by one of them at the beginning of this century, whilst showing it to visitors.* This reference to Mrs. Honywood of Marks Hall made

* There is a story akin to that of Mrs. Honywood and the glass, which I have never seen in print. I inherited from my Hugessen ancestors various

the book all the more interesting to me, but neither this, nor anything else than the mistake of giving a commission without limit, could have brought it up to the price which it fetched at Lord Farnham's sale.

As to variations in price, the ten sales which I have given as

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old books, of which one was a large folio—Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion.' Upon the blank sheet, immediately after the picture of the author, the following is written in cramped, but tolerably clear, handwriting. I transcribe the page as it stands.

E. LIBRIS GULIELMI HUGESSEN,
Anno d^m^ 1705.

A Letter relating to a Particular and most amazing Circumstance concerning the illustrious Earl of Strafford, transcribed from the original letter to a Lady of that worthy Family, written by Dean Crelly (?) affirm'd in a most Solemn manner by Jones, one of the Companie.

To be carefully bound with this book.

MADAM,

A little after my Lord's death, there fortun'd to meet at the Cross-Keys Tavern in the Strand, five Gentlemen of good qualitie: and my Lord, who was the only Subject of all discourse, afforded them them argument of conversing together: four of them (namely Mr. Lambert, Ffloyd, Jones and a nameless Gentleman) spoke with extream violence and bitterness against my Lord, insomuch after general unjust and uncharitable speeches, the conclusion of that discourse was these words of Lambert; "the Earl of Strafford lived like a villain, and dyed like an Hypocrite." The first gentleman, Mr. Harris, a papist, replyed to these words thus: "I will not take on me to justifie the Earl of Strafford's life, since he was judged by the greatest Court of the Kingdom, but for his death t'is acknowledged by all to have been a most holy, pious and Christian-like death; and I doe not doubt at all but he is now in Heaven." Hereupon Lambert with great furie rejoynes thus: "Talke no more, Harris; the Earl of Strafford is as certainly damn'd as this glass is broken,"—and with much violence and furie throws the wine-glass (of a small boat-fashion) against the wall, from whence it bounded up to the top of the Roome, falling down to the window, and thence to the ground without breaking. The Drawer took up the glass and delivered it to Lambert, saying, "Sir, the glass is whole:" Lambert answered "Sure it is," confused; and with that lett it falle on the floore, where it broke in many pieces. This is the true storie, madam, as it was told by a first person (not of the Company) to Mr. Chillingworth, an honest and learned Divine, who with his friend repaired to Mr. Jones, who repeated all the particulars to him, concluding, "Sir, upon my Salvation this is true, and soe I pray you report it." From him Mr. Chillingworth went to the Tavern, who desiring to see the roome could not, it being taken up with Companie, but was assured by the Master of the House and Drawer then present that all those particulars were true. After he had accounted these things to me, I went with him to the Tavern, where the Master and Drawer repeated the same passages over again, showing us all the places where the glass struck against the wall, cieling, window and ground. This, madam, is the true storie concerning that particular.

S George Radcliffs House
near ye gatehouse Westminster
15 *Feby.* 1641.

(Signed) HU CRELLY.

FINIS.

examples will on further analysis show some curious instances. I have selected sixteen well-known books, copies of which were sold at several of these sales, and placed them in a list, by a glance at which their variations in price may be seen. Sir Thomas Phillipps' sale ought perhaps to have been excluded from this list, as on looking closely into the catalogue and results of this sale, I find that many of the books were imperfect, and cannot therefore be fairly compared with the perfect copies in other sales. This of course accounts for the lowness of the average price in this sale, and affords an example of the deceitfulness of "averages," since the Phillipps' low average materially brings down the average of the whole ten, which would otherwise be a tolerably fair criterion of general value. The Towneley books were old and not uniformly in good condition, but this (so far as averages are concerned) is balanced by the exceptionally fine binding and good condition of the Beckford books, which, added to the rarity of some of them, brought the average out at a high figure. To those who are curious in the matter, the list given in the Table on the next page will be of some interest.

It is curious to trace some of the books in later sales, and to note their relative prices. Of Ashmole's 'Order of the Garter,' I only find one small-paper copy sold in 1887–8 at a "miscellaneous" sale at Puttick and Simpson's. It fetched £3 2*s.* 6*d.* A large-paper copy sold for £11 in the Hildyard sale in June of the present year. Atkyn's 'Gloucestershire' was sold in 1887 at Cooper's sale for £21, and at Brice's sale for £39; whilst in 1888 a copy was sold at the Wimpole Library sale for £27. The later edition of this work (1768) only fetches as a rule about £10, and I have seen it sold for less. It does not contain the portrait of the author, which is in the first edition, and, being less rare, is consequently in less request.

According to Mr. Gray's 'Book-prices current' for 1887 and 1888, no copy of the best edition of 'Chauncy's Hertfordshire' seems to have come into the market in the former year, and besides the Aylesford copy, only one in the latter year, which had been re-backed, and sold for £11 5*s.* 0*d.* at the Beresford-Hope sale. This book, though by no means as complete and minute a history as the more modern production of Clutterbuck, is a good, interesting and accurate volume, and if in fair condition, always maintains its price. The same may be said of Drake's 'Eboracum,' the best of the many histories of York. Apart

Books.	Beckford Sale.	Towneley.	Stourhead.	Gosford.	Osterley.	Hartley.	Phillipps.	Aylesford.	Thornhill.	Buccleuch.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Ashmole's 'Order of the Garter,' large paper.	20 10 0	...	...	19 0 0	...	5 5 0	...	6 5 0	3 9 0	...
,, ,, small paper.	...	...	6 15 0	...	3 6 0	4 7 6	...	...	...	1 11 0
Atkyn's 'Gloucestershire' (1712)	52 0 0	...	38 0 0	33 0 0	...	38 0 0	5 10 0 very imperfect.	33 0 0	29 0 0	...
Chauncy's 'Herts'	21 0 0	15 10 0	17 0 0	14 0 0	7 15 0	12 10 0	...	22 10 0	12 0 0	13 15 0
Drake's 'Eboracum,' large paper	63 0 0	...	27 0 0	32 0 0	23 0 0	32 0 0	...	...	27 0 0	...
,, ,, small paper	...	11 0 0	...	...	...	9 5 0	...	12 0 0	...	...
Dugdale's 'Warwickshire,' 1st edition. . .	20 0 0	14 10 0	24 10 0	16 0 0	...	23 10 0	...	9 10 0	16 5 0	...
Yough's 'Sepulchral Monuments'	31 0 0	50 0 0	15 10 0	...	...	51 0 0	2 3 0 imperfect.	25 10 0	...	13 0 0 imperfect.
Peck's 'Stanford,' large paper	10 15 0	...	8 10 0	...	...	2 18 0	...	2 2 0	1 12 0	...
Plot's 'Oxfordshire,' large paper	8 15 0	...	...	...	...	4 4 0	...	3 6 0	4 4 0	14 0
,, ,, small paper	...	1 16 0	3 15 0	...	2 12 0	...	10 0 imperfect.	...	...	...
Plot's 'Staffordshire,' large paper	40 10 0	...	48 0 0	32 0 0	10 15 0	21 0 0	...	6 10 0	12 5 0	11 10 0
Sandford's 'Genealogical History,' ed. 1677 .	9 7 6	...	6 0 0	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
,, ,, ,, ed. 1707 .	9 2 6	5 0 0	...	14 10 0	2 15 0	12 0 0	...	2 8 0	9 15 0	2 2 0
Thoroton's 'Nottingham,' 1677	14 10 0	...	...	26 10 0	15 5 0	12 0 0	...	12 0 0	...	8 10 0
Tanner's 'Notitia Monastica,' 1787 . . .	...	6 6 0	7 5 0	8 5 0	1 11 0	...	2 10 0	4 10 0	...	...
Todd's 'History of College of Bonhommes' .	5 12 0	...	...	7 0 0	...	3 3 0	...	3 3 0	...	...
Warner's 'Glastonbury'	5 5 0	...	3 10 0	3 0 0	...	2 12 0	...	1 12 0	...	...
Warner's 'Hants,' large paper	...	...	...	23 0 0	...	25 10 0	...	29 0 0	...	...
,, ,, small paper	...	9 15 0	14 15 0	...	...	...	...	...	4 6 0	...
White's 'Selbourne,' 1st edition	8 5 0	1 8 0	3 15 0	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

from the Aylesford sale, I find only six small-paper (and no large-paper) copies in the catalogues of 1887–8, and these sold at prices ranging from £5 (Sykes' sale) to £7 10*s.* 0*d.* (Dr. Thompson's sale), save the Beresford-Hope copy, which for some reason not disclosed by the catalogue sold only for two guineas. I may remark that in Mr. Hildyard's sale this year already referred to, a good large-paper copy, in old gilt russia, fetched £11 10*s.* 0*d.*, and also that at Mr. Perkin's sale during July, a fine copy of this work, "inlaid in 6 volumes, and most extensively illustrated with Portraits, views, and a few Drawings, russia extra," sold for no less than £60. This copy was stated to have belonged to the unfortunate Mr. Fauntleroy. The first edition of Dugdale's 'Warwickshire' (1656), was sold in 1887 for £6 10*s.* 0*d.* at Sir William Hardy's sale, and £11 at "a nobleman's sale;" whilst in 1888 it fetched £10 at "a miscellaneous sale," and £6 5*s.* 0*d.* at the sale of the Wimpole Library; a copy, "slightly stained," fetched £7 at Hildyard's sale. About £10 is a fair price for a good copy of this edition, whilst that of 1730 (two volumes) fetches double the money, or thereabouts. I do not find any perfect copy of Gough's 'Sepulchral Monuments,' Peck's 'Stanford,' or Plot's 'Oxfordshire,' in 1887–8, save one of the last-named book in the "Wimpole Library" sale, which fetched one guinea. Plot's 'Staffordshire' also was scarce in these years, and the only copy I find was in the Whatman sale, where a large-paper copy, "in old calf gilt," was bought by Quaritch for only £7. I gave £21 for my copy, which was in the third portion of the Hartley sale. I could never quite make out how it got there, among a number of miscellaneous books and prints, instead of having been with the topographical books which formed the greater part of the first portion of the sale. There it was, however, "in handsome crimson morocco, with bands and rich gilding on back, edges and borders," and such a beautiful volume, that I did not for a moment regret the price. The 1677 edition of Sandford's book, which Lowndes tells us, "is valued by some as containing the best impressions of the plates," was sold in 1887–8 for £1 1*s.* 0*d.* at the Bennett and Cookesley sale, and £1 8*s.* 0*d.* at a miscellaneous sale; whilst Lord Crawford's copy of the 1707 edition fetched £6 12*s.* 6*d.*—no other perfect copies in those years. Tanner's 'Notitia Monastica' was sold in 1887 for £5 in the sale of "a gentleman's" library, for £1 16*s.* 0*d.* in Bennett and Cookesley's sale, and for £4 in the Whatman sale; whilst in 1888 the same book fetched

£5 10*s.* 0*d.* at Gibson-Craig's sale and £3 8*s.* 0*d.* at the Wimpole Library sale; whilst a copy with the binding broken fetched £3 5*s.* 0*d.* at Sir Theodore Brinckman's sale in the same year. The only copy of Thoroton's 'Nottinghamshire' during the two years was in the Wimpole Library sale, and fetched £11. Todd's 'College of Bonhommes' fetched £5 10*s.* 0*d.* at the Gibson-Craig sale; a copy "half-bound" sold for £1 at Faue's sale; and at Hirst's sale a copy in half-morocco realized £1 14*s.* 0*d.* No large-paper copies of Warner's 'Hants,' and no copies at all of his 'Glastonbury,' seem to have come into the market since 1886; but four small-paper copies of his 'Hants' have been sold, for £6 5*s.* 0*d.*, £5 10*s.* 0*d.*, £8 12*s.* 0*d.* and £11 respectively, at the (Sir Thomas) Hardy, Harefield, Whatman and Walford sales. It is by no means a perfect or exhaustive history, but somewhat rare, and always fetches a good price if in tolerable condition. The first edition of White's 'Selbourne' sold for £2 8*s.* 0*d.* at the Bleasdell, £1 8*s.* 0*d.* at General Phillips, and £2 at Sir Theodore Brinckman's sale, and this concludes the story of the sixteen books of which my list consists. It will be understood that these have not been selected on account of their special merit or value, but as fair examples of the variations in price which happen at auction sales to books of average price and in tolerable demand.

There are some books which always fetch a long price either from their merit or their rarity, that price being varied only by their binding or condition. For instance, Gould's 'Birds of Australia' fetched £280 in the Beckford sale, "7 vols. green morocco super extra, borders of gold, tooled leather joints, gilt edges, beautifully coloured plates, uncut 1848. Supplement, 5 parts, unbound, coloured plates 1851." At the Gosford sale an "original subscriber's copy," also in green morocco extra, but with only parts 1, 2, 4 and 5 of the Supplement, fetched £200. At the Hartley sale, 8 volumes, bound by Bedford in dark green morocco, also an original subscriber's copy, sold for £220; and the same amount was obtained for the Aylesford copy, also 8 volumes bound in green morocco extra. Another copy was sold by Messrs. Hodgson for £212 in 1887, a half-bound copy; 7 volumes with only 600 of the coloured plates was bought by Quaritch for £136 at Wheble's sale at Puttick and Simpson's in 1888; whilst in the same year Sotheran gave £150 for 8 volumes, with the Supplement in parts, at Lee's sale at Christie's. The most expensive of the County histories is Nichol's 'History of Leicestershire,' of which the Towneley copy in "brown morocco

extra, leather joints, &c.," fetched £235 ; the Stourhead copy "in russia extra," £230 ; and the Gosford copy, in crimson morocco extra, £275. Before these sales, Mr. Comerford's copy had fetched £280. In Mr. Leonard Hartley's extensive topographical collection there was no perfect copy of this book. In 1887 a copy "from Mr. Hartley's Library" was sold for £100, and in 1888 a copy in the Brinckman sale fetched £115, and a half-bound (russia) copy went for £75 in the Aylesford sale.

Another book which always fetches a good price is 'Purchase his Pilgrimes,' 5 vols. folio, 1625-1626. The Beckford copy in calf fetched £63 ; the Gosford copy in crimson morocco, £82 ; a special copy at Brice's sale, in morocco extra, £73 ; Lord Crawford's copy in russia, £60 ; and the Osterley copy in old calf, £48. Besides these, in 1887-8 there were several imperfect copies sold, *i.e.* the Brinckman copy, £32 ; the Meysey-Thompson copy, £27 5*s.* 0*d.*; Lord Leigh's copy, £25 10*s.* 0*d.*; and the copies at the Randall and General Phillips' sale, £19 and £15 respectively. The price in each case indicates the amount of imperfection in the copy, some copies being very slightly imperfect. Those who care only for the letter-press of these good books, and are not buying with the view of acquiring a perfect volume for their libraries, may get their copy at a comparatively small price by looking after these "imperfect" copies, the imperfection often consisting of the absence of a couple of plates, or something else which does not affect the matter contained in the volume. I gave £50 for my copy, an excellent one, in calf, at the Duke of Buccleuch's sale of duplicate books in March of the present year. Another purchase which I made at the same sale affords an excellent example of the variations in the price of books. There was a time when the works of Thomas Hearne—published between 1701 and 1736—were in great request. Chalmers tell us in his 'Biographical Dictionary' (1814) that "even in his own time his works rose very much in price, and it is well known that of late years they have been among the most expensive articles brought to market, the best of them being beyond the reach of common purchasers." The books, however, have to some extent been superseded by more modern publications, and the same description would hardly be accurate to-day. Still they have a certain value, and any one who gave an order for them would find it difficult to obtain a complete set in good condition, and would certainly have to pay tolerably well for the same. It was therefore something of "a bargain" to obtain

for £80, as it was my good fortune to do, 56 volumes of these works, all on large paper, bound in "old red morocco extra, gold tooled, gilt edges," a set for which £423 had been given by the late Duke of Buccleuch.

Passing from individual books, I come back to my ten quoted sales, about which a few words may be interesting to book-lovers. The Beckford sale was a stupendous affair, the volumes sold having formed only a portion of the library—or rather libraries, at Hamilton Palace. The books were in splendid condition; the bindings were in many cases magnificent, and the prices given were large. Mr. Beckford not only collected, but read his books—and not only read them, but wrote notes in them, sometimes of a sarcastic and amusing character. I do not pretend to enter into a description of this collection of books, about which, indeed, a volume might be written. Out of the 6929 lots which were disposed of during the sale of the two first portions, I noted down at the time that upwards of 2000 lots were bought by Quaritch, at an aggregate price of over £26,000, which will give some idea of the magnitude of the operations of this firm. Mr. Quaritch is certainly a leviathan bidder, and his personal presence at a sale is always advantageous to the vendor, since he seems to have a natural dislike to seeing a good book go at a price below its real value.

The Towneley books were old, and, as I have already said, not in such good condition, but the library contained many interesting and valuable works.

The Stourhead sale was the dispersion of Sir Richard Colt Hoare's famous library, which Messrs. Sotheby described in their catalogue as comprising "probably the most choice collection of British topography ever formed," and which was certainly of great interest and value. The Stourhead books were in good condition, and fetched their value. There was a further clearing out of this library in December 1887, when 1313 more lots were sold, but the best of the books were in the first sale. The Gosford sale was conducted by Puttick and Simpson in Leicester Square, and contained a large number of County histories, as well as many Irish books, and a great variety of books of importance in one class or another. The Osterley Park sale, which, like that of the Duke of Buccleuch's, was the sale of duplicate and superfluous books by the fortunate possessor of more than one library, contained many good books, but few comparatively of a topographical character. This cannot be

said of the Hartley sale, which surpassed the Stourhead in the quantity if not in the quality of its topographical works, and was not far if at all behind in the latter element. Mr. Hartley was an indefatigable collector, and, like Mr. Beckford, was in the habit of writing—sometimes voluminously, and, not unfrequently, almost illegibly—in his books, which is a practice of at least doubtful wisdom. It is a good and useful plan to write in the first page of a book anything which relates to the history of the book itself. A successor to the library, or, if it should come to the hammer, a buyer, may like to learn where the volume was bought, what it sold for, what prices have been given for it at other times, and anything which shows speciality about the edition or the volume. But it is doubtful whether any future reader or buyer will think any more of the book on account of a quantity of notes, not always interesting and not always easily decipherable, scrawled on the tops and margins of the pages. They bear witness to the fact that the former owner has read the work, but they rarely interest a future owner, or add to the market value of the work. Mr. Hartley's sale by his executors, in obedience to an order of the Court of Chancery, was divided into Counties, from Bedfordshire to York, followed by the counties of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; then "General Topography;" and finally a mass of miscellaneous publications, mostly bearing upon topography. Every English county was represented at this sale; some of them by many volumes, and a rare opportunity was offered to the collector of a topographical library. The third and last portion of this collection was sold in April 1887; the sale lasted eight days, and 2937 lots sold for £1635 2*s.* 0*d.* I have not included this portion in my analysis of the ten sales, because so many manuscripts and papers were included in the sale, that it seemed hardly a book-sale proper. An incident occurred, by the by, at this sale, which showed the jealousy which some bidders allow themselves to entertain, and the way in which it occasionally recoils upon them. There were, on the fifth day of the sale, some thirty copies, in different lots, of the "Visitation of Suffolke, made by William Hervey, Clarenceux King of Arms, &c.; vol. i., cloth, uncut; vol. ii., sheets." I only wanted one copy for my library, but there was a dealer there who was determined to have them all. I let him have the first three copies for 15*s.* and 17*s.*, the next for a pound, then £1 7*s.* 0*d.*, £1 10*s.* 0*d.*, £2 2*s.* 0*d.*, and four copies at £1 11*s.* 0*d.* each. No one else was bidding, and if he had let me

have one copy for about £1, he would probably have got nearly all the rest at a price not exceeding that amount. But as he was so obstinate, he had to pay from 5*s.* to 10*s.* per copy more than he otherwise would have done up to the fourteenth copy; by that time he had began to hesitate, and I bought the copy for £1 15*s.* 0*d.*, and knowing that my friend had made me pay nearly double what I should have had to pay without him, I gave a few friendly bids for the next dozen copies, for which he consequently had to pay £1 15*s.* 0*d.* or thereabouts per copy. I calculate that this determination to have all must have cost him £10 or £12 at the very least. I have already alluded to Sir Thomas Phillipps' sale in 1886, and to that of the Duke of Buccleuch in the present year. There only remain of my ten the Aylesford and Thornhill sales, the latter of which was remarkable for the number of good topographical books in so small a collection. The Aylesford sale, at Christie's, was full of interest, and singular in one respect that the prices, which ranged high during the first four days, fell considerably during the concluding days of the sale. On the first day, Anderson's 'House of Yvery,' in old calf, fetched £13. It had fetched £5 15*s.* 0*d.* at the Towneley sale, £11 (in red morocco), at the Stourhead, and £9 (old russia) at the Gosford sale. On the fourth day a copy of Gilbert's (Davies) 'Parochial History of Cornwall,' which book had been sold at the Stourhead sale for £3 6*s.* 0*d.*, went for £11 (though something must be laid to its purple morocco binding); and Hearne's 'Glastonbury,' a large-paper copy of which in red morocco sold for £4 4*s.* 0*d.* at the Towneley, and a small-paper copy in blue morocco extra, for £5 10*s.* 0*d.* at the Thornhill sale, fetched on the same fourth day of the Aylesford sale, £14 10*s.* 0*d.* When the tide turned, Hutton's works, "10 vols. in 9, calf gilt," went for £4, having fetched £5 13*s.* 0*d.* at Bates' sale at Sotheby's in 1886; Horsley's 'Britannia' (small-paper copy) went for £6 10*s.* 0*d.*, as against £10 10*s.* 0*d.* at the Hartley sale; Parson's (R.) 'Conference about the next Succession to the Crowne of England,' red morocco extra (a copy of which sold during the present year for £17), fetched only £1 12*s.* 0*d.*; and several other books sold at that which a buyer calls a "very reasonable," and a seller a "very poor" price. On the whole, however, the books sold fairly well, and many of these were very good copies. The ten sales which I have selected for analysis by no means comprise all the large or the best sales of the period. One

of the most important was the Earl of Crawford's sale in 1887, when 2149 lots realized £19,073 9*s.* 6*d.* A second portion of this library has been sold this year; when 1105 lots fetched £7324 4*s.* 6*d.*; so that the two sales comprised 3254 lots, and fetched £26,397 14*s.*, or an average of £8 2*s.* 3*d.* per lot, a higher average than that obtained in any sale I have enumerated. This is to be accounted for by the rarity and consequent value of many of the books, this library being one of the largest and finest in Great Britain. How absolutely misleading is the plan of giving "averages" may be shown from the fact that in the first portion of this sale were twenty lots, each of which fetched more than £100, ten of them fetching over £200 each, one £500, one over £1000 and one over £2000. These three last lots were (1) the "Block Book, Apocalypsis Sancti Johannis, printed in wooden blocks, the cuts printed in colours and the xylographic text in brown ink; bound up with other matter, printed and manuscript, in the old oak boards, stamped leather, brass corners, bosses and clasps, sine ulla nota, circa 1430, folio," which fetched £500; (2) "Biblia Sacra Latina," 2 vol. 1st ed. morocco, gt. edge, by Derome, 1462, which fetched £1025, and the famous 'Gutenburg' Bible, "circa 1450-58," which sold for £2650. Mr. Quaritch was the purchaser of all three lots, as of the greater part of the rare collection of Bibles which appeared in this portion of the sale. The second portion included 14 lots which reached, and some considerably exceeded, £100, the highest price given being £400 for the 'Coin Catalogues;' whilst, among the number of rare liturgies which formed an attractive feature in the sale, the "Missale Mixtum et Breviarum secundum Regulam Beati Isidori dictum Mozarabes (cura Alfonsi Ortiz) cum calendario" sold for £370. The best Caxton ('Cicero on old Age') went for £320, and £305 was the price of the 'Budeus,' which Lord Crawford's preface describes as "a triumph of art produced for Diane de Poictiers by Le Faucheux." Space forbids me further to particularize this sale, full of literary gems, and deserving of a much more minute notice by a more skilful pen. I must also omit or postpone the further and closer consideration of the works on British Topography with which I had intended to deal, but which would require an article to itself, and cannot therefore be dealt with at present.

BRABOURNE.

The Railways of Scotland.

II.—The Outlook for the Future.

We saw last month that universal and ubiquitous competition was the leading characteristic of the Scotch railway system. We saw too that the earliest lines were built without any thought of such conditions, merely for local traffic; that, for instance, in the immediate neighbourhood of Glasgow, there were, on the north side of the Clyde alone, six independent companies; and that when, some twenty years later, the idea of through traffic first emerged, even then the railway magnates of the day contemplated nothing more than a series of allied companies forming separate links in a continuous chain; and that accordingly, to take one example, the main high road from Carlisle to Aberdeen was divided into Caledonian, Scottish Central, Scottish Midland, and Aberdeen Line territory. Similarly what is now the North British began—even confining ourselves to its main lines—as half-a-dozen separate companies. The Edinburgh and Berwick needed the alliance of the Edinburgh and Glasgow to bring it on to the west; that of the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee, to give it access to the north; while the Waverley route between Edinburgh and Carlisle was originally two separate systems, which met at Hawick. The great North of Scotland is the result of almost as many amalgamations as it to-day has branches; while the 'Highland' has absorbed the Inverness and Ross-shire, the Sutherland, the Duke of Sutherland's, and the Sutherland and Caithness, into a single company, which—in length of line at least—is the equal of the Midland, the superior of the North-Western, and the inferior only of the Great Western Railway.

For practical purposes in all Scotland to-day there are only five companies. Four of them have been mentioned above; the fifth is the Glasgow and South-Western Railway. There

is indeed a sixth, the City of Glasgow Union Company. But though it is known to the Stock Exchange as possessing a capital of £1,500,000 sterling, and to engineers as having a mileage of 6¾ miles to be maintained, *Bradshaw* is ignorant of it, for it does not own a single engine or a single carriage, and has never yet run a train of its own. It is really a short line round the south and south-east of Glasgow, uniting the North British and South-Western systems, and worked entirely by those two companies. *Bradshaw*, however, does know of yet another company, the Ayrshire and Wigtownshire, the possessor—it cannot be said the happy possessor—of some thirty miles of single line across the barren South Ayrshire moors. But of this little line, which till recently was worked by the South-Western, more anon. It deserves notice, not only as an almost unique instance of a semi-absorbed undertaking escaping final deglutition, but also for the pluck and energy with which it is at present struggling against an unkind fate.

Meanwhile let us admit that the existence of—with this exception—but five railways in all Scotland, the smallest of them with over 300 miles of line, is a testimony to the business-like capacity of the Scotch mind. From the Humber to the shores of Cardigan Bay, and from Yarmouth Beach to the bed of the Mersey, England is strewn with the wrecks of the luckless little companies which—oblivious of the old adage as to the fate of earthen pots which swim down the stream alongside of brazen vessels—have been shattered to pieces in the vain attempt to compete with the overwhelming forces of their great rivals. Company after company in England has raised capital from confiding investors, on the faith of a prospectus showing that it could offer a route between A. and B. shorter by so many miles than the existing roads. The statement may have been mathematically accurate, but was really beside the point, unless it could be supplemented by evidence to show that the traffic was likely to follow the shortest road.

Take a familiar instance. A new direct line from Reading to Bath would shorten the distance between Paddington and the West of England some 14 miles. A prospectus, which laid stress on this fact, and then went on to describe the vast volume of traffic that flows to and fro between London and Bristol, would have a very enticing appearance at first sight. But the question to ask of the promoters would be: "What reason have you to suppose that you will be able to divert the existing

traffic? The Great Western road of course is longer, but it is all their own; it is their agents who canvass in Bristol, in Plymouth, and in London for the traffic which will be loaded at either end into trucks which are theirs; why do you expect that they will suffer it to pass out of their own control in order to swell the receipts of a 'foreign' line? If you say that you will get your share of the traffic handed to the Great Western by other companies, are you not equally mistaken? Will the North-Western, for example, care to secure the friendship, or fear to rouse the hostility of the Reading and Bath Direct? If they were to offend the Great Western, it might be a serious matter; tens of thousands of pounds' worth of traffic which that great company now hands to them, might in this case be diverted to the Midland or the Great Northern. What bribe have you to offer to induce the North-Western to run this risk?" To such a string of questions the most sanguine promoter would find it difficult to furnish a satisfactory answer.

The truth is that there are only two conditions under which a small railway company can be a success. Either it must have a sharply defined district of its own in which the traffic is wholly or mainly local. Examples of this may be found in lines such as the Metropolitan among passenger railways, and the Taff Vale, or the Maryport and Carlisle, among mineral lines. Or, on the other hand, it must be the possessor of a necessary link in a through chain of communication. The Lancaster and Carlisle paid 10 per cent. for years; the Salisbury and Yeovil was yet more profitable to the fortunate farmers who had money and faith at a time when these two valuable possessions were more than usually wanting to the South-Western directorate. But the Lancaster and Carlisle and the Salisbury and Yeovil have long since been bought up—high though their terms were—by the great lines in whose territory they formed an *enclave*, and their day returns not. The primary lines of communication have all long since been formed, and the investing public seem at length to have begun to apprehend the fact that, where it is a question of supplying what might be termed secondary communications, the natural authority to supply them is the company whose system they lie in with. If it can construct the new line with a fair chance of profit, it is not likely to hold its hand; if the company itself cannot make the new venture pay, still less can outsiders.

Of railways of the Reading and Bath Direct order Scotland

has none; with the natural result that there is not in all Scotland a pound's worth of railway capital not receiving a dividend. On the other hand, competition is too severe to make it possible for any railway capital to earn dividends, not merely such as are paid by the Taff Vale or the Rhymney, but even by the rank and file of the great through lines of England. When it comes to spending between four and five millions sterling—as is being done by the companies which are responsible for the Forth Bridge and its new approaches—in order to get a somewhat larger share of the through traffic to Aberdeen and the Highlands, it can hardly be expected that even the most skilful and economical of managers will obtain any very magnificent dividend. Indeed there are those who think that the scramble for traffic, which next year must, it is supposed, witness, is by no means likely to add to the value of Scotch railway securities.

Far be it from me to attempt to describe the great Forth Bridge. It has been described too often, and the literature of the subject, what with popular articles, and papers in the Proceedings of scientific societies, not only English but foreign, has already grown to alarming dimensions. Besides, when Mr. Baker himself has given more than one account of the wonderful structure which his engineering genius planned, and his patience, aided by the mechanical genius of Mr. Arrol, has now all but executed, it is as well for outsiders to leave him to speak. Let me here merely jot down one or two personal impressions. For one thing I must confess to feeling that a close view of the bridge is somewhat disappointing. Its vastness is so complete and symmetrical throughout, that one fails to grasp it. Even the *Devastation*, as she lies moored close to the Inchgarvie pier, scarcely helps to furnish an adequate measuring-staff. The great ship seems dwarfed to a cock-boat and leaves the bridge no larger than before. The best idea of the size of the structure is obtained from a considerable distance. Seen from the train, as it glides down the slopes of the Pentlands into Princes Street Station, or from near Ratho on the Edinburgh and Glasgow line, or again from the deck of the ferry steamer, as she crosses the Forth between Granton and Burntisland, the great steel towers appear to soar aloft far above the tops of the not inconsiderable hills by which they are surrounded. Only once did the size of the bridge as a whole—there is no question that the size of the individual members is ample enough—impress itself forcibly on my eye. Coming out of the Queensferry Station,

the whole length of the structure is full in view. My companion and myself stopped and questioned why no one was visible, and what was the reason that work had been suspended. As we got nearer, we found that everything was in full swing, workmen were clustered thick as flies all along the extremities of the cantilevers, but the flies were so small that they had been invisible.

When trains come to pass over the bridge, they will afford a convenient means of comparative measurement. Meanwhile there is nothing more instructive than a study of a large-sized model which has been erected in the pattern-shop in the Queensferry yard. The girders that carry the rails are there seen to bear about the same relation to the cantilevers which carry the weight of the structure itself that a straw bears to a stout walking-stick. A locomotive is not a small object when viewed under ordinary conditions; but a locomotive, modelled to scale, and shown crossing the bridge, produces much the same impression as a child's regiment of tin soldiers when marshalled on the nursery floor. On the same model is shown also an ingenious device to allow for the adjustment of the rails as the bridge expands or contracts with the changes of temperature. At certain intervals the rails, instead of being cut off square at the ends and fastened to each other by fish-plates in the ordinary fashion, are gradually tapered to a fine point, and over-lap each other for several feet, the length of the over-lap being greater or less according to the rise or fall of the thermometer.

Now that the bridge is practically completed, its peculiarity of construction is hardly so conspicuous as it was at an earlier period. A year or so back no one who looked at the three great piers towering up, 360 feet in sheer height above the sea, and a third of a mile apart from each other, and just beginning to reach out their huge arms on either side, could possibly have fancied that what he saw was an ordinary bridge, dependent for its support on the principle of the arch. But to-day the long arms stretching out from either shore, have so nearly met the yet longer arms extended to meet them from Inchgarvie in mid-stream, that at first sight the idea of the arch might naturally be suggested. For all that, of course, the Forth Bridge cantilevers have nothing in common with the ordinary arch. A cantilever is simply a bracket, and the principle of the bridge is merely that three huge towers, each the height of the dome of St. Paul's, have brackets over an eighth of a mile in length, projecting out from them on either

side. The brackets are steel tubes, big enough for a carriage and pair to drive through, rising from the base of the piers, meeting at their further end the horizontal girders along which the railway runs, and supported at the same point by equally huge steel bands stretching downwards from the top of the piers. Engineers describe the tubes as compression members, and the bands as tension members; in plain English the tubes are props to support from beneath, and the bands are strings to hold up from above, the arms which are extended out horizontally from the centre. Indeed, Mr. Baker has given a graphic illustration of the design of the bridge, by photographing a living model, in which the piers are men seated on chairs, and stretching out their arms to grasp with either hand one end of a stick, which is attached at the other end to the seat of the chair.

One of the most difficult parts of the whole problem is being dealt with at the present moment. At the shore end on either side the Fife and Queensferry cantilevers meet the viaducts built out to join them from the land, and are fastened down to the outermost piers of the viaducts, and held in their place by enormous weights. But the cantilevers which balance them on the sides turned towards the stream fall short by more than 100 yards of meeting the pair of cantilevers stretching out from the central or Inchgarvie pier. How then are these two gaps—each twice the width of the widest arch of Blackfriars Bridge—to be bridged? Who shall lay, so to speak, the two planks across at a height of 200 feet above the flowing tide beneath? We call them planks, for so in effect they are; but the planks are steel girders, each 50 feet in depth from top to bottom.

The process adopted is somewhat as follows. Let us confine ourselves to one girder only, for they will both be constructed in the same fashion. The girder is built up in two pieces, which are carried forward to meet one another in the middle. Till they meet, they are rigidly connected, by ties at the top and supports at the bottom, on to the cantilevers of which for the moment they form a part. As soon as the two halves get within a few feet of one another, advantage will be taken of a warm day, when the structure will have expanded to its full length, to lay the last plate between them, and to drop the rivets into their appointed holes. Then as the iron-work cools down at night, the pull from the top of the towers will draw up the weight of the girder, and counteract its natural tendency to

sag in the middle; and the opportunity will be seized to form the junction true and straight. Once the girder is firmly joined up into one continuous piece, the temporary fastenings will be removed, and it will be allowed to drop into its permanent resting-place on rollers at the ends of the two cantilevers.

To any one who has seen the present structure, which, it is estimated, will cost about £3,000,000 sterling, it is not a little surprising to find that, nearly a generation back, bridging the Forth at this point was looked upon as comparatively child's play. At least it is certain that in the year 1865 a company, whose scheme, one may assume, had to run the gauntlet of the criticism of Parliamentary Committees, obtained an Act authorizing the construction, not only of a bridge 2 miles in length, but also of 8 miles of approach line, for the very moderate outlay of £650,000. But that was before the day when the Tay Bridge disaster taught engineers that, with structures of this magnitude, provision against the weight of the load was a small matter compared with precautions against stress of wind. The new Tay Bridge is 2 miles in length, and spans not a deep gorge like that at Queensferry, but a wide open valley and a shallow stream, with foothold for innumerable close-ranked piers, and yet it has cost over £650,000, without leaving any margin for approach lines.

And in the case of the Forth Bridge scheme, the cost of the approach lines will be by no means a trifle. First of all, a new direct road has to be made from Edinburgh to the bridge, as the present road goes round two sides of a triangle. Then on the Fife shore the existing line is down 200 feet below the rail-level of the bridge, and to effect a junction it is necessary to go back a long way and execute very heavy rock cuttings and raise vast embankments. Then again not only are the Fife railways for the most part single line, but they also run as a general rule east and west, following both the contour of the country and what has hitherto been the natural course of its communications. To form, therefore, a direct through express route to Perth, corners have to be cut off here, there, and everywhere, and of course single line has in each case to be doubled. Finally, when the route gets within about a dozen miles of Perth, an entirely new line has to be constructed to carry it through Glenfarg.

That Glenfarg is not exactly the place which any engineer would choose of his own free will for a railway, is sufficiently proved by the fact that, though it was the mail-coach route in the old days from Edinburgh to Perth, no attempt has hitherto

been made to run a railway through it. The new line strikes the glen at Damhead, 3 miles north of its junction with the existing line at Mawcarse, and for these 3 miles the country is easy enough. But from Damhead onwards is a narrow glen where stream and coach road jostle one another for lack of space. To find room for the railway by their side, the road is almost remade, and the stream has more than once to be bridled and trained to run in a new and less rugged bed. Mile after mile, the railway descends with a gradient of 1 in 74½; but the Farg falls faster yet, so in the lower portion of its course the line is carried high above it in cuttings half-way up the precipitous hills which form its banks. Twice over it avoids a sweep of the river by a plunge into a tunnel pierced through solid rock and unlined. Emerging from the second plunge, the scenery changes with startling abruptness from a Highland glen to the rolling slopes of Strath Tay, along which the railway descends directly upon Bridge of Earn, there to form a junction with the existing line from the Fife coast to Perth.

Glenfarg is likely in the summer of 1890 to see some remarkable feats of speed, but it will hardly see anything to beat in its own line the record of Captain Barclay's famous "Defiance" coach along the same road. The "Defiance," with her 15 passengers, to say nothing of guard, coachman and luggage, was timed to cover the 129¼ miles from the Waterloo Hotel in Edinburgh to Aberdeen in 12 hours 10 minutes, including the crossing at Queensferry and 30 minutes' stoppages. Down Glenfarg, the last 8½ miles into Perth was done in 40 minutes.

Perth, however, is not the only objective point for which the North British is making. It has at present much the shortest road, both in time and mileage, from Edinburgh and the South to Dundee, and *viâ* Dundee to Montrose and Aberdeen. But its road includes a 5 miles' steamboat journey across the Forth from Granton to Burntisland, and when the east wind is blowing in Edinburgh, as it usually is, the would-be passenger not unnaturally puts to himself the question which was asked of the lovely Rosabelle,

"Why cross the stormy Firth to-day?"

and having put it, takes a ticket for the longer but all-rail route of the Caledonian Company. And if this interruption of the journey is bad for passenger traffic, still more is it so for goods, and especially for the immense traffic in perishables, such as fish

and meat, which are sent from Aberdeen and Forfar to the markets of the south. When the connection now being formed from the Forth Bridge to the present Burntisland line is complete, the distance will be some 10 miles longer, but it will be by rail throughout, and will still remain shorter than that *viâ* the Caledonian line. And now let us see in brief summary what the North British and their allies will gain to compensate them for the expenditure of four millions sterling—persons qualified to judge declare that five millions would be nearer the mark—upon the complete scheme of which Forth Bridge is the central point. Let us put it in the form of a table.

From London to Perth :—

By West Coast	is now	450	miles ; will be .	450	miles.
„ Midland Route	„	475½	„ „ .	455	„
„ East Coast	„	462	„ „ .	441½	„

i.e. East Coast was 12 miles worse, and will be 8½ miles better than West Coast.

From London to Aberdeen :—

By West Coast	is now	540	miles ; will be .	540	miles.
„ Midland Route	„	565	„ „ .	539½	„
„ East Coast	„	552	„ „ .	526	„

i.e. East Coast was 12 miles worse, and will be 14 miles better than West Coast.

"Magnificent, but not war!" one feels naturally tempted to exclaim, as one contemplates these figures, especially when one remembers what is likely to be the cost of the maintenance of the bridge, with its acres of exposed ironwork ready to absorb tons upon tons of paint, and to employ the labour of whole gangs of painters all the year round from January to December. And yet, though it is, I think, more than probable that the bridge would have never been built at all if the Companies concerned had realized at the outset how much it was to cost them, perhaps the croakers are wrong, and the wisdom of the undertaking may yet be justified. Certain it is, that the companies which have inherited the monumental lines, built regardless of expense by Stephenson or Brunel half a century back, have never had occasion to regret the outlay, and that many a company, whose roads date from the lean years which succeeded 1848, would give a good deal nowadays to secure that the work had not been done so cheaply in the first instance. Another thing is, I think, certain ; we have hardly yet begun to realize the dimensions to which passenger traffic may grow

with another generation. Season-ticket traffic is still in its infancy. Holidays are becoming more and more common, and the number of those who can afford to travel on them is yearly becoming greater. If the working classes, who are steadily cutting down the drink-bill, only come to expending half their economies in railway fares, this alone would suffice to pay handsome dividends on a whole series of Forth Bridges.

One thing is clear: the effect of the opening of the Forth Bridge will be felt right away to the extreme north of Scotland. The Highland express leaving King's Cross at 8 P.M. is in Edinburgh at 4.45 next morning. The relief train, which in the height of the August traffic leaves a quarter of an hour earlier, arrives at 4.23 A.M. This train therefore might easily be at Perth, only 49 miles further, by 5.30. But the Highland Company is closely allied with the West Coast, and has besides never been over-fond of running additional trains. It might well profess its inability to start from Perth till the arrival of the mails from the south at 7.30. In this case the East Coast Companies have another string to their bow. They may come to terms with the Great North of Scotland, and run their own trains round by Dundee and Aberdeen, for Inverness and the north. Leaving Edinburgh at 4.30, they could comfortably reach Dundee at 5.50 and Aberdeen by 7.30. And Aberdeen is only 124 miles from Inverness over a very fair road, a good portion of it double line, while by the Highland route Perth is distant 144 miles of mountainous single line. There would evidently therefore be no difficulty in allowing ample time for breakfast at Aberdeen, and still landing passengers at Inverness in front of the West Coast mail, which arrives from Perth at 11.30 A.M.

"But why, in the name of fortune," one may fancy a reader exclaiming, "take all this trouble and make all this fuss about the traffic to a petty country town like Inverness with a population of some 20,000 people?" The question would be a very natural one, for certainly no one, unless he has seen Euston or King's Cross about 7.30 in the evening during the first week of August, or (still more remarkable) Perth about the same hour the following morning, can have any conception of the dimensions of the Highland traffic in the height of the season. Here is Mr. Foxwell's account ('Express Trains, English and Foreign,' p. 62), not one whit exaggerated:—

"In July and August the 7.50 A.M. train is the unique railway phenomenon. Passenger carriages, saloons, horse-boxes, and vans, concentrated at Perth

from all parts of England, are intermixed to make an irregular caravan. Engines are attached fore and aft, and the procession toils pluckily over the Grampians. Thus on August 7, 1888, this train sailed out from Perth composed as follows :—

London & Brighton Co.'s horse-box.
" " "
" " carriage-van.
" " horse-box.
North-Western, horse-box.
North-Eastern, "
North-Western, saloon.
" horse-box.
Midland, saloon.
" luggage-van.
" carriage-truck.
" horse-box.
North-Western, horse-box.
North British, luggage-van.
" horse-box.
" "
" "
East Coast, sleeping-car.
Great Northern, saloon.
West Coast, composite.
Midland, composite.
North-Western, luggage-van.
South-Western, horse-box.
West Coast, composite.
North-Western, horse-box.
" meat-van.
Highland Railway, P. O. van.
" " luggage-van.
" " third-class passenger.
" " first-class "
" " second-class "
" " third-class "
" " luggage-van.
" " third-class passenger.
" " first-class "
" " third-class "
" " guard's van.

9 Companies . 36 carriages.

2 engines in front, 1 put on behind at Blair Athol."

The present writer was at Inverness on August 16th last summer, when the fiercest rush of the traffic was already subsiding. The mail train, which starts for the north at 12.10 P.M., left with 20 carriages on, and hardly a vacant seat in any one of them: the up mail at 3 P.M. consisted of 22 coaches. And this is the normal state of things for a couple of months. When it is added that a very large proportion of this enormous traffic is first-class, and booked for hundreds of miles, with additional fares for sleeping-berths and saloons, or for excess luggage, it is sufficiently evident that, while it lasts, it must be splendidly profitable. No wonder the companies fight keenly for it.

Certainly the travelling public have every reason to be grateful for anything that may divert some portion of the traffic that blocks Perth Station and its approaches every morning and evening in the month of August. The station cannot well be enlarged any more, for it is a Sabbath day's journey from one end of it to the other already. And in the fifty minutes between 6.35 and 7.25 A.M. there are poured into it from the south four or five trains with a total length of fully half a mile, made up of every kind of vehicle, from horse-boxes and dog-carriages to sleeping-saloons and letter-tenders. How many possible per-

mutations and combinations can be formed when three trains from Euston and two trains from King's Cross are rearranged so to form two trains for Inverness, a third for Aberdeen, and a fourth for Dundee, it would need a mathematician to calculate. But lest he should think his task too simple, it may be added that each train must be marshalled in a particular order, as here a horse-box, and there a saloon, have got to be dropped at roadside stations all along the route. A similar state of affairs occurs in the evening, when the 6.41 from Dundee, the 6.45 and 7.5 from Aberdeen, and the 7 P.M. from the Highland, have all to be marshalled to form the 7.20 for Glasgow, the 7.30 West Coast, and the 7.35 for Edinburgh and London (both King's Cross and St. Pancras); while perhaps during the operation a couple of fish specials run through on their way to England.

Nor have those responsible for the management of the station the advantage of exercising an undivided authority. Perth Station belongs, it is true, to the Caledonian Company; but the Highland and the North British run their own trains into it, while no less than five other companies, the North-Western, the Great Northern, the North-Eastern, the Midland, and the Glasgow and South-Western, have, whenever they please, the right to do the same. One curious result of this diplomatic complication was seen the other day, when an assistant to the Perth station-master had to be appointed. The task of selection was assigned to the superintendents of the North-Western and the Great Northern, as representing the two chief rival influences, and they chose their man from the neutral territory of the Lancashire and Yorkshire, on the express ground that he was likely to exercise his authority with complete impartiality.

The passenger who is kept waiting at Perth must at least admit that there is not much fault to be found with the accommodation there provided for him. Even the very dogs are not forgotten, and after their hot night in the train, should enjoy their roomy kennels with fresh water and clean straw. For their masters there are comfortable dressing-rooms with baths all complete, while downstairs the breakfast, with its never-ending relays of fresh Tay salmon, can fairly challenge comparison with the famous *bouillabaisse* of the Marseilles *buffet*. If the East Coast Companies, by the way, really do intend to run their passengers into Aberdeen for breakfast, they will certainly have to look after the refreshment arrangements at that station. Even at Mugby Junction itself, they would have

blushed to charge twopence for a penny bun, and threepence for a sandwich composed of equal parts of gristle, fat, and sawdust. But at Aberdeen they have no such scruples, being apparently under the impression that wine is not the only article in which old age may properly be paid for.

The complication of the relationships between the different companies at Perth is only typical of that subsisting over a large part of Scotland. England has nothing to show at all equal to it, the nearest approach perhaps being on the lines to the east and south of Manchester. Everywhere two companies are to be found competing with one another for traffic, not by different routes, but over the same metals. For example, the Caledonian and the Glasgow and South-Western both use the same road for their Greenock trains as far down as Paisley. Carlisle Station is the joint property of the Caledonian and the North-Western; but the North-Eastern, the Midland, and the Maryport and Carlisle on the English side, and the North British and the South-Western on the Scotch side, have running powers not only into the station itself, but over a good many miles of the road outside it as well. In return, the Caledonian competes with the North British for traffic from the North to Edinburgh by running its trains into Waverley Station, which belongs to the North British. Or again, the Caledonian has recently constructed a branch off the Glasgow, Barrhead, and Kilmarnock line, which it owns jointly with the South-Western, in order to establish a rival route to the old South-Western one *vid* Ardrossan to the watering-places on the Clyde. Or once more, the South-Western and the Midland, the Caledonian and the North-Western, unite in the joint ownership of the line which runs across Kirkcudbright and Wigtownshire from Castle Douglas to Stranraer, and send their combined trains over it. But this line can only be reached along the South-Western metals from Carlisle and Dumfries.

But all these intricacies are as nothing to those existing to the north of Edinburgh and Glasgow. Larbert, some eight or nine miles south of Stirling, occupies in railway diplomacy a position as important as that belonging to Luxemburg or Constantinople in European politics. Here from very early times the West Coast and Glasgow traffic of the Caledonian, the Glasgow traffic of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Company, and the East Coast traffic of the North British, all met, and the whole was taken on northward to Perth by the Scottish Central. In 1865 the North

British proposed to amalgamate with the Edinburgh and Glasgow. But the Scotch people are disbelievers in railway monopolies, and were determined to keep open the door of free and unchecked competition, and the Select Committee gave full effect to their desire. Accordingly, in the Act of Parliament authorizing the union clauses were inserted by which all possible powers of through booking, running their own trains if desired, &c., were given to the Scottish Central Company, as well as to what are known as the East Coast Companies, that is to the Great Northern and the North-Eastern.

Then, the same year, the Scottish Central itself applied for leave to amalgamate with the Caledonian. It got its Act; and in the following session of 1866, a second Act authorized a further amalgamation with the Scottish North-Eastern, thus carrying on the Caledonian all the way to Aberdeen. Again the most stringent terms were insisted on. The North-Western and the Midland were given powers to run, not only northward to Aberdeen, but actually into the Caledonian terminus at Princes Street, Edinburgh, and at Buchanan Street, Glasgow. The Glasgow and South-Western Company was treated with almost equal generosity. As for the traffic of the competing East Coast Companies, it was laid down in the Act, that it was to be treated by the amalgamated companies "as if it were their own proper traffic, or traffic which they were desirous of cultivating to the utmost." Yet more remarkable, it was provided that almost equal privileges must be conceded over any lines to the north of Larbert which the Caledonian might construct at any future time. This last provision, inserted doubtless with the best intentions, has had one effect which its authors can scarcely have foreseen. For all practical purposes the Callander and Oban line is a part of the Caledonian. The larger part of its stock is held by the Caledonian Company, most of the rest being held by the North-Western, and it is and always has been worked by the Caledonian. But, technically speaking, it is an independent company, and over it therefore the statutory rights of the North British over lines north of Larbert do not accrue.

There are not a few persons who think that the Caledonian might have been wiser if they had refused to accept their Amalgamation Acts at all on such onerous terms. For, when the Forth Bridge is opened, they will find themselves in a very peculiar position. The North British will have a route, both to Perth, and to Aberdeen *vid* Dundee and the Tay Bridge, of

which it will have practically complete control. But the Caledonian route will still remain subject to all the existing obligations to accommodate North British traffic. No wonder that the North British star is somewhat in the ascendant just at present. Latterly it has succeeded to the position which was held by the Midland in the days of Sir James Allport. It seems to have taken Danton's words, "*De l'audace, de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace,*" as its motto, and so far with as much success as was attained by Danton's disciples. For it has by no means confined its attention to the Forth and Tay Bridges, and the east coast of Scotland. Its own proper exit from Glasgow was out to the high ground on the north-east; and when, some years back, it acquired possession of the line down the right bank of the Clyde to Dumbarton and Helensburgh, it was hampered in the user of it by the necessity of working round the northern outskirts of Glasgow from east to west.

Recently, mainly by the advice and assistance, it is understood, of the great firm of the Bairds of Gartsherrie, it has taken a new departure. It has constructed a railway, the "City and District," right under the heart of Glasgow. The line commences on the east side by a junction with the existing lines, passes under the terminus of the original Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway in Queen Street, and joins the Helensburgh line some miles out towards the west. With this one stone, and not a very expensive stone either, the North British has killed a whole covey of birds. It has secured a most convenient new road to the docks on the north bank of the Clyde. Secondly, it has obtained a very large urban passenger traffic, which formerly went by omnibus or tramcar—so large indeed that, though the line was primarily built as a goods road, goods are banished off it altogether during business hours. Thirdly, the new railway has enabled the company to try the experiment, which Sir Edward Watkin on the Metropolitan also appears to regard with favour, of combining urban with long-distance traffic. Trains run fast up to the outskirts of the city, from Edinburgh on the one side, and from Helensburgh on the other, and then stop at every station on the underground portion of the journey.

But the main interest of the "City and District" is to be found in its connection with the new West Highland route, for which Parliamentary sanction was obtained last month. It should be noticed that, just as the Callander and Oban is nominally independent of the Caledonian, so the new line is

nominally independent of the North British. But as the North British is to work it, and as all the dividend it is likely to pay to start with will be derived from a North British guarantee, the outside public need hardly trouble themselves with the distinction. Starting from the Clyde, nearly opposite Greenock, the new railway will run north along the Gareloch and Loch Long to the head of Loch Lomond ; then up Glen Falloch, till at Crianlarich, on the western slopes of Ben More, it strikes the Callander and Oban line, as it toils up the valley by which the Dochart runs down to the head of Loch Tay. Still northwards across the head-waters of the Tay, right through the desolate moor of Rannoch—the carriage of whose timber may be expected, so one enthusiastic witness declared, to furnish a handsome source of revenue to the company—and along Loch Treig till it reaches Glen Spean. Then due west till it strikes the banks of the Lochy and the Caledonian Canal, along which it bends round south-westwards, till it finally arrives at Fort William.

As originally presented to Parliament, the scheme provided for an extension to Roshven in Moidart, for the benefit of the fishermen and crofters of the western coast, but this portion of the undertaking was struck out in Committee in the House of Lords. But even so, the scheme as passed is large and far-reaching enough, and roused a strong though unsuccessful opposition on the part both of the Caledonian and the Highland Companies. As mentioned above, the new line cuts the Callander and Oban at right angles at Crianlarich, some forty miles from Oban. Now, there is a very considerable and a rapidly increasing traffic from Glasgow to Oban, and a line going straight up Loch Lomond is some fifteen or twenty miles shorter than a line running round by Larbert and Stirling. Naturally the Caledonian objected to the risk of seeing their traffic taken from them just as their line has begun to pay. They pointed out that the country northwards from Crianlarich could not furnish traffic enough to pay working expenses. If communication was wanted to the north of Oban, it should only be, they declared, along the coast. They would pledge themselves to make forthwith a coast-line from Oban, across Loch Etive and along the shores of Appin to Ballachulish, where at least the slate quarries had attracted the nucleus of a population. But Parliament refused to listen.

The Highland Company had more than one ground of objection. Loch Treig, along which the new line is to pass, is

only some dozen miles west of the Highland line, where it takes a great sweep to the westward by Dalnaspidal and Dalwhinnie in order to get over the Grampians through the Drumouchter Pass. And one main source of "Highland" revenue is the enormous sheep traffic from the moors of Perthshire and Inverness-shire, which it taps at this point. But this was comparatively a small matter. The apple of the "Highland's" eye is Inverness, and a railway at Fort William, or, what was worse, on the banks of the Caledonian Canal a dozen miles nearer than Fort William, is perilously close to Inverness itself. Where a canal could go, a railway could not find it difficult to follow. Moreover, the proposal of an extension to Roshven suggested only too clearly the possibility of a future competition with Strome Ferry, which even now is suffering from the rivalry of the much more distant port of Oban. But the diplomacy of the North British was equal to the occasion. By some means or other not easily intelligible to the outside observer, the opposition of the Highland Company was disarmed, and the West Highland Act is now safely passed. As it has the support not only of the North British, but of the local landowners along the route, there can be no doubt whatever that the money will be raised and the construction of the line begun forthwith.

One thing is certain, that the position in which the Highland Company finds itself is no enviable one. If on the one side it is liable to be hard pressed by the opposition of the West Highland, on the other the Great North, a line which has enormously improved within the last few years, is doing its utmost to get access to Inverness. No amount of genius can extract much sustenance for railways any more than for man and beast from the barren hills of Perthshire or Inverness. The Highland must always mainly depend for a dividend upon its through traffic. And its through traffic it is forced to carry over a single-line route so tortuous that, though the total distance from Wick to Perth, as the crow flies, is only 125 miles, the railway is 305 miles in length. A year or two back, in order to keep out the Great North, it took powers for the construction of a new direct line from Aviemore to Inverness, cutting off the great elbow round by Forres and Nairn. But hitherto nothing has been done towards making it. No wonder the company hesitates. If the opinion expressed the other day to the present writer by a very competent observer—not, it must be confessed,

over-friendly to the Highland Company—may be trusted, the construction of the new road would mean to them: in the first place, a capital expenditure of some hundreds of thousands of pounds; secondly, the cost of working some thirty additional miles; thirdly, no additional traffic whatever; and lastly, the reduction of the passenger fares by as many pence as the new road would be shorter in miles than the old. For all that it is more than probable that the company will have in self-defence to make the Aviemore line in the immediate future.

For the Forth Bridge and the West Highland scheme are by no means the only signs that we are on the eve of great excitement in the railway world of Scotland. The proposal for an amalgamation of the North British and the Glasgow and South-Western fell upon the Stock Exchanges the other day as a bolt from the blue. Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed since the latter company tried and failed to secure an amalgamation, first with the Caledonian and then with the Midland. Sixteen years ago, Parliament refused its sanction to the yet larger scheme for the union of the North-Western and the Lancashire and Yorkshire. And now the dawn of what seems likely to be a fresh era of railway prosperity is again giving rise to a series of similar proposals. The present scheme has one peculiarity, that it does not seem to have roused any outside opposition. The Midland and South-Western amalgamation fell through, largely owing to the natural reluctance of the Scotch traders to have the management of their affairs removed from Scotland to Derby. The other two failed, because they would have prevented a competition which it was thought desirable in the public interest to maintain in force.

Neither of these objections can be urged against the present scheme. Both companies are purely Scotch, and their systems, which only meet at Glasgow and at Carlisle, nowhere compete with one another, except indeed—a big exception doubtless—for through traffic from England. The interesting point therefore to the outside observer (who is not perhaps likely to have his curiosity gratified till the battle is joined and sides are taken in the Parliamentary Committee rooms next session) is, what side the East Coast Companies will take. That the Midland looks on with approval may be taken for granted, for the Midland Chairman is also the Chairman of the Glasgow and South-Western. That the Caledonian, backed by the North-Western, will oppose, is, it may be presumed, certain. But what will the

Great Northern and the North-Eastern do? They are responsible for two-fifths of the cost of the Forth Bridge. They will scarcely care to see traffic between Perth and the West Riding sent *viâ* Carlisle and Kilmarnock instead of *viâ* Berwick and the Bridge. As for the yet more important traffic between the West Riding and Glasgow, why should the amalgamated companies carry it round through Edinburgh, if they can get a larger share of the mileage by the direct route through Carlisle? But speculations are idle; the amalgamation is not yet sanctioned, and this time next year we shall probably know a good deal at which for the present we can only guess.

Assuming that the amalgamation is sanctioned, it is by no means unlikely that the process would be carried further; that the Highland would fall into the arms of the Caledonian, while the North British in its turn would absorb the Great North. The former coalition would command about 1200 miles of line and 47 millions of capital; the latter about 1700 miles and 63 millions. We should then witness a state of things not unlike that of Italy, where, not indeed as the result of the free play of commercial enterprise, but in consequence of deliberate government legislation, the whole traffic of the country is divided between two companies competing all along the line from Milan to Brindisi. Meanwhile, we may assume that the Caledonian will gird up its loins for the coming fray. It too has a plan for a new underground line through Glasgow, and it is hardly likely to postpone much longer its application for powers to build a new line parallel to the South-Western along the Ayrshire coast.

But enough for the present. Next month we shall see something of the special features of the existing arrangements, more especially of the competition for the summer traffic to the innumerable watering-places along the Firth of Clyde, which has given rise to what is probably the most creditable combination of railway and steamboat services in the world.

W. M. ACWORTH.

La Comédie Française.

In a former paper we gave an account of the Paris Conservatoire, the nursery of the Comédie Française, recognized as the most perfect assemblage of dramatic talent to be found in any country, and whose organization we now propose to describe. Individual talent, as great or even greater than any presented by the unrivalled Company, may shine elsewhere; but the perfect working of the whole machinery, the finish of detail from the highest parts to the most insignificant, is there unsurpassed.

The principle carried out at the Comédie Française is that of sacrificing nothing to "Stars," as has been proved when Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin were so easily allowed to depart; and it has often been noticed that deserters lose considerably, as regards high art, when they have shaken off the traditional trammels which are so undeniably useful as a restraint to erratic genius. It has been objected that the Comédie Française is too artificial and conventional. It is certainly both, but is not the stage necessarily conventional? Stage nature is not the real nature of everyday life; and when the latter strays away into anything resembling the former, there is an immediate and involuntary sense of the "theatrical," which at once marks the difference. The effect of perspective—the surrounding atmosphere—must be taken into consideration, and it has often been asserted by competent judges, that what would be really natural, would not seem natural on the stage. The object of the latter is to remove the spectator on to enchanted ground, giving him the delusion of reality; and this is accomplished to perfection at the Comédie Française. What is seen there, may not represent what really is; but every one will think that it *ought to be*. We never meet such charming people in the world—but then, why is the world so common-place? It is delightful to forget it for a while; but only when nothing out of place, or jarring on one's feelings,

suddenly calls one back to reality by revealing the strings that play; as too often occurs in most theatrical performances, and never happens at the Comédie Française. The working there is so perfect, that only when the curtain falls and all is over does one awaken to the perception that one has been living in Dreamland; a very pleasant place that one is loth to leave!

The origin of the Théâtre Français (now called Comédie Française) is traced back to the year 1680, when the tragic Company called "of the Hôtel de Bourgogne" was united to that of Molière. With but little interruption the accounts, from that date up to the present time, have been preserved, and may now be examined with the assistance of the Librarian, M. Monval, at the library of the theatre, Rue Richelieu.

The Company was at first directed, like all theatrical companies, by a manager, whose life was not always a very easy one, for Molière himself exclaims in desperation: "Les étranges *animaux* à conduire que les comédiens!"

During the French Revolution, when insurrection was the order of the day and nobody would submit to anybody else, the theatrical Company, which had always been so difficult to manage, had its little private revolution, and insisted on being constituted as a republic. We find a first solemn contract, drawn up in the presence of a representative of the Government and various legal witnesses, dated, in the jargon of the period, "27 Germinal, An XII. de la République," laying down the rules to be observed by the Society of Actors formed for the management of the Théâtre Français, with equal rights and shares of profits. They were to be directed by a Committee, chosen amongst themselves; but in case of difficulties or disagreements, the final Court of Appeal was to be a Council appointed by the Government, outside of the Company. They were to have an allowance of 100,000 frs. (£4000) from the Government, to support what was considered a national institution.

But the machinery did not work smoothly till Napoleon I., with his clear comprehension and imperious will, re-modelled the whole by a decree known as "Le Décret de Moscou," dated 14th October, 1812, which, although signed at Moscow, had of course been prepared long beforehand, and which still rules the Comédie Française, with a few modifications introduced by Napoleon III. (then President of the Second Republic) by a decree dated 30th April, 1850.

The Comédie Française has now a constitutional government,

under the superintendence of one of the Ministers,* who appoints an Administrator, by whom the affairs of the Company are managed, with the assistance of a committee of six members, chosen amongst the Sociétaires.

The Company is divided into "Sociétaires" and "Pensionnaires." The latter are engaged at a fixed salary, as in other theatres; but no one can become a "Sociétaire" without having done duty as a "Pensionnaire" for at least one year, however high may be the artistic standing of the candidate admitted.

Every Sociétaire has a right to a fixed stipend, a pension after twenty years of service, a share in the yearly net profits, and a benefit on retiring. The full salary is 12,000 francs; but when first admitted as Sociétaires, they may have only a fraction of a share allotted to them, and are then called Sociétaires *à demi-part* (6000 francs), or *à quart de part* (3000 francs). In addition, they have, by arrangement, what are called "*les feux*," i.e. a fixed allocation every time they act. At the end of the year the net profits over and above all expenses are divided into twenty-four portions or shares; one is kept to provide for emergencies, and if not entirely used for such purposes, the surplus is divided between the Sociétaires; a half-share is put aside for the pension fund, and another half-share for stage expenses, dresses, &c.; the rest is divided amongst the Sociétaires, in the proportion to which they are entitled; but only half is actually paid into their hands; the rest is invested, and accumulated till their retirement, or decease, in which case it is paid to their lawful heirs. It is needless to add that, according to talent and services, the proportion is increased gradually up to the full share.

Every Sociétaire, on admission, engages to serve the Company during twenty years; they are then free to retire, with a benefit and a pension of 5000 francs; they may act in the provinces, but not in Paris, unless by special permission of the Minister, and for a limited time, during which the retiring pension is temporarily suppressed. The Minister, with the concurrence of the Administrator and the managing Committee, has, however, a right at the end of ten years to cancel the engagement of any artist whose services are not considered sufficiently valuable. In that case they have a right to claim one third of the retiring

* Formerly the Minister of the Interior, now the Ministre de l'Instruction et des Beaux-Arts.

pension, and may use their talents in Paris or elsewhere, as they please.

If, on the contrary, it is thought advisable to retain the services of artists, with their consent, beyond twenty years, they have 200 francs added to the pension for each extra year; but if any accident disables an actor or actress in the exercise of their stage duties, even before the allotted time, they have a right to claim the full pension. In the case of ill-health, or any private reason obliging any artist to retire after ten years, and before twenty years of service, they have a pension of 200 francs for every year beyond the ten.

The Sociétaires are thus guarded from the proverbial improvidence of their profession, and when they retire after long service, a comfortable income is secured to them, even if they have saved nothing from their yearly earnings. Delaunay, for instance, received an accumulated fund of more than 223,000 francs (£8920); Madame Madeleine Brohan, 208,000 francs (£8320), besides the fixed pension of 5000 francs. But these advantages could not be secured without the allowance from the Government, which is now of 240,000 francs; it is only fair to add that the Company pays back about half, for the "droit des pauvres" or poor rate, to which all theatres are subjected.

The discipline of the Company, as established by Napoleon I., is tolerably strict. The great soldier was not likely to allow insubordination or caprice, and every emergency is provided for by clear rules laid down, to which all must submit.

Each member of the Company has his particular line of parts, and may take no others without a special permission, only granted in exceptional cases. There may be several in the same line, but one is called "chef d'emploi" or leader, and the others "doubles." The "chef d'emploi" selects the parts that he chooses to play in his line, but they must be learned by the "doubles," so as to be ready to take the place of the "chef d'emploi," if needful, at the shortest notice. The "doubles" have a right to take the leader's part three or four times a month with or without his consent. The leader may not hand over an unsatisfactory part entirely to a "double," but must play himself when required to do so; nor is he allowed to refuse to act any part in his line.

Any actor having pleaded indisposition who should be seen outside of his home on the same day, would pay a fine of 300 francs.

Every week two Sociétaires in turn, called "Semainiers," superintend the stage business and the rehearsals. On Saturdays the plays of the next fortnight are settled, with the actors who are to fill the parts, whether leaders or "doubles." No actor has a right to claim a separate line on a play-bill, or a first-place; all are put down in succession, according to seniority only.

The Company is recruited from the most distinguished pupils of the Conservatoire, having obtained first prizes; and also from the leading actors of other theatres, who are usually desirous of belonging to the Comédie Française, which represents the aristocracy of the theatrical world. They may easily obtain higher salaries elsewhere; but in other French theatres they are obliged to provide their own dresses; a serious consideration, with modern requirements, when one character-costume may cost several thousand francs.* At the Comédie Française everything worn by the actor or actress, from the head-dress to the shoes, is paid for by the funds of the theatre. The future, also, is secured, in the case of Sociétaires, to which dignity all of course aspire; while the present salary is increased by the "feux" for every appearance, and the provincial tours, which, though contrary to rules strictly interpreted, are at present granted, unwillingly but perforce, as a sacrifice to modern exigencies.

The ambition of every dramatic writer is of course directed to get a play accepted at the Comédie Française; it is a great honour and a lucrative one, for the author's dues are rated at 15 per cent. of the profits. But it is no easy matter, except of course in the case of well-known and successful writers, whilst even these are often rejected at the Comédie Française.

Before a play is even seriously discussed, it must be given to the ever-courteous M. Monval, Librarian and Secretary of the "Comité de Lecture," to be handed over to two readers, who decide whether it is worthy of being submitted to the Committee of seven Sociétaires, presided over by the "Administrateur," now M. Jules Claretie, the celebrated novelist.

When an inexperienced author has found favour in the sight of the two readers, and is informed that his play is admitted to an official hearing in the presence of the Committee, presided over by the Administrator, he is inclined to look upon the battle as won; although, in fact, his troubles are only beginning.

He calls upon the Administrator, who is all affability, and who

* The dress worn by Febvre in 'Henri III. et la Cour' is said to have cost 10,000 francs (£400).

gives him most courteous encouragement; he calls on each one of his judges, receiving from all the kindest assurances of good will. And yet, many plays are examined and few chosen.

Writers, in general, complain bitterly of their dependence on the vote of the actors; declaring that the merits of a dramatic work are neither understood, nor even taken into consideration by them; that, in short, each one only cares whether the part in his line will be favourable to himself, and the other parts not too favourable to rivals.

But the ordeal (a very trying one) cannot be avoided as matters now stand; for, according to the statutes of the Comédie Française, no play can be received otherwise than by the vote of the Committee after a hearing.

The great day comes, and few ascend the staircase leading to the room of the Administrateur without a considerable amount of nervousness. On the landing, but in a bad light and scarcely visible, is a scowling full-length portrait of the great tragic actress —Rachel, who seems to defend the premises against all intruders. A dark entrance, absolutely a den, opens into a small waiting-room, hung round with portraits of theatrical celebrities; but before crossing the threshold of the Administrateur, M. Claretie, the "huissier" confidentially and anxiously enquires what the suffering man-of-letters would "like to drink?"

Visions of the torture-room flit through his brain, with that of cordials, administered to prevent annihilation from being too rapid for the full enjoyment of the torturers; but the "employé" hastens to explain that the traditional glass of *eau sucrée*, provided to moisten the parched lips of the reader, is now improved by the addition of any stimulant which he may prefer. Having given his instructions, he is shown into the room of M. Claretie, who courteously encourages him to face the expected ordeal, with assurances that the Company is only too delighted to have an opportunity of discovering a new writer, fresh talent, &c.

After a sufficient sprinkling of official rose-water, the sufferer is led into a large room well lighted by four windows, where he finds the Committee ready assembled, awaiting his entrance. On the walls are theatrical pictures; a large portrait of Alfred de Musset, and exactly opposite to the seat intended for the reader, a dreadful picture representing the death agonies of Talma, which is said to be particularly exasperating. At the end of a long table is a seat for the Administrateur, having on

his right hand the senior Sociétaire, or *Doyen*, a dignity now held by Got. The others take their places on each side according to precedence; the author sits at the end facing his judges, with his manuscript and his beverage, ready prepared, with due care.

M. Claretie gives the signal, and the author begins to read; no small trial to the nerves, for he must read his own production in the presence of the greatest masters of elocution to be found anywhere. Most of the successful playwrights are excellent readers. Legouvé, Émile Augier, Alexandre Dumas, Octave Feuillet, Sardou, are all noted as remarkable interpreters of their own works, and this has great influence as regards securing the approbation of the listeners, who, however, remain silent, and give no encouragement. Some do not attempt to conceal their weariness, and even indulge in a quiet doze. A celebrated actor of the last generation, Samson, having been vehemently reproached by the author for having slept through the reading of a whole play, merely answered: "Monsieur, le sommeil *est une opinion!*"

There are many ways of expressing such flattering conclusions; Coquelin looked at his watch incessantly; Febvre only stops short of an audible yawn; Mounet-Sully scribbles and draws caricatures; while the younger Coquelin stares vacantly, as if wondering what it is all about. When all these unfavourable symptoms are too apparent, the author, if he is wise, will break off the reading, and withdraw the play; thus avoiding the annoyance of a formal rejection; but if he perseveres, the hearing is concluded in silence, no one attempting to criticise or to admire in the presence of the author, who is led by the sympathising M. Claretie to his private room, there to await judgment. It is a sore trial to remain thus in silence and solitude while one's fate is being discussed; but all is soon settled, as opinions are tolerably clear by the time the reading is over. Got, as senior or *Doyen* of the Company, speaks first; the Administrator last, after having heard the merits and demerits fully discussed by the others. Then comes the vote—"Received."—"Received with corrections."—"Refused."

The formula "Received with corrections," is often a polite disguise for a refusal, in the case of writers who are not to be willingly offended; but it is sometimes meant in earnest, and very successful plays are quoted which have been thus accepted and consequently remodelled by their writers.

M. Claretie has the unwelcome task of notifying the verdict to the expectant victim, whose distress takes a furious or pathetic turn according to character and circumstances; but it is always a terrible blow, and a crushing disappointment, which M. Claretie tries to comfort as best he may.

But we will suppose the play accepted and the author brimming over with delight. He has in store both honour and profit, but not without a world of trouble. The parts are first copied out and distributed to the *chefs d'emploi* or leaders; but before any rehearsal takes place there is what is called the "collationnement;" twenty, or thirty, times, if thought needful, the author and his interpreters meet round a table while the parts are read over, till every artist knows thoroughly, not only his own, but all the others, and is perfect as regards cues, &c.

When all this is satisfactorily accomplished, the rehearsals begin; but at first only positions are taken, and the mechanical work of entrances and exits, passing from one side of the stage to the other, settling where to sit, where to stand, and how to do so, is completely mastered. Then only does the speaking begin, directed by the author, the Administrator, and the two "Semainiers." What rehearsals are at the Comédie Française would scarcely be believed elsewhere. The same sentence is repeated over and over again, twenty, thirty times, till the intonation is considered satisfactory. As an instance, we will quote the exclamation of Mademoiselle Croizette in Octave Feuillet's play 'Le Sphinx': "Ah! vous m'aimez donc!" The intonation was not thought natural by an "habitué" of the theatre, who spoke of it to the great actor Régnier, then "régisseur de la scène," or stage manager. His reply was: "I agree with you that it is not quite satisfactory, but we tried *twenty-seven different ways* of saying the words, and finally the present intonation was chosen as the best." We were told by a celebrated French writer that he had witnessed a decision to have another rehearsal because one of the actors had mistaken the table on which he was to put down something that he carried in his hand, which had no direct importance.

But the working rehearsals of the Comédie Française are like the mysteries of Eleusis. No outsiders are admitted within the precincts while the feast to be enjoyed is being prepared; and even if any one managed to be concealed in a dark corner of the house, the result would only be disappointment, for the stage is completely screened from all lookers-on by a tent called "le

guignol," in which are seated the author, the Administrator, and the "Semainier" especially on duty. Generally, one of the most distinguished Sociétaires undertakes to "monter" or "get up" the play, and gives the author his assistance from the beginning; Got is said to be invaluable in such capacity. The present Administrator, M. Claretie, usually allows the author to manage his own business at first, with the assistance mentioned, and only comes when matters are tolerably smoothed, to judge of the effect, and give his opinion. But even from the beginning of the "collationnement" the material "getting up" has been in preparation, with orders to spare no expense necessary for a result worthy of the high position of the theatre. Formerly the Théâtre Français was proverbially inferior as regards scenery and costumes, the talent of the actors being considered a sufficient attraction; and many old play-goers will remember the dreary aspect of the stage when a play of Molière was acted, with no furniture but two arm-chairs, and sometimes a table; the actors standing in a row before the footlights all through the scenes. But all that belongs to the past. Now, the scenery is artistically beautiful; the dresses are magnificent; in short, nothing is spared to render the picture presented absolutely perfect. The "property" of the Comédie Française, accumulated during many generations, provides many valuable resources; but everything needful for modern requirements is procured so conscientiously down to the smallest details, that there is no "drinking long draughts of nothing," as Dickens called it; if the actors are said to drink champagne, they really drink it, and so on with all wines and eatables mentioned, of which they must partake, whether they like them or not! Pies are real pies; fowls are in the flesh, and must be properly carved—there is no make-believe.

The costumes are not usually ready before the dress-rehearsal; however, Mounet-Sully insists upon rehearsing for some time in his dress; wishing first to take off the effect of glaring *newness*, which he does not consider artistic; and next, to become accustomed to his strange attire, so as not to feel in any way impeded by it.

"*We* learned the part together," is a saying of his.

The dress-rehearsal and the first night scarcely suffice to guarantee the author from failure, for on those occasions the public is usually much the same, and generally well disposed. A failure at the Comédie Française would be a calamity that

few men would be barbarous enough to wish their worst enemy; happily, such a misfortune seldom happens, the acting being so excellent that it saves many a weak play from ruin. But a great success at the Comédie Française! A "grande première," like those of Alexandre Dumas, Émile Augier, and Octave Feuillet! This means a period of most exciting and delightful enthusiasm, a literary position gained, and a golden harvest in the future. No wonder then that so many writers brave the ordeal of the Comité de Lecture and the almost certainty of a refusal, for the one chance of admission into the sanctuary of art, which thus rewards its successful votaries.

The green-room, or "foyer," was in former days a centre of wit and brilliant literary conversation. All the distinguished men of the day were seen there, and many of the Sociétaires themselves excelled in clever repartee and discussions on literary or theatrical topics. The sisters Augustine and Madeleine Brohan, Got, Delaunay, and Coquelin, are all brilliant talkers; but now Got remains alone, the last of his generation of great actors, and the evenings in the "foyer" of the Comédie Française have lost much of their former *éclat.* There is no longer, as in former days, a select circle of literary men, but the "foyer" being now open to the subscribers indiscriminately, it is crowded with insignificant people who go there out of curiosity, and are greatly in the way of those who would like intellectual conversation. Several of the most distinguished actresses give preference to the small "foyer des changements," * and take refuge there from the crowd, followed by their particular friends and admirers.

Nevertheless, most of the notabilities in the social and literary world are to be seen in the "foyer des artistes" or green-room. General Boulanger, amongst others, was a frequent visitor.

The Comédie Française being considered a national institution, is extremely liberal as regards free admittance. Actors of other theatres, even of other nations, literary men of all countries, pupils of the Conservatoire, critics, &c., easily obtain free admission, in a proportionate degree, which is surprising; for we find in the accounts of the Comédie Française for the year 1886 (given into our hands by the obliging M. Monval), the paying public set down as 307,785, against 156,412 "entrées de faveur" or free entrances. There are, besides, from four to five

* A room reserved for those rapid changes of dress which leave no time for a return to the regular dressing-room.

entirely gratuitous performances, open to all, in the course of the year.

The theatre holds 1385 seats. It is open every day, and no theatre in Paris has such a varied play-bill. From 1st June, 1886, to 30th June, 1887, we find a list of 80 different plays; out of which 19 acts were entirely new works, and 23 revivals; a total of 42 acts studied and put on the stage, with the elaborate care we have described. From 1881 to 1887 we find 1,137,293 francs paid for the poor-tax, and 1,556,196 francs for authors' dues!

Happy the mortal who succeeds in crossing the golden threshold!

A. STROBEL.

The Minister of Kindrach.

Chapter V.

Promiscuous evening visits were much affected at Kindrach. People dropped in on one another about half-past eight for "a bit crack," and probably "a bit supper." David after his visit to John White felt a great desire that "Siller" should be informed of it. After a substantial meat tea, and a reflective smoke, he thought that he would "drop in" at the Porters' casually. It was between eight and nine when he rang their bell. A carriage and pair was standing at the door, he noticed, as he stood on the steps, the glittering lamps casting two long streaks of light across the road; a hansom, also close behind, was drawn up to the pavement.

A footman admitted him, a young and evidently inexperienced individual, who conducted him upstairs, and into the drawing-room in rather a bewildered manner. There was no one in the room save an elderly gentleman in evening dress, standing on the hearth-rug with his coat-tails over his arms, through force of habit, for there was nothing behind him in the fireplace except a cool green mass of maidenhair fern. This was the great Mr. Alexander Porter himself. A little meek-looking man with a high shiny forehead, and gentle kindly eyes, peering at the world deferentially through double eye-glasses.

He accepted David's personal introduction a trifle nervously, but evidently with an amiable desire to be gratified. He coughed softly now and then, and kept an expectant eye on the door; during the one-sided conversation which David sustained, Mr. Porter merely interjected "Oh, ah!" or "aye, aye!" His watchful eye brightened, and a look of relief stole across his mild countenance as the door opened and his wife appeared. She came into the room, looking back over her shoulder

anxiously at the folds of her magnificent train; being a little afraid that the cluster of feathers at one side was placed a trifle too high.

She also was in evening dress—full evening dress. A sweeping train of violet velvet opening over an amethyst-brocaded petticoat; diamonds sparkling and flashing on her bare throat and wrists: she rustled across the room, still intent on the arrangement of the violet and amethyst tips, the light from the burners above falling on the soft fluffy white hair, and the airy arrangement of lace and feathers and fastened with a diamond crescent.

David had never seen a lady in evening dress before. The sight fairly amazed him. He felt for the first time since coming to London awed; Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, nay the very British Museum itself had failed to strike this chord which Mrs. Porter's velvet, brocade, and diamonds caused to vibrate. But it was not in his nature to remain long in a state of suspended decision. The feeling of awe passed when he took in the fact of Mrs. Porter's square-cut bodice, and elbow sleeves.

"An auld woman come to her time o' life, to make such an exhibition of herself, it was just a disgrace!"

In all truth it was a very modest exhibition: for Mrs. Porter's taste was far too good for any questionable display. She looked up.

"Good gracious! you here?" she broke off abruptly, and covered her momentary impatience with wonderful adroitness. Being a thorough gentlewoman she could not act rudely she told herself—dignified, cold, repellant, she might be—but rude, never. David replied to her first few words gravely, trying to show, in the steady stare of his honest eyes, the disapprobation he felt of her attire, or rather lack of attire; an utterly futile attempt.

"We are just on the point of starting out ourselves, therefore your visit to-night is a little unfortunate." She did not add any little social fib expressive of sorrow and so forth, not feeling that the man was worth anything more than the plain unvarnished truth.

David would have replied with his usual care to this remark, but the entrance of Miss Porter and Etta, followed by John White, distracted his attention.

There was a little general examination of each other among the women, during which the men stood aloof. The girls had

bowed formally to David, and that was all, beyond that they simply ignored him; but John White shook his hand very heartily, and asked if he were coming too. He was holding a very delicate bouquet of marguerites and maidenhair fern, arranged with artistic skill, and tied with long soft bows of white silk.

"Nae," returned David severely; "a man in m'ah position need scarcely be asked such a question."

"No? Well now, that's a pity. Miss Dewar won't enjoy herself, I'm afraid."

"Siller!" ejaculated David, turning abruptly towards Mr. White, who stepped back with a comical expression of extreme surprise. "Dinna tell me that Siller is joining in any such doins'?"

"But is'nt she though! Mrs. Porter's maid is putting the finishing touches at this moment."

David walked across to Mrs. Porter with determination.

"Mrs. Porter, mam, this canna be—I canna permit——" but as he spoke the heavy curtain across the entrance to the inner drawing-room, through which Silvia had made her way, parted, and Silvia herself stood before them. The dark tapestry falling behind her formed an effective, sombre, background, against which her white dress stood out in pure relief. It was an old white silk of May's covered with fleecy clouds of airy tulle. In her hand she held a large white feather fan, also May's property. For a moment she stood there blushing and smiling, shyly conscious that they were all looking to see what sort of figure she cut in her first ball dress, and conscious also that she cut a particularly delightful figure. But it was only for a moment her little triumph lasted; the smile faded from her lips, and there was a piteous look of misery in the eyes she raised to John White.

"It's the nearest thing to a gowan, Annie Laurie," he said in his usual bantering tones, presenting the marguerites to her with an exaggerated bow. "Bloated, puffed-up London gowans, not those which grow on the braes of Maxwellton."

Silvia took the flowers mechanically; she could not thank him or even smile, but kept a wide-eyed, terrified gaze fixed on the advancing David, who bore down upon them with lips firmly compressed, his long coat swinging about his knees. He realized now that John White had simply fooled him that afternoon, and he was fiercely enraged. He took the flowers from her peremptorily; gripping them in his strong fingers, crumpling the ribbon bows, and crushing the delicate fringe of

fern. Silvia silently and helplessly let them go without attempting to retain them.

"Siller!" he said, in tones sounding through the room with terrible distinctness; "do you mean to say that you, brought up a God-fearing, Christian woman, have so far forgotten yourself as to put on such a gown. What ails ye?" He laid his other hand on her bare shoulder, grasping it almost roughly in his deep disgust. He even gave her a slight—a very slight —shake.

Etta tittered audibly, May half smiled, Mr. Porter peered through his glasses confusedly, wondering what the matter was, and John White gazed mournfully at the disordered bouquet quivering in David's ruthless fingers. But Mrs. Porter waxed indignant. That any one should presume to create a vulgar scene in her house was not to be tolerated for an instant. She rustled majestically across the room and placed herself in battle array, facing the enraged minister.

"I do not understand," she began loftily; "you appear to be acting very strangely, Mr. Fairfax. My niece is going with me to the American minister's ball; you speak as if we were taking her to some low and doubtful place of resort."

"Peace, woman," interrupted David, solemnly. "I ken naething aboot these bits of difference which the warld reckons ample excuse; but this I do ken; m'ah wife shauna go anywhere in a gown like yon; neither shall she go to a ball, be the giver minister or no minister. What sort of minister can this American man be, ah'm thinking, to encourage such foolishness and warldliness in his ain hoose? No' a man it will improve Siller to know."

Mrs. Porter pulled her train forward impatiently, reasoning with this man was such a hopeless proceeding.

"My dear good man," she began, a little sarcastically.

"Siller shauna go, I canna permit it," interrupted David doggedly.

"It seems to me you are overstepping the limits of your position with regard to Silvia," returned Mrs. Porter, crossly. But here Silvia herself interfered.

She had stood, burning with mortification, ready to fly the spot with shame and humiliation, yet held by David's firm pressure on her shoulder—unable to raise her eyes and encounter the amusement and merriment she felt would be imprinted on every face but David's and her own. Her situation became

too intolerable, and like the worm of famous memory she turned.

"Aunt Silvia," she said hurriedly, "I see; I must stay, as Mr. Fairfax says. Please don't wait any longer, but go without me. I must stay," she added, with some decision.

"Oh, if you wish to stay, Silvia, of course," returned her aunt, a little annoyed, "that ends the matter. Come girls. Alexander, help me on with my cloak. May, have you got your hood?" A little general stampede followed, and in a few moments David and Silvia were alone in the great empty drawing-room.

David was conscious of a great joy rising in his heart, for had not Silvia given way at once to his wishes? There was hope, and peace, and unutterable comfort in the thought that she might be returning to her old attitude of meek submission. He had never felt so warmly disposed towards her as he felt at this moment (since coming to London). Some little word of commendation for her ready compliance to his wishes; nay, even an embrace he felt was her due.

"Ah've been much disappointed in your manner, Siller, since seeing you again, much disappointed and justly annoyed; but now you are beginning to recollect yourself and return to your old ways, ah'll not throw the past in your face."

He had never seen her looking so lovely. His pulse beat a little quicker, partly with the charm of her appearance, partly with the exultation of a man who has conquered. This fair woman had submitted to *him*, had bowed her golden head in acknowledgment of *his* authority. He was close to her and he wished to kiss her—wished it without any such rational motive as had hitherto governed this desire. It was an odd sensation.

"Siller, m'ah lass!" he said gently, bending over her, and refraining from touching her with a new-born desire that she would of her own free-will turn to him.

She did turn—suddenly and passionately. Putting up both her hands she pushed him from her with all her might.

"Don't touch me!" she cried; "I hate you!"

David looked at her, and stepped quietly back. That strange, delicious, unknown feeling fled before this icy blast. After the first moment of unmitigated surprise he recovered all his old calm.

"M'ah wurd!" he ejaculated, "this is pretty hearing."

"I cannot bear it any longer," she went on vehemently; "I have tried to tell you quietly that things cannot be as they

were between us, I tried to write it even to you. You must have seen, yet you ask for no explanation; my manner must have shown you that you, and Kindrach, and everything connected with you were detestable to me—yes, detestable," she repeated, "unless you are so wholly wrapped up in your own conceit that you cannot see how ridiculous you make yourself and how ashamed I am. You humiliate me before my aunt and her friends—your uncouthness, your ignorance, your terrible clothes. And with it all you dictate to everybody, and lay down the law, and take upon yourself to point out other people's faults and failings. I tell you, David Fairfax, that marry you I cannot and will not. Look at me," she added, her breast heaving with the torrent of pent-up feeling she had let loose—her eyes bright and her cheeks flushed—"look at me," she repeated, glancing downwards at her delicate dress, and her eyes caught and rested a moment on David's great boots. "Then look at yourself, at your coat and boots." The contrast seemed to her sufficiently marked.

The daily humiliations and torments of the last few days; the many moments of frightened enforced obedience to his will; the anguished hours of solitude; the stings of all Etta's titters, and May's shrugs, and Mrs. Porter's annoyance, and the last crowning disappointment of this evening, found vent in the scorn and contumely she heaped upon him without regard to his feelings, without thought of justice, without pausing to reflect if some measure of blame might not be hers. Like most timid things, when once they gather courage they out-Herod Herod in their momentary boldness and bravery.

David's lips had closed in a firm hard line. He looked at her with a cold, direct stare. He still gripped in one hand the remains of Mr. White's bouquet. When she said "look at me," his eyelids fell a little with a slight flicker of scorn. This outburst of childish splenetic rage made him long to take her by both bare white shoulders and administer a sound shaking.

"Ah'm looking," he said steadily. "An' ah see naething so verra wonderful; just a foolish woman beside herself wi' temper. I dinna ken what m'ah coat and boots have got to do with the matter; ye did'na promise to marry a pair of boots, and a coat; ye promised to marry me, David Fairfax, Minister of Kindrach!"

He thrust the drooping marguerites and crushed ferns before

her as he spoke, to emphasize his last sentence. His eyes looked dark and angry. Silvia stepped back a little.

"Yes," she cried, "but that was in my ignorance—I knew nothing but Kindrach. All this," glancing round her aunt's handsome drawing-room, "was a revelation of another life. Do you think I can go back and take up that old existence? do you think I can be content to live at the Manse and spend my life making your porridge, and ironing your bands, and listening to your sermons? I never loved you. I thought it would be fine to be the wife of the principal man in Kindrach, that was all. And you I scarcely even thought of. Had you loved me as I know now that men and women can love, you might have seen for yourself that I cared no more for you than I did for James McKenna. He would have done just as well had he been at the Manse. But you! you never could see anything beyond that one great all-absorbing fact, David Fairfax, Minister of Kindrach."

She spread wide May's great white fan, and made him a mocking curtsey.

("Was this 'Siller,' shy, obedient little Siller? this bold, flaunting, curtseying woman?")

"M'ah wurd! I wonder ye're not ashamed," he ejaculated heavily.

"Oh, no!" she said, laughing a little hysterically, for her courage was beginning to totter on its hastily erected throne before his calm callousness. "I don't care what you think of me. I only want you to go; to *go!* Do you hear?" she added, with a stamp of her foot.

David surveyed her coldly.

"Well, since ye don't mind what I think, ye might speak the truth and give the real reason for all this stamping and raging. Its no all this," pointing, as she had done, to the room, "it's no the new views of what ye are pleased to call life; it's that grimacing, penting loon John White, *that's* what ails ye. Ye are just head over ears in love with a man who does'na care the lift of his little finger for ye; and that I heard from himself."

David's calmness was merely on the surface, beneath there boiled and raged a tempest far surpassing Silvia's little hurly-burly. He brought out his words very quietly and deliberately. He rather fancied he had scored. A little to his surprise Silvia began to laugh, and continued to laugh without speaking, as if enjoying a good joke.

"Mr. White is going to marry May," she said presently, still laughing. "I knew this from the very first. Etta Harding told me. Now he has sold that picture Aphrodite, and has been commissioned by some great lord or other to paint his hall and ball-room at his place in the country, they will be married very soon; Etta thinks perhaps this autumn."

David was considerably nettled, but he turned the tables he flattered himself smartly.

"Just a common house-painter is he?" he said with a snort. "An you tilting up your nose at a minister, an' your cousin there ready and willing to marry a young fellow who goes out as a jobbing painter! M'ah wurd! you've got notions since coming to London, Siller Dewar, that would stock the whole Royal Family."

But Silvia did nothing but laugh with a little hysterical catch of her breath now and then. David turned from her disgustedly and began pacing the room with heavy, impatient strides. He was not undecided as to what his next step should be, or what form his reply should take, but he was compelled to turn from her and wait until the turmoil of heated feeling should subside sufficiently to permit of his answering her at least decently.

Silvia's mirthless laugh ceased gradually; she sat down suddenly, a little tremulous and tearful, watching David with anxious, frightened eyes, her fingers knit tightly together, wishing, now that she had said all she had to say, that he would go, and wondering with sick dread why he did not. Presently he came to a standstill a few paces from her chair and looked fixedly at her. She could not face him, but kept her eyes on the toe of her white silk shoe.

"Well, Siller Dewar, ah'm to understand by all the foolish talk ye have poured out to-night that ye consider yourself free?"

Silvia raised a startled face.

"Oh! dinna fash yourself. Ah'm no anxious to hold ye to your wurd. A wife such as you, and the likes of you would mek', is no the kind I crave to spend the rest o' m'ah days wi'. So I give ye back your promise. We are both free, thank the Lord! Ah've only to add that ye chose a strange-like way to set aboot getting you're freedom. Ah wouldn't have believed that any woman would have behaved as ye have behaved; ah'm thankful to be rid of ye, ah'm that. Suppose we had been married, and ye had taken a turn at these havers and capers? M'ah patience! but it's a narrow escape ah've had."

Silvia was too exhaustedly wretched to feel offence at the tone he was taking.

"I should have spoken more quietly," she said gently, "but you always frighten me, and to-night I got angry. I am sorry." The pleading eyes raised to his were full of tears: but after what he had just passed through it would have been beyond nature (his nature, at any rate) had he felt any compunction. Sitting there with the soft cloudy folds of her dress billowing about her, the light falling on her bright hair and white arms, she reminded him of John White's shameless female; the passing fancy irritated him still further.

"Oh, aye, now you've got your way, like all wimmin, ye can be soft-spoken enough; but ah've seen your cloven foot, and all ah can say is that ah'm thankful ah've seen it in time."

He continued speaking; giving her "a piece of his mind," a process which lasted some considerable time, during which Silvia sat in mute misery, never once raising her eyes, or interrupting by look or gesture the flood of his harangue.

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She sprang up swiftly.

"Yes, I'll get it. I'll get it now at once." She slipped beyond the curtain before he could say a word, and ran rapidly up two flights of stairs to her room, the motion and cool air of the passages sending a little renewed life circling through her almost benumbed consciousness.

She remembered with what pride she had produced her watch one day when some one had asked the time, and how glad she had been to show them all that she possessed one. Also she remembered the shrieks of merriment which its appearance occasioned.

"Is it a warming-pan? or what?" May asked with languid curiosity.

"They've got an exhibition on just now in Bond Street of curiosities," remarked John White, "but there's nothing there so unique as that, Annie Laurie. Is it a relic of the veritable beauty of Maxwellton?" In a tempest of rage and humiliation she had dragged it out of the "bit pocket" she had sewn in her gown, at David's recommendation, for its reception and

pushed it to the back of this drawer, where it had lain untouched ever since.

She unearthed it, and disentangled the slender chain from sundry bits of ribbon and lace. No remembrance came to her of the night when David had given her the watch, and Janet had softly pressed the little packet containing the chain into her hand at the door of the Manse. The gas she had turned on to the full, burnt with a flaring sound, and lighted up a far different scene. This modern luxurious bed-chamber, with its shining furniture, large mirrors, and dainty knick-knacks; the toilet table, before which she stood, strewn with articles she had never dreamt of in those days, but now had come to regard as absolute necessaries. She herself in her white ball-dress. What possible connection could there be between now and then to recall the Manse "houseplace" and that far-away episode? Only this enormous turnip of a thing, justly spoken of by May as "a warming-pan," and a long worn, thin, old-fashioned chain. Silvia was not imaginative, or super-sensitive at any time to feelings of mere sentiment. To-night she was shaken by thoughts and gusts of anger, which must have driven sentimental retrospect and tender recollection far from the mind most addicted to the cherishing of these ideas; therefore Silvia cannot be regarded as utterly callous if she merely hastily seized the watch and chain without bestowing one thought, either sentimental or otherwise, upon them, and hurried from the room, leaving the gas still flaring.

David was still pacing the room heavily, backwards and forwards, when she returned, his dark brows drawn together in a frown of concentrated rage, and his strong hands closed firmly. In one he still held the faded bouquet.

Silvia silently handed him the watch and chain. She had no courage or power of self-assertion left. She was conscious of no sensation either of joy or fear. Only an unutterable, weary longing that he would go, possessed her.

David ceased his aimless promenade at her approach.

"Where did ye get this?" he asked, as his eye fell on his mother's chain.

"Janet gave it me," returned Silvia simply. Her eyes had dark rings beneath them, and her beautiful hair, which Mrs. Porter's maid had plaited and curled with so much care, looked tumbled and disordered—in her excitement she had pushed it back with her hands and totally destroyed the "elegant

simplicity" of Symond's arrangements. Altogether she was a sufficiently pathetic little figure to have moved even David. But he scorned to be moved by tired eyes and ruffled hair, unless the fatigued and disordered one deserved his pity.

"Janet?" he repeated, with disdain. "Ou aye! ah conclude she did, after ye had just tormented and worried the life out of her forrit."

He carefully placed the articles in one of his inner pockets; and then turned finally to Silvia—her sense of intense longing broke from her. "Ah, go now!" she cried, putting out one hand with a gesture of appeal. "What is the use of more words? nothing can alter things now, and I am so tired—so very tired!" Her voice broke and quivered with a sense of self-pity and real physical weariness.

David seized her upraised hand angrily.

"You think you have done wi' me, Siller; but it's no so easy to shuffle on and off wi' a man like me. Ah'll go the now, but ah hauna finished wi' ye yet;" he dropped her hand, and drew away from her. "If ye have chosen to disregard your duty to God and man," he said solemnly, "it's no reason why ah should leave ye wallowing in sin and wickedness; disgraceful and shameful as your conduct has been towards me, ah canna leave ye to work your ain destruction. Ah'll speak to your aunt Porter the morn, and ye must be ready to return wi' me to Kindrach by the night mail. Dinna speak," he added with quiet firmness, as Silvia made a little movement. "Wurds, as ye said the now, are without use; and now ah'll bid ye good night." Without looking at her, or touching her hand, he walked out of the door, and out of the house. Only when he stood on the pavement, and felt the cool, soft air on his heated face, did he realize that all this time John White's flowers were in his hand. With a muttered word—(it would be a pity to give it utterance, for not often did the Minister of Kindrach so forget himself, and surely his provocation was great!)—he tossed the bouquet from him into the roadway, where the hurrying wheels and hoofs of many horses trampled and tore it to shreds. He felt a grim satisfaction in knowing that its dewy freshness, the purity of its white flowers, the tremulous beauty of its delicate ferns, the artistic skill in its arrangement, the richness of its silk streamers were all gone, crushed out, destroyed for ever. David might have drawn a parallel between that bouquet of John White's and the fate of his first dream of love.

CHAPTER VI.

"It is really the most tiresome, absurd, ridiculous business I ever had anything to do with," Mrs. Porter spoke fretfully for her, but the morning had been full of petty annoyances. May was in "one of her moods," according to Etta, or as May's mother put it, "in a state of great mental depression." Then Silvia had come to her, almost before she was dressed, with an excited and incoherent tale relating to herself and Mr. Fairfax.

She had scarcely finished breakfast when she was informed that Mr. Fairfax desired to see her. She sailed into the library armed with her most dignified, repressive manner. But such a mere surface triviality as manner failed to shake David. He met it with a grave, immovable, impassive reiteration, that for the present he declined to say what his future intentions with regard to Silvia were, but he still considered they were in a measure bound to each other. As she was under age, he intended taking her back to her mother, with whose entire sanction and approval their engagement had been blessed. From her hands he had first received Silvia, into her hands he would render Silvia up again, "if needs be." The further discussion of future possibilities opened by that last saving clause he would not enter upon here amidst foes and antagonists. All he desired from Mrs. Porter in the matter was that she should see that Silvia was ready to accompany him back to Kindrach that night. And nothing more could Mrs. Porter extract from him, though she descended to argument, even expostulation, stopping short only of entreaty.

"Well," she wound up coldly, "I cannot permit Silvia to be treated in this fashion until I hear from my sister."

"That will just be postponing our departure for twa, may be three days," returned David with calm inflexibility. "It would be mair reasonable, Mrs. Porter, mam, to rely on m'ah wurd respecting Mrs. Dewar's wishes in this matter. Moreover, your ain feelings as a mother ought to tell ye that in such a serious decision as Siller is now called on to make no one could advise and counsel her so well as her ain mother."

"Call again this afternoon," she said impatiently, and then she went out of the room, full of indignant perplexity, betaking herself to May's sanctum, where she seated herself with the remark above quoted.

Miss Porter was not yet fully dressed, and her hair was hanging in a heavy plait down her back. One of the features of these "moods" being a disinclination to follow the beaten tracks of respectability. She was restless also—now pacing the room rapidly, then sinking gloomily into a chair or sofa. She scarcely noticed her mother's entrance, and permitted her to speak without troubling to acknowledge her remarks; but as she gathered what the trouble was, she became strangely eager and excited, sinking back, however, into an apparently apathetic condition as the story ended. Walking to the window, she stood looking out with her back to her mother.

"I should let her go," she said wearily.

"I am sure I feel half inclined to do so!" returned Mrs. Porter crossly. "That dreadful minister is becoming a perfect old man of the sea, and yet the poor child is in such distress—it is not to be supposed she could keep such a preposterous engagement."

"As to that, I don't suppose she will marry the minister; but her people ought to have a voice in the matter, before it is finished."

"She is such a child," returned Mrs. Porter uncertainly, "and might easily be swayed into a marriage with that awful man, and she is far too good and sweet for such a fate. I have thought Mr. Willett seemed—a little—don't you think so?—attracted; and that would be so nice for her!"

"Perhaps so: men generally seem to find her attractive; but still I think she ought to go now and consult her family with reference to her present engagement. A little later we can have her back. If Mr. Willett's fancy is worth anything it will keep warm until she returns; but I should certainly let her go now."

Mrs. Porter hardly understood her daughter's attitude.

"But you know how uncertain young men are," she returned, with still some latent fretfulness. "Instead of keeping warm, Mr. Willett's fancy will in all probability cool away to vanishing if Silvia is removed from his immediate presence; whereas, if she remained, he might propose next week."

May had left the window, and was walking uneasily about the room. As her mother ceased speaking, she stopped in front of her.

"Why will you make me dot every *i* and force me to cross every *t*?" she asked, speaking quickly. "Let Silvia go to-night, I ask it as a favour."

Mrs. Porter rose with some agitation; to see May in this excited, unnatural state was always a matter of agitation and distress to her.

"My dear, my dear, what is it?" she asked with loving pleading, holding out soft motherly arms. But May stepped back, pushing her hair from her temples.

"Let her go, mother," she repeated. "Don't think me unkind, but when I'm like this I am best alone," she added.

Without a word Mrs. Porter turned and softly left the room. She knew her daughter so well, that she was not hurt, but her heart was sore at the thought that May was burdened with a trouble she would not share. She came to a very fairly accurate conclusion as to the nature of her daughter's trouble, and no hesitation was now in her mind as to what she ought to do with regard to Silvia. Fanciful, and unfounded as she felt May's jealousy was, still she could not for a moment allow her child's peace to be disturbed. Silvia must go.

As her mother closed the door, May flung herself, face downwards, on the bed.

"I despise you, May Porter," she said, not passionately, but with insistent calm, "to descend to this: for what? If his love for me is so paltry and weak a thing that he cannot resist Silvia's baby charms, why should I strive, and plot, and scheme to keep it?"

Why indeed? But she did not call her mother back and propose that Silvia should not be driven forth like Hagar into the wilderness. She did nothing, but remained in her own apartments the whole day, restlessly miserable. Silvia's sobbing good-bye and wretched tear-stained face haunted her unpleasantly for long afterwards.

Mrs. Porter also felt somewhat ashamed and uneasy, though she endeavoured to impress upon her niece, as they drove to the station, that, having entered into this engagement of her own free-will, she must now endeavour to face the consequences bravely, and not expect others to fight her battles through life for her. That she—Mrs. Porter—had done all in her power to assist her—Silvia; but since she was, after all, only her aunt, and Silvia's mother being still in existence, she of necessity could do very little—and she added in a burst of real warmth, for Silvia's silent despairing misery touched her deeply at the time, "Remember, you must come back to us when this little affair is settled and done with. And there's our trip abroad this

winter, don't forget that you've promised to be one of our party." This was in reference to an often-quoted, half-formed plan that Silvia should take Etta Harding's place, as the latter was thinking of joining a married sister in India at the end of the year.

"Ah, there is Mr. Willett come to say good-bye," she said cheerfully, as their carriage rolled into the station yard. "I met him this afternoon and told him you were off to Scotland by the night mail. I call that very nice and friendly of him; don't you, Silvia?" smiling a little meaning smile into her niece's startled eyes.

There was not much time for any elaboration of farewells. Mrs. Porter and David arranged about luggage and tickets, leaving Silvia and Mr. Willett to wander about the platform in that aimless, silent fashion people generally adopt on the eve of leave-taking. Mr. Willett did not say much: their relative positions did not warrant the expression of any great things; but he looked at her in a very satisfying way and she was comforted. David passed them, important yet annoyed; for Mrs. Porter had insisted on paying for a first class-ticket for Silvia, which compelled him also to travel first class. He put down the money with a sense of sinful, wanton waste; but in this Mrs. Porter would not yield. She felt he had, in a measure, triumphed with regard to this affair of Silvia's hasty departure, and she would not give him the satisfaction of getting any more of his own way than she could possibly help. She persisted in ignoring him to the last, taking the disposition of Silvia's modest belongings into her own hands, while David as persistently declined to be ignored. This silent encounter between their antagonistic feelings left Silvia and Mr. Willett free to follow their own devices during the few short moments before the departure of the train; as has been already noted, their devices were very simple, but a certain sense of "understanding" was reached and understood by both before the bell rang with noisy clamour, and the cry arose,

"Take your seats for the North! Take your seats for the North!"

Mr. Willett assisted her into the carriage and barred the door a moment with his person, searching for effectual "last words." But David, like all people unused to the ways of travellers, was impatient to take his seat, and Mr. Willet's "last words" were hurried by the minister's importunate voice behind.

"You will come back soon?" he said in a low tone. "If not, I shall come and fetch you;" then he stepped down, after placing a dainty basket of grapes with one yellow rosebud on the top in her lap; and David's broad shoulders and black coat occupied his place. There was a shriek, a prolonged whistle, a flutter of Mrs. Porter's waving parasol—a jerk, and then a long, smooth, swift glide out and away into the summer darkness.

Silvia sat for some time, leaning slightly forward, wondering at the gladness in her heart, and holding the yellow rosebud in her ungloved hand. David's presence, her sudden departure, Kindrach, her broken engagement and shameful behaviour, nothing mattered; all was lost, forgotten, swallowed up in the vista opened by that one sentence, "I will come and fetch you." By and bye she drew back into her corner, muffling herself in wraps and shawls, and David fancied she slept; but all that night she was wide awake. Something new and wonderful had come into her existence. Something so new and so wonderful that it banished all sorrow from her heart, tears from her eyes, and sleep from her brain.

They reached Edinburgh in the grey chill of early morning, and after an exhaustive wait of two hours, during which Silvia sat, benumbed and weary, yet sublimely indifferent to the minor ills of life, in the dusty uncleanness of a waiting-room, and David stamped up and down the platform outside—they proceeded on their northward journey to Kindrach.

As the hours passed and Kindrach loomed an ever-nearing certainty, Silvia's rose-tinted views sobered, and later on, thoroughly tired out, and utterly uncomfortable, she miserably cried herself to sleep. David, sitting grimly opposite, staring moodily out of the carriage window, glanced now and then across at her. She looked very wan and travel-stained, with the marks of recent tears on her cheeks and in the pitiful droop of her lips. He was sad enough at heart, and very sore at her treatment of him, but a dim suggestion of pity for her also struggled into his mind, and his mouth slackened its rigid lines somewhat as he leant over and clumsily drew a shawl closer about her throat. In doing so the penetrating odour of the crumpled dead rosebud she still held in her relaxed fingers, reached his nostrils and reminded him of John White. His lips closed with an even more dogged gloom, and he did not look at her again with any further approach to softness or forgiveness.

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"Yes," she cried, "but that was in my ignorance—I knew nothing but Kindrach. All this," glancing round her aunt's handsome drawing-room, "was a revelation of another life. Do you think I can go back and take up that old existence? do you think I can be content to live at the Manse and spend my life making your porridge, and ironing your bands, and listening to your sermons? I never loved you. I thought it would be fine to be the wife of the principal man in Kindrach, that was all. And you I scarcely even thought of. Had you loved me as I know now that men and women can love, you might have seen for yourself that I cared no more for you than I did for James McKenna. He would have done just as well had he been at the Manse. But you! you never could see anything beyond that one great all-absorbing fact, David Fairfax, Minister of Kindrach."

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"They've got an exhibition on just now in Bond Street of curiosities," remarked John White, "but there's nothing there so unique as that, Annie Laurie. Is it a relic of the veritable beauty of Maxwellton?" In a tempest of rage and humiliation she had dragged it out of the "bit pocket" she had sewn in her gown, at David's recommendation, for its reception and

pushed it to the back of this drawer, where it had lain untouched ever since.

She unearthed it, and disentangled the slender chain from sundry bits of ribbon and lace. No remembrance came to her of the night when David had given her the watch, and Janet had softly pressed the little packet containing the chain into her hand at the door of the Manse. The gas she had turned on to the full, burnt with a flaring sound, and lighted up a far different scene. This modern luxurious bed-chamber, with its shining furniture, large mirrors, and dainty knick-knacks; the toilet table, before which she stood, strewn with articles she had never dreamt of in those days, but now had come to regard as absolute necessaries. She herself in her white ball-dress. What possible connection could there be between now and then to recall the Manse "houseplace" and that far-away episode? Only this enormous turnip of a thing, justly spoken of by May as "a warming-pan," and a long worn, thin, old-fashioned chain. Silvia was not imaginative, or super-sensitive at any time to feelings of mere sentiment. To-night she was shaken by thoughts and gusts of anger, which must have driven sentimental retrospect and tender recollection far from the mind most addicted to the cherishing of these ideas; therefore Silvia cannot be regarded as utterly callous if she merely hastily seized the watch and chain without bestowing one thought, either sentimental or otherwise, upon them, and hurried from the room, leaving the gas still flaring.

David was still pacing the room heavily, backwards and forwards, when she returned, his dark brows drawn together in a frown of concentrated rage, and his strong hands closed firmly. In one he still held the faded bouquet.

Silvia silently handed him the watch and chain. She had no courage or power of self-assertion left. She was conscious of no sensation either of joy or fear. Only an unutterable, weary longing that he would go, possessed her.

David ceased his aimless promenade at her approach.

"Where did ye get this?" he asked, as his eye fell on his mother's chain.

"Janet gave it me," returned Silvia simply. Her eyes had dark rings beneath them, and her beautiful hair, which Mrs. Porter's maid had plaited and curled with so much care, looked tumbled and disordered—in her excitement she had pushed it back with her hands and totally destroyed the "elegant

simplicity" of Symond's arrangements. Altogether she was a sufficiently pathetic little figure to have moved even David. But he scorned to be moved by tired eyes and ruffled hair, unless the fatigued and disordered one deserved his pity.

"Janet?" he repeated, with disdain. "Ou aye! ah conclude she did, after ye had just tormented and worried the life out of her forrit."

He carefully placed the articles in one of his inner pockets; and then turned finally to Silvia—her sense of intense longing broke from her. "Ah, go now!" she cried, putting out one hand with a gesture of appeal. "What is the use of more words? nothing can alter things now, and I am so tired—so very tired!" Her voice broke and quivered with a sense of self-pity and real physical weariness.

David seized her upraised hand angrily.

"You think you have done wi' me, Siller; but it's no so easy to shuffle on and off wi' a man like me. Ah'll go the now, but ah hauna finished wi' ye yet;" he dropped her hand, and drew away from her. "If ye have chosen to disregard your duty to God and man," he said solemnly, "it's no reason why ah should leave ye wallowing in sin and wickedness; disgraceful and shameful as your conduct has been towards me, ah canna leave ye to work your ain destruction. Ah'll speak to your aunt Porter the morn, and ye must be ready to return wi' me to Kindrach by the night mail. Dinna speak," he added with quiet firmness, as Silvia made a little movement. "Wurds, as ye said the now, are without use; and now ah'll bid ye good night." Without looking at her, or touching her hand, he walked out of the door, and out of the house. Only when he stood on the pavement, and felt the cool, soft air on his heated face, did he realize that all this time John White's flowers were in his hand. With a muttered word—(it would be a pity to give it utterance, for not often did the Minister of Kindrach so forget himself, and surely his provocation was great!)—he tossed the bouquet from him into the roadway, where the hurrying wheels and hoofs of many horses trampled and tore it to shreds. He felt a grim satisfaction in knowing that its dewy freshness, the purity of its white flowers, the tremulous beauty of its delicate ferns, the artistic skill in its arrangement, the richness of its silk streamers were all gone, crushed out, destroyed for ever. David might have drawn a parallel between that bouquet of John White's and the fate of his first dream of love.

CHAPTER VI.

"It is really the most tiresome, absurd, ridiculous business I ever had anything to do with," Mrs. Porter spoke fretfully for her, but the morning had been full of petty annoyances. May was in "one of her moods," according to Etta, or as May's mother put it, "in a state of great mental depression." Then Silvia had come to her, almost before she was dressed, with an excited and incoherent tale relating to herself and Mr. Fairfax.

She had scarcely finished breakfast when she was informed that Mr. Fairfax desired to see her. She sailed into the library armed with her most dignified, repressive manner. But such a mere surface triviality as manner failed to shake David. He met it with a grave, immovable, impassive reiteration, that for the present he declined to say what his future intentions with regard to Silvia were, but he still considered they were in a measure bound to each other. As she was under age, he intended taking her back to her mother, with whose entire sanction and approval their engagement had been blessed. From her hands he had first received Silvia, into her hands he would render Silvia up again, "if needs be." The further discussion of future possibilities opened by that last saving clause he would not enter upon here amidst foes and antagonists. All he desired from Mrs. Porter in the matter was that she should see that Silvia was ready to accompany him back to Kindrach that night. And nothing more could Mrs. Porter extract from him, though she descended to argument, even expostulation, stopping short only of entreaty.

"Well," she wound up coldly, "I cannot permit Silvia to be treated in this fashion until I hear from my sister."

"That will just be postponing our departure for twa, may be three days," returned David with calm inflexibility. "It would be mair reasonable, Mrs. Porter, mam, to rely on m'ah wurd respecting Mrs. Dewar's wishes in this matter. Moreover, your ain feelings as a mother ought to tell ye that in such a serious decision as Siller is now called on to make no one could advise and counsel her so well as her ain mother."

"Call again this afternoon," she said impatiently, and then she went out of the room, full of indignant perplexity, betaking herself to May's sanctum, where she seated herself with the remark above quoted.

Miss Porter was not yet fully dressed, and her hair was hanging in a heavy plait down her back. One of the features of these "moods" being a disinclination to follow the beaten tracks of respectability. She was restless also—now pacing the room rapidly, then sinking gloomily into a chair or sofa. She scarcely noticed her mother's entrance, and permitted her to speak without troubling to acknowledge her remarks; but as she gathered what the trouble was, she became strangely eager and excited, sinking back, however, into an apparently apathetic condition as the story ended. Walking to the window, she stood looking out with her back to her mother.

"I should let her go," she said wearily.

"I am sure I feel half inclined to do so!" returned Mrs. Porter crossly. "That dreadful minister is becoming a perfect old man of the sea, and yet the poor child is in such distress—it is not to be supposed she could keep such a preposterous engagement."

"As to that, I don't suppose she will marry the minister; but her people ought to have a voice in the matter, before it is finished."

"She is such a child," returned Mrs. Porter uncertainly, "and might easily be swayed into a marriage with that awful man, and she is far too good and sweet for such a fate. I have thought Mr. Willett seemed—a little—don't you think so?—attracted; and that would be so nice for her!"

"Perhaps so: men generally seem to find her attractive; but still I think she ought to go now and consult her family with reference to her present engagement. A little later we can have her back. If Mr. Willett's fancy is worth anything it will keep warm until she returns; but I should certainly let her go now."

Mrs. Porter hardly understood her daughter's attitude.

"But you know how uncertain young men are," she returned, with still some latent fretfulness. "Instead of keeping warm, Mr. Willett's fancy will in all probability cool away to vanishing if Silvia is removed from his immediate presence; whereas, if she remained, he might propose next week."

May had left the window, and was walking uneasily about the room. As her mother ceased speaking, she stopped in front of her.

"Why will you make me dot every *i* and force me to cross every *t*?" she asked, speaking quickly. "Let Silvia go to-night, I ask it as a favour."

Mrs. Porter rose with some agitation; to see May in this excited, unnatural state was always a matter of agitation and distress to her.

"My dear, my dear, what is it?" she asked with loving pleading, holding out soft motherly arms. But May stepped back, pushing her hair from her temples.

"Let her go, mother," she repeated. "Don't think me unkind, but when I'm like this I am best alone," she added.

Without a word Mrs. Porter turned and softly left the room. She knew her daughter so well, that she was not hurt, but her heart was sore at the thought that May was burdened with a trouble she would not share. She came to a very fairly accurate conclusion as to the nature of her daughter's trouble, and no hesitation was now in her mind as to what she ought to do with regard to Silvia. Fanciful, and unfounded as she felt May's jealousy was, still she could not for a moment allow her child's peace to be disturbed. Silvia must go.

As her mother closed the door, May flung herself, face downwards, on the bed.

"I despise you, May Porter," she said, not passionately, but with insistent calm, "to descend to this: for what? If his love for me is so paltry and weak a thing that he cannot resist Silvia's baby charms, why should I strive, and plot, and scheme to keep it?"

Why indeed? But she did not call her mother back and propose that Silvia should not be driven forth like Hagar into the wilderness. She did nothing, but remained in her own apartments the whole day, restlessly miserable. Silvia's sobbing good-bye and wretched tear-stained face haunted her unpleasantly for long afterwards.

Mrs. Porter also felt somewhat ashamed and uneasy, though she endeavoured to impress upon her niece, as they drove to the station, that, having entered into this engagement of her own free-will, she must now endeavour to face the consequences bravely, and not expect others to fight her battles through life for her. That she—Mrs. Porter—had done all in her power to assist her—Silvia; but since she was, after all, only her aunt, and Silvia's mother being still in existence, she of necessity could do very little—and she added in a burst of real warmth, for Silvia's silent despairing misery touched her deeply at the time, "Remember, you must come back to us when this little affair is settled and done with. And there's our trip abroad this

winter, don't forget that you've promised to be one of our party." This was in reference to an often-quoted, half-formed plan that Silvia should take Etta Harding's place, as the latter was thinking of joining a married sister in India at the end of the year.

"Ah, there is Mr. Willett come to say good-bye," she said cheerfully, as their carriage rolled into the station yard. "I met him this afternoon and told him you were off to Scotland by the night mail. I call that very nice and friendly of him; don't you, Silvia?" smiling a little meaning smile into her niece's startled eyes.

There was not much time for any elaboration of farewells. Mrs. Porter and David arranged about luggage and tickets, leaving Silvia and Mr. Willett to wander about the platform in that aimless, silent fashion people generally adopt on the eve of leave-taking. Mr. Willett did not say much: their relative positions did not warrant the expression of any great things; but he looked at her in a very satisfying way and she was comforted. David passed them, important yet annoyed; for Mrs. Porter had insisted on paying for a first class-ticket for Silvia, which compelled him also to travel first class. He put down the money with a sense of sinful, wanton waste; but in this Mrs. Porter would not yield. She felt he had, in a measure, triumphed with regard to this affair of Silvia's hasty departure, and she would not give him the satisfaction of getting any more of his own way than she could possibly help. She persisted in ignoring him to the last, taking the disposition of Silvia's modest belongings into her own hands, while David as persistently declined to be ignored. This silent encounter between their antagonistic feelings left Silvia and Mr. Willett free to follow their own devices during the few short moments before the departure of the train; as has been already noted, their devices were very simple, but a certain sense of "understanding" was reached and understood by both before the bell rang with noisy clamour, and the cry arose,

"Take your seats for the North! Take your seats for the North!"

Mr. Willett assisted her into the carriage and barred the door a moment with his person, searching for effectual "last words." But David, like all people unused to the ways of travellers, was impatient to take his seat, and Mr. Willet's "last words" were hurried by the minister's importunate voice behind.

"You will come back soon?" he said in a low tone. "If not, I shall come and fetch you;" then he stepped down, after placing a dainty basket of grapes with one yellow rosebud on the top in her lap; and David's broad shoulders and black coat occupied his place. There was a shriek, a prolonged whistle, a flutter of Mrs. Porter's waving parasol—a jerk, and then a long, smooth, swift glide out and away into the summer darkness.

Silvia sat for some time, leaning slightly forward, wondering at the gladness in her heart, and holding the yellow rosebud in her ungloved hand. David's presence, her sudden departure, Kindrach, her broken engagement and shameful behaviour, nothing mattered; all was lost, forgotten, swallowed up in the vista opened by that one sentence, "I will come and fetch you." By and bye she drew back into her corner, muffling herself in wraps and shawls, and David fancied she slept; but all that night she was wide awake. Something new and wonderful had come into her existence. Something so new and so wonderful that it banished all sorrow from her heart, tears from her eyes, and sleep from her brain.

They reached Edinburgh in the grey chill of early morning, and after an exhaustive wait of two hours, during which Silvia sat, benumbed and weary, yet sublimely indifferent to the minor ills of life, in the dusty uncleanness of a waiting-room, and David stamped up and down the platform outside—they proceeded on their northward journey to Kindrach.

As the hours passed and Kindrach loomed an ever-nearing certainty, Silvia's rose-tinted views sobered, and later on, thoroughly tired out, and utterly uncomfortable, she miserably cried herself to sleep. David, sitting grimly opposite, staring moodily out of the carriage window, glanced now and then across at her. She looked very wan and travel-stained, with the marks of recent tears on her cheeks and in the pitiful droop of her lips. He was sad enough at heart, and very sore at her treatment of him, but a dim suggestion of pity for her also struggled into his mind, and his mouth slackened its rigid lines somewhat as he leant over and clumsily drew a shawl closer about her throat. In doing so the penetrating odour of the crumpled dead rosebud she still held in her relaxed fingers, reached his nostrils and reminded him of John White. His lips closed with an even more dogged gloom, and he did not look at her again with any further approach to softness or forgiveness.

They reached Kindrach about five in the afternoon. David had written, when he first made up his mind to return, bidding his aunt send the spring cart to meet this the only train during the day from Edinburgh. This had been done, but he was considerably annoyed that Janet herself should have driven the cart over from Kindrach. She was standing on the platform, in a light cotton dress and shady hat—a very old-fashioned out-of-date figure, but very fresh, sweet, and wholesome-looking, her hair glistening in the sun; about her whole aspect a suggestion of country purity and healthfulness. She came to meet them in a little rush of pleased excitement—nothing of all that had taken place in London was known here as yet, all she felt was the delight of their happy return. A perception of something wrong struck her coldly before a word was spoken. Over and above the bedraggled, dusty aspect peculiar to people who have travelled all night there was a look in David's eyes which she had known as a child and dreaded to arouse. And Silvia submitted to her hearty welcome and warm kiss without pretending to return either.

"An' wherefore did ye no send one of the men, John or Sam?" was David's first greeting.

"They were just awfu' busy," returned Janet, brightly, taking Silvia's bag and shawls, lading herself with this paraphernalia.

"Oh, aye! what should they be so terribly busy wi'? Ah expect ye just wanted to come to flaunt aboot the town and shops like a' wimmin!" he retorted irritably. Janet was hurt and surprised.

"It's something verra bad that has happened," she thought, wonderingly.

"It's no that, David," she said a little reproachfully; "it's the hay, we are all working most night and day to save it while the fine weather holds; they do say it iss the finest cut we've iver had," she went on, cheerfully, adding a little running stream of various other domestic details, trying to lift the dreadful gloom and glower in the atmosphere; but without avail—David answered shortly, and Silvia spoke never a word. Her mind was quite made up as to the course she must pursue. Argument was useless. She would wrap herself in a mantle of dogged silence and reserve. David, Aunt Muir, Janet, her mother and sisters, might pour hailstorms of rebuke, reproach, and scathing comment upon her and her behaviour. She would not, she was determined, emerge from the impenetrable shelter silence, utter

and complete, afforded. But a sense of desolation settled down upon her as they passed out of the little town on to the bleak and barren moors, and well-known landmarks met her at every turning. She was engulfed in a cloud of old associations; already London, and her experience there, seemed slipping too far into the background ever to be more than a dim remembrance. Must she fight, here at Kindrach, with realities to find that she was grasping shadows? It was early yet, however, to shrink. No, she would not give in. She stepped down at the cottage-gate braced for the conflict. David alone got down with her, telling Janet somewhat peremptorily to drive on to the Manse; they were met by all the Dewars and swept in a hurrying stream of kisses and ejaculations into the tiny sitting-room. When they were finally in the house, David wrested himself from Kate and Lesbia, and, laying his hand on Silvia's shoulder, propelled her forcibly before her mother.

"Ah've brought your daughter back, Mrs. Dewar, mam, as a brand snatched from the burning," he spoke with a certain sad solemnity.

"My gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Dewar, looking frightened and terrified. She had much the same little ways as Silvia, and glanced now from her youngest child's sullen, not to say sulky, tired face to David's dark contracted brows in a flutter of apprehension.

"As a brand from the burning," he repeated, in raised tones. "Ah will see ye the morn; ah'm fair tired out, an' ower sair at heart, to discuss the matter now." Without another word he turned and left the group of amazed women alone, with Silvia in their midst. At the burst of eager questioning which broke from them directly his back was fairly out of sight, Silvia collapsed entirely, and fell to bitter weeping. There was nothing for it but to hurry her off to rest and sleep; her sisters and mother restraining their curiosity as best they might.

(*To be concluded.*)

From the Kara Sea to the Obi.*

PART II.

OUR first day's ramble soon made me realize two things. Firstly, that the journey was not to be all "beer and skittles;" and secondly, that not much faith was to be reposed in our worthy conductor's veracity. The marvellous speed with which, according to his accounts, we were to cover the ground resolved itself into a slow crawl; not that this was to be wondered at, as the heavily laden sledges sunk deep into the ground, very boggy by nature, and rendered all the heavier by the incessant rain which had begun to fall from the moment we had turned our backs on the good ship *Labrador*. Manfully the poor deer struggled with their heavy loads, greatly distressing me by the way in which, after a few minutes' continued pulling, their tongues hung far out of their mouths, this being caused not so much by a natural want of breath as by the way of harnessing, which brings all the strain of their load upon their throats and chests. I soon saw that a reindeer's life is by no means a happy one; when, after three hours' heavy pull, darkness setting in, we were obliged to make our first camp, the poor beasts were just cast loose from the sledges, three or four of the oldest and most respectable ones being hobbled, and there left to pick up such little mouthfuls as they could crop from the very scanty patches of moss in the vicinity of the sledges. I at first wondered how it was that only the oldest and most staid deer were hobbled, but I soon discovered that reindeer are very gregarious, never, except when frightened by wolves or other wild animals, scattering; so that when one had made sure of the leaders of the herd not straying far in search of food, the remainder, how-

* For Map, see the August number of 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.'

ever wild, are sure to be within reach when required. From this gregariousness on the part of the reindeer, the Samoyedes' herds are often increased by wild deer, which are still to be found on the most northerly spurs of the Ural range, joining their captive brethren, and in time submitting to their fate of dragging the sledges, and, when past this, finding their way into the soup cauldron.

Having cast off our deer, we proceeded to make the best of our first night's quarters. That they lent themselves to the passing of a comfortable night even the most sanguine of us could not pretend. We had halted on the highest piece of ground we could find, a position always chosen by the natives in order that they may keep an eye upon their deer. The only shelter against the pouring rain and the bitter north wind we could devise was by turning up a few of our baggage sledges, and forming with them a sort of triangular "laager." Then began that most tedious and disappointing operation of lighting a fire with damp wood in the teeth of a howling wind. Alexander, accustomed to travels in these inhospitable regions, had luckily brought with him a block of wood, which he hoped would last till reaching the promised comforts of our choom; and a wise precaution this turned out to be, as only the inherited skill of native women is capable of converting the soaking moss and dwarfed willow shrubs to be found on the Tundra into a substance capable of burning or, rather, smouldering. After we had all in turn made our bodies into screens, nursed the first sparks under the flaps of our mackintoshes, exhausted our lungs by continued blowing when the sparks had developed into a slight flame, we were greeted by the sight of our first "camp fire," on which Alexander proceeded to prepare our humble supper, consisting of tea and fried reindeer-steaks. Ivan and Gregorio sat silently watching our preparations with ill-disguised contempt for the sybarites who needed a fire and cooked food. Having themselves disposed of a large quantity of perfectly raw reindeer-meat, they threw themselves down on the soaking ground, scorning even such slight shelter as an upturned sledge could afford. To the very end of my journey, I was filled over and over again with astonishment at the amount of hardship and fatigue this wiry little tribe could stand, going without food or sleep for forty-eight hours or more, never changing their soaked or stiffly frozen "malitzas," and taking it as a matter of course, after travelling for fourteen or sixteen hours on end in thirty

degrees of cold, to keep watch over the reindeer at night, by ceaselessly wandering round them on their snow-shoes.

Having swallowed our supper, we turned in to our sledges, covering ourselves with all the deerskins and pieces of canvas we could lay hands upon. However much reason we may have had to long for our cosy bunks on the *Labrador*, and the prospects of eggs and bacon in the morning, the entire novelty of the scene, and especially the utter uncertainty as to what the morrow would bring forth, made me forget all the discomforts of the moment. As soon as daylight appeared, the bustle of collecting the deer was very acceptable in restoring our circulation, which the degree of frost supervening on the drenching rain had numbed through the night. The poor beasts, who had found little or nothing to eat, were easily captured, and after a hasty apology for a breakfast, we started off, eager to reach our choom as soon as possible. As the morning wore on, the weather cleared, and we were enabled to take in the landscape, such as it was. Behind us we could still see the blue line of the Straits, dotted here and there with a bright sparkling spot which we recognized as an exceptionally large piece of ice; and in front of us stretched the brown undulating Tundra, an unbroken line as far as the eye could reach. We walked by the side of our sledges, in order to dry ourselves, and to help our weary deer through the continual patches of bog, into which they kept sinking up to their bellies. The going became slower and slower, and to our anxious enquiries whether we would reach our camp that night, we eventually succeeded in extracting the unpleasant answer that there was no hope of reaching it that day, and little of reaching it the next. The only thing our good natives prayed for was a strong frost and fall of snow, which would make good going for our sledges; but I cannot say that this was an encouraging thought in our drenched and tentless condition. The second night was rather worse than the first, as the approaching winter was making itself rapidly felt in the strong frosts which set in after dark. Our progress on the third day was even slower than on the two previous ones, as the deer grew weaker and weaker from want of food. At 3 P.M. we were obliged again to come to a halt. The only consolation we could derive was from the fact of the weatherwise Crowther predicting from the appearance of the sky a speedy fall of snow. Sleep in our drenched and fireless condition was out of the question; so we sat huddled close together watching the sky for snow, like Elijah watching for the promised ap-

pearance of rain. Towards 3 A.M. the temperature grew much warmer, and to our intense delight a steady fall of snow set in. As soon as we could harness our deer, we started off, intent on reaching our choom that day, or die in the attempt. In order to make more certain of this, we hid three of our heaviest baggage sledges in a little ravine, trusting more in the absolute desertedness of these regions for their safety, than in the honesty of any native who came across them.

The deer seemed to know that they were approaching better pasture lands, as they apparently dragged their heavy loads with more alacrity. Towards the middle of the day we came across numerous footprints of reindeer, and Ivan declared his main herd could not be very far off. After a few more versts, we at last, to our intense relief, perceived on the top of a hill the choom which was to be our home for the next six weeks. This sight even seemed to slightly rouse Gregorio and Ivan from their usual apathy, and they urged on the deer with more energy. Our arrival at our camp gave me a good instance of the extraordinary stoicism of the Samoyedes. Though the barking of the dogs, and rushing about of the liberated reindeer, must have informed the inhabitants of the choom of our arrival, nothing but a diminutive Samoyede of four or five came out to greet, by sundry inarticulate grunts, his father Ivan. As soon as the latter had cast loose the deer, and ranged the sledges in a circle round the tent, he lifted the loose flags which serves as door, and entered into his castle, closely followed by me.

The four women who were seated on the ground, busied with dressing and sewing reindeer-skins, hardly looked up on our entering, and Ivan went straight into the corner evidently reserved to him by right as the master of the establishment, and sitting down without a word, begun appeasing his hunger with large slices of raw meat. Not till his improvised meal was over did he utter, and then only to ejaculate, a few broken words evidently referring to the new inhabitants whom he had brought into his choom. Seeing that we were not likely to obtain any assistance from the fair sex in settling down, we set to work ourselves, and indicating to them that we meant to take possession of one half of the choom, we brought in our scanty goods and made ourselves as comfortable as we could. It was a tight fit, ten grown-up people and two children pressed into a circle barely twelve feet in diameter. We lay with our heads under the folds of the tent, and our feet turned inwards towards the fire, which, when fuel

was forthcoming was lighted in the middle of the tent. The only exit from the blinding smoke was through the top of the choom where the tent poles joined, from which open space we also derived all our available light. We could, however, not complain of a want of ventilation. This choom being a summer one—that is, its covering consisting of strips of birch bark sewn together with reindeer sinew—there were plenty of fissures through which the wind and snow drove in upon us. Though thoroughly wearied with the hardships of our first three days of travelling, I spent most of the night in watching the domestic habits of our new hosts and their families. After some enquiry, we had discovered the relationship of the various occupants of this one apartment. By far the most important person seemed to be the ancient, witchlike-looking female, Ivan's mother. Of all the hideous faces it has ever been my misfortune to meet in my various travels, hers was by far the most hideous. Before our choom life was over, we discovered that her character was even worse than her face. After a glance, we tacitly declared war to the knife with this ancient virago. The fairest specimen of the Samoyede female was Arik, the young lady of the house, Ivan's sister. The other two were Ivan's wife and the wife of Alexei, Ivan's brother. I observed with some amount of concern that the latter would soon be a happy father, and another inhabitant be added to our choom. All these worthies silently watched our preparations for the night with intense curiosity; but only Arik, encouraged perhaps by the gallant looks and gestures of Alexander and Crowther, ventured to help us by drying our soaking boots and stockings. We soon settled down comfortably on our side of the choom; but it was some time before I got accustomed, when waking suddenly, to the row of hideous faces opposite me, some one of which was sure to be gorging raw meat, which did not render the sight more attractive or reassuring. We were not to enjoy the luxuries of our choom for long. Before daylight next morning a move was made, as I was anxious to reach the river Kartuicha, where our winter sledges and tent were in store, before the river began to freeze, and became impassable for some time. The first breaking up of our regular camp was an interesting sight. The women did all the work connected with the pulling down of the choom, and the packing of the sledges; the men concentrating their attention on the collecting and harnessing of the deer. This has become such an institution amongst the natives, that

the men would rather sit, cold and tentless, waiting for three or four hours, whilst the women were struggling to erect the choom in the face of a strong wind (by no means an easy task), than degrade themselves by touching a tent pole, or in any way assisting in the building of their home. By far the worst portion of our travels was, on arriving at our camping-place at night after a long and cold day's tramp, the weary hour or two's waiting whilst the tent was being pitched and a fire lighted.

By the time the choom was pulled down and packed into the several sledges, we saw the magnificent sight of the 500 reindeer moving towards us, driven by the men and dogs who had sallied forth long before daylight to collect them. Then began the wild chase, which we were to witness so often before our journey's end, of catching the deer destined for the day's work. The old stagers came up to the sledges at once, disdaining to make any show of wildness or untractability; but of these sensible creatures there were only about twenty, the other forty or forty-five required having, with infinite trouble and exertion, to be lassoed. This was a sight I never grew tired of, and a performance in which, towards the end of the journey, I used to take an active part. The dogs chased the reindeer up and down, and they rushed in close order two or three abreast, led by one of the oldest of the untamed deer, going through the deep snow at the most extraordinary rate. The men having their lassoes (which are twisted leather thongs about thirty feet long, with a noose running through an eye generally made of walrus tusk) ready coiled in their hands, crouch down low in the snow, and as the animals pass they throw the noose with marvellous skill over the horns of the deer which is chosen for work or death. Their memory and eye for deer is extraordinary, as the proprietors know every individual deer in herds much larger than the one we were travelling with; no easy task, as each year the herd changes, by the birth of new calves and death and loss of the old ones. It was marvellous to see Ivan examining the herd every morning, and in the course of the day telling you exactly what deer had strayed or been carried off by wolves in the preceding night. This performance of catching and harnessing the deer generally lasted from two to three hours, which accounts a good deal for the slow progress we eventually made. Seeing that we were likely to come in for great cold during this portion of our journey, I, having started with only an ulster from the *Labrador*, ordered a com-

plete native outfit from the women, and the animals destined to furnish my costume were caught then and there, killed, skinned, and within four days their skins transferred from their backs to mine.

In our three days' march to the Kartuicha we had the excitement of crossing a broad as yet unfrozen stream. The water already being very cold, it was with some difficulty that the herd could be persuaded to swim, and it was only by catching the old ones and forcing them across that the rest were at length persuaded to take to the water. When they had made up their minds to do this, they all dashed in in a body, the sight of the thick struggling mass of antlers in the water being splendid. Several of the younger calves, however, were carried off by the rapid stream. We reached the Kartuicha just a week after leaving the *Labrador*, and found a small camp of Zyrienian fishermen. These were the first specimens of this tribe we had come across, and the several days which we spent here in definitely fitting ourselves out for our journey across the Urals afforded me an opportunity of studying this very interesting set of people. They all come from the village and small district of Lahme, talk a language of their own, and are very independent in their ways and habits. They live much like the Samoyedes and Ostiaks, owning large herds of reindeer, and derive much wealth from cheating the natives, and from the illicit sale of spirits. They are a very cunning race, but a fine-looking set of people, and I was particularly struck by the good looks of the women, by no means an unpleasant contrast to the hideous native females by whom we were surrounded. Out of doors they don the same costume as the latter, but when in their chooms they wear a particularly picturesque garb, consisting of a red skirt held up by a sort of cross-belt over the shoulders and a black velvet coat, their hair being hidden by a red cloth wound round their heads in the form of a turban. During our stay we abandoned our own choom for the largest one of those belonging to the Zyrienians, and found that, with ingenuity and a certain amount of energy, a choom can be made quite a comfortable residence. Instead of lying on the snow, we had matting covered with reindeer-hide cushions, a portable stove instead of the open fire, and cooking utensils instead of the meat dangling by a string over the smoky fire. These Zyrienians spend the summer fishing in the Kartuicha, and as soon as winter sets in return to their native district

of Lahme, the journey for which our hosts were just making their preparations. Our natives still having a few roubles in their pouches, and finding themselves consequently well received, and the Zyrienians willing, for the consideration of one rouble, an enormous sum in these parts, to let them have a bottle three-quarters water and one-quarter villainous vodki, were not very active in their preparations for a start, and then began the series of attempts to hurry them on my part, and recriminations on their part, which nearly ended in open mutiny before the journey was over. It was not till the 6th of October that we got clear of the influence of the Kartuicha settlement, though we did remove our camp a few days' journey off. The men, however, as soon as the choom was pitched, dashing back on light sledges to the attractions of the vodki bottle, and doing in half an hour the distance it had taken us a painful day's journey to accomplish. Another family had been added to our camp, in the shape of Nicholas and his wife and children, a native who flattered himself he could show us the way to Obdorsk. This worthy at first proposed crushing into our choom; but upon this I put my veto, obliging him to bring with him his own habitation. Our journey proper commenced on the 7th of October, and there was little till we reached the Urals to break its monotony. We very soon shook down into the routine of our day's work. As soon as daylight appeared we rose from our reindeer-skins; our toilet was soon made, generally being confined to a good shake in order to remove the snow which had covered our clothes through the night; if fuel was forthcoming, we lighted just enough fire to cook what we called tea and some reindeer-steaks; then the choom was pulled down, the sledges packed, and whilst the operation of catching the deer was going on, I generally tramped on ahead through the snow in the hope of finding something to shoot. However, it was not till we came within sixty or seventy miles of the river Ussna that we found any game, and then only ptarmigan, and these very wild. The only animals we "struck" in the tundra were three "sloths," and occasionally a big snowy owl. We occasionally at night heard the deer stampede before wolves, and saw their footprints in the snow in the morning, but we never sighted any till we crossed the Urals.

These fruitless tramps in the morning after camp, however, helped to get up our circulation for the day, as sitting on our sledges ploughing through the heavy snow was cold work; the

temperature fell lower and lower day by day with marvellous rapidity. Towards midday we generally made a halt of an hour, during which time we readjusted the harness of our deer, mended the sledges which had got broken during the morning's work, &c. Then the march continued till about 6 o'clock, if by that time we had reached a good patch of moss for the deer. In this way we made about twenty miles a day. Whilst the women were building the choom, the men caught and killed the deer which was to be our supper for that night, and breakfast for the next day, and collected such fuel as could be found. As soon as the choom was up, we lay down in our respective places, not to move out till the march was resumed next day, except to go and get a breath of fresh air, and relieve our eyes when the smoke from the green, wet brushwood grew particularly suffocating. The first portion of the evening, whilst Alexander was making us the best supper possible under the circumstances, was spent in cleaning our guns and drying our mocassins. After eating our evening rations, came a pipe (as long as our tobacco lasted) and then a yarn about his Arctic experiences with Crowther, or a cross-examination of the natives as to their doings through Alexander and old Gregorio. The women were ever busy dressing and sewing skins for their lords and masters, who, the moment the choom was pitched, took it easy, and lay recovering from the hard day's work. These long evenings and nights of enforced inactivity became very hard to bear, and yet I was obliged to put a stop to the use of candles, which would have at least allowed us the satisfaction of a book, as these as well as all our stores, which were only calculated for twenty days, were rapidly dwindling, and I saw no hopes of our reaching civilized parts in that time. From the Kartuicha I had attempted, with the view of passing over the proposed line of canal, to make for the Kara River; but after a few days' travelling, I saw that the want of food for the deer, and the slowness of our marching, and want of preparations, would make this impossible, so I struck in as straight a line by compass as possible for the Urals, hoping to find a practicable pass as far north as possible which would lead us to Obdorsk.

I was amazed to find how suddenly the winter came on. During several days we were forced to halt from stress of weather, and during one of the heavy snowstorms and mists which ushered in the great cold which came upon us, my progress over the tundra and through this life was nearly cut short. For, on

one occasion, seeing we were again halted for the day, owing to the weather, I strolled round the choom, and, finding some foot-prints of ptarmigan, I called to Crowther, and, taking our guns, we went in search of them. We came across a covey, but it was out of shot. Suddenly a heavy snow-storm arose with a dense mist, and in a moment both choom and Crowther disappeared from my sight. I walked for a bit, and then realised that I was regularly lost amongst the hills. It was true I had a compass and knew the direction of the choom, and I am convinced that I must have passed within a few yards of it, but the fog was so dense that nothing could be seen. I fired off my cartridges, all but two, as signals of distress, but with no result. At last, after wandering for a couple of hours in no pleasant state of mind, I came across the foot-prints of a reindeer, and followed them in hopes they would take the direction of the choom, which they fortunately did. I met Alexander and Crowther, who, very greatly alarmed for my safety, had set forth in search of me. To celebrate my happy return we ate, amid much rejoicing, one of the two preserved pine-apples we had brought with us from the *Labrador*.

The first real excitement we had was exactly a month after leaving the ship. It was a fine, bright, but very cold day, and we were making fair progress over the hard snow, when Alexander, who had pushed on ahead, came driving back furiously from a height on to which he had climbed, and informed us he had sighted the mountains. We were soon on that height, and not even Xenophon's band when they shouted *θαλαττα, θαλαττα*, could have done it with more enthusiasm than we shouted back to the rest of our caravan, "The Ural! the Ural!" This, however, was not the only excitement for the day, for soon after we had pitched our camp, the family event which had been imminent took place, and the young Samoyede who made his entrance into the world very literally in our midst, withstood, strange to say, the test of being rolled in the snow, by which the natives seem to assure themselves of the "survival of the fittest." Next day the weather set in thick again, and for a whole week we travelled on without being again refreshed by a sight of the Urals. At the end of the week we reached the first wood we had come across, a welcome find, as the temperature varied between 20 degrees below zero Réaumur, and an occasional thaw. On October 26th, we struck the banks of the River Ussva, but found to our disgust that though it had already been hard frozen this season, a sudden

thaw had broken it up again, and we were forced to make another halt. However, in making casts up and down the river for a crossing, we came upon the huts of a Zyrienian hunter, who spent his winter in these desolate regions, trapping wolves and foxes. It was a great treat to see a fresh human being—this Zyrienian and his family being the first we came across since we left the Kartuicha. We also were enabled to replenish our stock of tea, the only luxury left us, as during the last week we were absolutely confined to reindeer meat, and had been forced on three occasions after going without food for some time to submit to eating it raw, the snow having been too deep to find the little brushwood, which till then had afforded us our fuel.

I had a long discussion with Popow the Zyrienian hunter, who strongly advised me to go S. and cross the Urals by what is known as Siberiokoff route, but as this meant at least another month's travel, I determined to march straight to the hills and trust to our own ingenuity in getting across. It was quite plain that the natives, now they were getting into quite unknown parts to them, were very anxious to hang back, and would gladly have got out of their bargain of crossing the much dreaded Ural range; but I was determined to go on, and that at once. So as soon as the river would bear the weight of our caravan, which was after a three days' halt, we drove Ivan and his companions out of the vodki-consuming company of the Zyrienians, and made in a straight line for the hills. Two days after we left the Ussva we were rewarded by a magnificently clear day, and as it grew light, we saw the range of Urals in all its snow-clad grandeur before us. The sunrise over the hills that day was worth all the journey, and especially a pleasant sight to us, as we knew just beyond them lay Obdorsk, comparative civilization, and, as we hoped, news of our belongings and the world in general, from which we had been cut off so long. The Urals here appear much higher than they in reality are, as they rise very abruptly from the tundra, which is little above the level of the sea. The highest point ahead of us was *Pae-jer*, which is just under 5000 feet above sea-level. This was practically the point we were making for, as, according to Popow, just to the S. of it, running between the hills Pae-jer and Chortju-jes, was a practicable pass.

The main question now was to await favourable weather for the crossing, as the great danger of these narrow passes are the sudden and heavy avalanches and snow-drifts which are caused by any strong wind, a very frequent occurrence.

I pushed on the camp to the best feeding-ground on this side of the hills, as, once we had started to cross, we had to go on till reaching the other side, there being absolutely no food on the hills, which are very rocky and destitute of all vegetation. We gave our deer a forty-eight hours' rest and feed, and on the 1st of November at 3.30 A.M. broke up our choom for the last time in Europe.

It was a steady climb all day, and we had to do a good deal of pushing and lifting to get the heavy baggage sledges over the boulders. The morning had been very fine, but as we got into the defile the sky clouded over us and we saw with some concern that the wind was getting up, and that snow was threatening. We were obliged to drive the herd of deer in front of us, unlike on the tundra, when they generally followed at some distance, driven by either Arib or Alexei on a slight sledge, but on this occasion we drove them on through the pass in front of us, having much difficulty in preventing them turning and running back to their last feeding-place. The defile grew narrower and narrower and the wind came cutting through it, making it almost impossible to face it, as the temperature was about 30° below zero. Towards evening our progress grew very slow, as the continual climbing without rest or food had thoroughly wearied the deer; but there was nothing to be done; we had to keep on till we reached the other side, and the worst was still to come. Towards midnight the wind increased to a regular gale, and had it not been blowing exactly down the pass, that is from E. to W., we would without any doubt have been overwhelmed by the huge masses of snow which lay threateningly overhanging us from the steep rocky hills which rose perpendicularly on our right and left. As it was, the fine drift-snow was blown so fiercely into our faces that it almost choked us, and one was obliged to occasionally turn one's back to the wind to be able to breathe freely. It became more difficult minute by minute to make the deer face this, and had it not been for the narrowness of the gorge they would undoubtedly have turned and broken away from us. Whenever they made a determined effort to do this, however, we drew our sledges barricade-like across the pass, which effectually stopped all attempts at escape.

At about 2 A.M., according to the appearance of the hills, we had reached the middle and narrowest part of the defile, but here presented itself a difficulty which nearly baffled all

our efforts to proceed. The draining of the melting snow in autumn, running off the hills, had converted the middle of the pass into a lake, and the wind driving the snow continually over this ice had polished it to such a degree, that even under ordinary circumstances it would have been difficult for the deer to keep a footing on so slippery a surface. Added to this the raging wind, total darkness, and the weariness of a twenty-four hours' march of the most difficult kind, and our position is easily realised. The main herd scrambled across somehow ; but the moment the first string of sledges had advanced on the ice some little way it was caught by the wind; the deer were thrown off their legs, and upturned sledges, deer, human beings, inclusive of the baby, in hopeless confusion, blown mercilessly along the polished surface. Attempt after attempt was made to urge the deer, till at last Ivan, who to do him credit had behaved very well till then, burst into floods of tears not unmixed with violent imprecations against me. All the initiative of getting across was now left to Crowther, Alexander and myself, and after the weary and difficult process of getting a footing on a piece of canvas as far out on the lake as possible, and then hauling the deer towards us by lassoes fastened round their horns, we succeeded in getting all our sledges and those of the natives across. Thoroughly exhausted by twenty-six hours of incessant hard work without bite or sup, I threw myself into my sledge, and notwithstanding the great cold, I was soon fast asleep. When I awoke I found daylight breaking and our sledges driving rapidly downhill through the outskirts of a thick larch wood which stretched out in front of us. Behind us towered the steep Pae-jer, its top hidden by a dense cloud. I then realised we were across the Urals and in Asia at last. However, our adventures were not to end there. During the time I had been asleep, old Gregorio, who had been driving the string of sledges on which Alexander, Crowther and myself were lying, had managed to lose the rest, and after wandering about aimlessly in the wood, had to admit he was hopelessly lost, and had managed to lose the track of the other sledges. Here we were, after twenty-eight hours' travelling, foodless and shelterless. There was nothing to be done but to take the freshest of the deer, harness them to a light sledge and go in search of the lost track, an office which I was obliged to undertake. After three hours' search, I at last discovered our choom pitched, the inhabitants fast asleep recovering from the fatigues of the

journey. By the time I had retrieved my lost companions I was throughly done, and glad to throw myself down in a corner of the choom, and sleep till far into the afternoon.

We had to give our deer a thorough rest, and the next few days' marches were just shifting from one feeding-ground to another. The entire character of the landscape had changed. Instead of the barren tundra we were in the midst of thick forests of larch and pine filled with game, ptarmigan, capercailzie, foxes, white hares, lynx, etc. Our one bane were the wolves at night, which necessitated constant patrolling round the deer on snowshoes, the snow in the forests being from five to six feet deep; notwithstanding which precautions, however, we lost about ten deer before reaching Obdorsk. The natives were very curious about the "other side of the Stones," *i.e.* the Urals as they call Asia, and very anxious to get a sight of the much despised Ostiak, in whose country we now were. They had not long to wait. About three days after crossing into Asia we were joined by one of the latter, whose services I accepted to guide us to Obdorsk. The Samoyedes had ruefully to admit that after all the Ostiaks were very much like themselves, and that the deer this specimen drove in his sledge were finer than their own. As a rule these two tribes regard each other with the greatest mutual contempt, Samoyede being a great term of opprobrium to the Ostiak, and the former, if accused of anything particularly offensive, remarking with indignation that he is not an Ostiak or a Russian. On the 6th of November we slept for the last time in our choom, as our Ostiak guide declared we were within a day's march of the longed for Obdorsk. Accordingly next day we loaded our goods into several light sledges, with five deer apiece, and after a tender farewell, and great settling up of accounts, drove off from the choom which we had begun to look upon as our home.

We travelled at a speed which contrasted most agreeably with the snail's crawl which had been our pace since leaving the *Labrador*. We had come about seventy-five versts, when by dusk we suddenly halted on the banks of the monster river Obi. The Obi at this point being joined by the Polni is about seven miles wide, and the guide blankly refused to pilot us across in the dark owing, to the dangers of the crevasses, which abounded in the middle of the stream. He proposed we should sleep in our sledges till daylight, but this would have been too tantalizing, and I forced him, nilly willy, to lead on. We groped our way

carefully across the frozen giant river, and I was beginning to wonder whether after all we would ever reach civilization again, when the most joyous sound I had heard for long came faintly through the darkness over the still expanse of snow and ice, a church bell striking 9 o'clock. A few minutes after we saw the lights of Obdorsk twinkling from the bank, and our reindeer journey had come to an end. We halted at the entrance of the village and sent Alexander to knock at the doors of the most inviting-looking log huts to find us quarters. But our story sounded so improbable, that the inhabitants, rendered suspicious by living in the midst of semi-wild natives and the worst form of Russian convicts, were not anxious to receive us, and it was only after some time that we found food and shelter in the house of Ivan Paulovitch Popow, and civilisation, which we had parted with on board the *Labrador*, was restored to us under the hospitable roof of this enlightened Russian gentleman, who, many years back, had entertained the celebrated naturalist Dr. Brehm

VICTOR A. L. MORIER.

The Siren Song.

I HEARD it in the happy isles
  Blown down the dying day,
The summer song whose lilt beguiles
  The wanderer to stay:

It followed in the shorewind's breath,
  The magic still was strong,
Although the note of change and death
  Has touched the Sirens' song.

They do not lure to new delights
  Beyond what life has known,
To happy days and happy nights
  In summer's slumber-zone;

But only, "who will rest awhile
  From riot and from ruth,
Forget in such a sunny smile
  The brazen eyes of truth!

"Come hither, hither, come and dream
  Of years dead long ago,
Until the earth and ocean seem
  The world that poets know.

"Come back and dwell with hopes long dead
  And what will never be!
Avert thine eyes and turn thine head
  From the world's way oversea!

"For here are drowsy dreams to cheat
  The eyes that else would weep,
And inland seas to bathe the feet,
  And quiet vales for sleep."

But deadly is the Sirens' song
As ever in the ears,
And ropes of faith must bind him strong
Who bides it when he hears.

For some have hearkened, lain them down
And drunk a deadly thing,
And soon the storms of winter drown
The hollow dream of spring.

Pass, phantom music, pass away!
The purple isles grow dim;
The glamour of the dying day
Fades on the ocean's rim.

Enchantress of the mossy caves
Sleep by thy drowsy streams!
The cradle of the rocking waves
Is worth a world of dreams!

Oh, living love, my happy hills
Are wheresoe'er thou art;
There is no help for human ills
But in the human heart!

So be the haven near or far,
Blow winds and freshen sea,
The morrow's hope, the morning star,
The living world for me!

RENNELL RODD

CYCLADES, 1889.

Elephant Kraals.

ON arriving at Aden, I found a letter from the Governor of Ceylon, inviting me to make no arrangements on reaching that island, as there was to be an Elephant Kraal early in February at a place about fifty miles from Colombo. This was very exciting news to one during whose government of nearly six years in Ceylon, there had not been a single kraal.

The whole affair was a private concern got up by certain chiefs of the Western Provinces as a compliment to their new governor. They took the entire expense on themselves of driving in the elephants, and of erecting some very pretty and comfortable houses, made of the leaves of the Talipot palm, for the accommodation of the Governor and his party, and of the local officials. The promoters of the entertainment, however, expected to recoup themselves for their outlay by the sale of the captured elephants, but the sport alone would have induced them to undertake it. It seldom comes, it is true, for kraals are not an every day occurrence. In 1866 one was given in honour of the Duke of Edinburgh; and another in 1882 in honour of the English princes; but though few and far between, yet tradition keeps alive the story, and what Epsom is to an Englishman, or a "corrida de Toros" to Spaniards, such is a kraal to the Singalese. They will go any distance to one, and are as knowing and as garrulous about elephants and their doings as the most thorough "Aficionado" about Manchegan bulls.

After a pleasant morning drive and a subsequent short ride along a bridle path we reached our destination, and found our leaf cottages very prettily situated in a meadow by the side of a clear stream. We were invited to be the guests of the Governor in this pleasant bivouac, and much enjoyed the hospitality. The kraal itself was about three-quarters of a mile away, on the other side of the hill which flanked our meadow. It was constructed

at the end of a valley, and ran up the side of the hill, and was two or three acres in extent. The word "Kraal" is Dutch, and is identical with the Spanish "Corral" or enclosure; and the present enclosure was formed of the trunks of trees sunk into the ground. Cross-bars lashed to them by tough creepers from the jungle, gave the palisade great strength, and peeled pointed sticks were arranged along it to repulse any attempt on the part of the captive elephants to break out. A grand stand, large enough to hold fifty persons, was erected over the palisade in a position which commanded a view of the kraal, and a small kind of crow's nest was placed just over the opening through which the elephants were to be driven. From that post the Governor and a few friends would be able to see the first rush of the huge beasts into the kraal; and we were strictly enjoined when the time arrived not to speak or cough, and above all things, not to smoke, lest suspicion being aroused, the elephants should turn back.

In the evening the Governor invited the two native chiefs who were getting up the hunt to dinner. They informed us that the herd was well surrounded, and they hoped to drive them in next morning. We had much elephant talk, and broke up full of expectation.

The morning came, but with it the adverse news that the herd had fallen back, and that there would be no driving in that day; but in order that time might not hang heavily upon us, a fish kraal was proposed for our amusement in the afternoon. This was effected in a lovely spot where a large pool of a couple of acres in extent was hemmed in by a ridge of rocks, and filled by the river tumbling through a rocky defile above it. The fish which occupied the pool were driven into a corner by nets; in it were placed boughs and logs of wood, under which they hid. At length the net completely surrounded the corner, which seemed alive with fish. They were a species of carp, almost all small—scarcely any reaching 2 lb. in weight, but they jumped like the best Irish steeplechasers. The net was raised about three feet above the surface of the pool, and many of them cleared it gallantly and got off safely into the open water. A prodigious quantity were captured at last and distributed among the beaters, who received them with much satisfaction, fish curry being a special dainty.

Next day good news arrived that though the elephants had broken through the inner circle the day before, yet that they

had been driven back by the outer cordon and were expected to enter the kraal before noon. In elephant-catching there are two cordons, one in advance, the other some distance behind, to turn the elephants if they grow restive and succeed in breaking back. They are driven very slowly, only a few miles a day. There were from 500 to 600 beaters employed, who were relieved by a succession of new comers from the villages on these occasions. When dusk advances, a halt is proclaimed and a cordon of fires in a constant blaze prevents the retreat of the elephants during the night. Next day after breakfast, we went up to the kraal and took our silent untobaccofied station in the crow's nest over the entrance. We heard the wild cries of the beaters apparently near, louder and louder, quicker and quicker came the shots. We knew the great beasts were close at hand, all at once we held our breath, we saw the jungle wave, and then heard the crash of trees, and on rushed headlong into the kraal eleven elephants, bearing down everything before them. "Now we may light our cigars," we cried, and so we did. In an instant the palisades in the space left open for the entry were securely fixed and all hope of escape impossible. The next step was to beat down the jungle within the kraal, in order that the noosers might have every opportunity of easy approach. An opening was made in the enclosure, and six tame elephants stalked into it. Two turned tail the moment the wild herd approach them, and were so frightened that they would do nothing, so they were ignominiously turned out, and four remained for the work; two of them gigantic old tuskers who knew their business and never quailed. The poor captives, among whom were two mothers with calves, kept constantly together, thinking their safety lay in union. The great object was to pen them in some spot, in order that the noosers might get to their feet and fix the rope upon them. It was a most striking scene, the rush of the beasts bearing down everything crashing and waving before them, and all at once brought to a standstill by the sight of the huge tusker stepping gravely out and barring the way with his gigantic head. It seemed to be the perfect symbol of the Æschylean inexorable resistless fate, something treading slowly, noiselessly, bearing with it utter irretrievable ruin. The deliberation and calmness of the approach was a terrible sight, nothing appeared but the enormous head and the trunk which touched the ground, and

the bright colours of the riders; all the rest was hidden in the foliage. The poor prisoners halted, gazed, knew their master, and bolted another way; to be again encountered by his comrade. At last a roar, or rather a shriek, and a violent trumpeting denoted that a capture had been effected. The rope was fixed on the leg of a calf, a small one, but for all that he made a good fight. One of the large elephants dragged him down by the rope to a tree in the corner of the kraal by which a small stream was running and there he was tied up. Both on this and on other occasions it was amusing to see the goodnatured manner in which the tame elephants handled their prisoners. They pushed them to the very spot where they wished them to go, and when there kept them perfectly steady till the tying-up process was effected. There was no attempt to beat or hurt them. They seemed as it were to say "there is not the slightest use in resistance," and the captives after a very short struggle seemed to acquiesce in that view of the case. The noosing and tying up process was continued the next day, but we were obliged to leave and failed in consequence to see a very touching episode. The calf of one of the cow elephants was noosed, the mother did her best to save it, but when it was dragged away by the huge tame tuskers she gave up the hopeless struggle, and retired into the rank of the still free wild ones. The young elephant was tied to a tree in a corner of the kraal within three or four yards of the largest concourse of spectators. The wild elephants being again driven round the kraal passed near the spot, and this time the poor cow walked deliberately out from her fellows and came down to her calf, with whom she remained the whole day, comforting and petting it with her trunk, and not paying the slightest heed to the stones and sticks and bad language which were constantly hurled at her. At last she too submitted to be tied up without resistance. The Governor's party left that afternoon, and on the following day the remaining elephants were secured without loss of life or accident.

It was notified to me on my arrival by the Kandyan chiefs of the North-Western Province that as a remembrance of the friendship which used to exist between us during my term of government, they were about to offer me the compliment of a kraal on a great scale in the wild regions of their province.

They were already busily engaged in a drive of the elephants which abounded there, and were employing a prodigious force

of beaters, from 1500 to 2000 men. It is probable there was some exaggeration in the number; still there is no doubt that a vast number of men were employed, and a considerable tract of country was being beaten by them towards one point where the site for a kraal had been selected. News reached us from time to time of large herds of elephants being on the move. It was said that 120 had been counted within the circle, and among them a large and formidable tusker. Nothing could exceed the liberality of our entertainers; they had erected a large and tasteful house of talipot leaves close to the kraal for the accommodation of the Governor's party and myself.

The Governor at first did not intend to be present, but allowed himself to be persuaded to change his mind, much to my gratification, as I again had the pleasure of his society. He was accompanied by Lady and Miss Gordon, which made the party very agreeable.

We received notice that on the 5th of March, the elephants would be close to the kraal. Rumours went abroad that about sixty elephants were being driven, the rest having either escaped by their own exertions, or having been allowed to depart as the number was unmanageable. On the 5th accordingly, we all departed from Kandy at early morn, breakfasted at his beautiful residence near Korunegala with the Government agent or satrap of the North-Western Province, and reached the kraal, which lay about 30 miles due west of Korunegala, at about 6 o'clock in the evening.

On reaching our destination, I was most astonished at the scene which met the eye. A considerable town of leaf huts had suddenly sprung up, and the high road was lined with shops filled with all sorts of wares. Further down, in the almost dry bed, and by the banks of a large river, were rows of bullock carts, each of them the abode of visitors, temporary hotels, and occupied by more than one sleeper, while there was just enough water for somewhat unsatisfactory toilets. Branching from the high road and leading to the kraal, was a bye road, and on each side of it were constructed houses made of talipot leaves, and inhabited by members of the civil service, and other well-to-do folk. They seemed to be filled with ladies in the gay and light attire of tropical costume. It was stated that there were 5000 persons, independently of the beaters, in this temporary camp, over which a week previously nothing had been passing except wild beasts. On reaching the precincts of the town, we were

welcomed by a procession of elephants, and marched behind them in state to the spacious bungalow erected by the Kandyan chiefs for our reception. It was very prettily arranged and decorated, with about ten rooms, and not more than five minutes' walk from the kraal.

The next day we visited the kraal. There were about two acres of ground enclosed by a strong stockade, and a beautiful two-storied grand stand had been erected, with upper and lower compartments, from which all the operations could be well seen.

It was most tastefully decorated with scarlet and white drapery; the arms of the Governor and of myself were emblazoned on it, and it was carpeted like a drawing-room. We were in great hopes of being summoned to it on the following day, as it was confidently asserted that the elephants were close to the river, and once they were over it all the rest was a matter of plain sailing, and of a few hours' desperate driving. But the next day came, and then the next day and the next. Each day brought with it its own tales; one person confidently asserting he had seen the elephants close to the river; another being positive he too had seen them, but several miles away, and the last tidings bearer was right. On Sunday we had divine service at the Governor's bungalow, and the Rev. Mr. Ireland Jones preached to a large and attentive audience of Europeans and natives an admirable sermon on the text, "Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle on a thousand hills." Still, the beasts of the forest would not or did not advance. We heard rumours of a particularly fierce cow elephant with a very young calf at her feet, disarranging the line by desperate attacks on the beaters, who could only repulse her by firing bullets at her from their extraordinary collection of fire-arms; and, indeed, such marvellous arms could never have been seen elsewhere: Portuguese and Dutch barrels adapted to flint-locks, old Tower muskets, huge pistols, blunderbusses. They all, however, made a noise and frightened the elephants; but they did more than that: they killed two beaters by being indiscriminately discharged. One of the victims, a poor boy, had climbed a tree to see the sport, when a shot fired in the air wounded him so severely that he died shortly afterwards.

As may be supposed, time began to hang heavily; the weather was very hot, and the camp being surrounded by jungle, it was reached by little air. It was a mercy that we were not all

attacked by some disorder. No exercise was possible, partly from the thickness of the covert all around, and partly owing to the strict injunctions which were circulated that no one was to go in the direction of the elephants for fear of heading them back.

There were not many episodes to beguile the time: one night an assault was committed by a wild rogue elephant, which invaded the camp and attacked and ill-treated two small tame elephants on the outskirts. He was watched for next night, but departed never to return on receipt of a volley from some sportsmen, who failed to bring in his tail. Then there were horse races, and much hard and dangerous riding in them, as is sure to be the case when the planters gather together. They were succeeded by elephant races, and very grave, grotesque affairs they were. Whichever got the lead retained it, as in the best part of the course, and especially at the finish, there was only room for one. The delays and the excuses for the non-arrival of the elephants continued into the new week, and at last became so intolerable that we all determined to depart, and on Wednesday the 12th, having been at the kraal since Wednesday the 5th, we revolted, packed up our things and were on the point of starting when in rushed a messenger in hot haste, and informed us that the whole herd would be driven in within five minutes. And sure enough we heard a tremendous outcry close at hand, accompanied with the reports of all manner of fire-arms. We arrived in time to see the dash in of the huge beasts, who ran round the stockade seeking an exit, but in vain. At every point there were spearmen, and the open space by which they entered was instantly closed up. It was difficult at first to see them as they took refuge in the thickest part of the covert. The first thing to be done was to beat down all the brushwood, to enable the noosers to go to work, and four tame elephants marched in for that purpose. It was most amusing to see the perfectly business-like manner with which they performed their task. They soon found out the few trees which were beyond their strength and they troubled themselves no more with them. The others they rocked to and fro till they overthrew them, and then walked along them breaking off the branches, and converting in a short time that which was previously a thick jungle into level ground. One large dark-coloured elephant showed remarkable skill and sagacity, and we were all admiring his cleverness as he worked away just under the stand within a few yards of us. All at once

a frightful occurrence took place. The Mahout sitting on his shoulders dropped his goad, and the man behind him, who was the regular attendant on the beast, got down to pick it up. In an instant the elephant turned on him, seized him with his trunk, threw him down, knelt upon him and drove his tush (lower tooth), for he was not a tusker, right through his body. The tush was broken off by the violence of the blow. He then actually mashed him with his knees. The Mahout kept his seat all this time, but vainly urged the beast to rise. At last, having satiated his revenge, he got up and allowed himself, all dripping from the mouth with his victim's blood, to be driven out of the enclosure as quietly as if nothing had happened. It was a terrible scene close under the eyes of a number of ladies, who, as well as some of the men, were altogether upset. The Governor at once ordered the proceedings to be stopped for a couple of hours. The poor native's death was instantaneous, for he was crushed into a mass. It turned out afterwards that the elephant ought never to have been worked that day, as he had given unmistakeable signs of being "in must," and had always been more or less ill-tempered. The drivers, however, had no misgivings, and so the owner did not interfere. But the poor man who fell a victim ought to have had every cause for misgiving, as the elephant had an old grudge against him on account of ill-treatment, and had three times before attempted to kill him. An elephant does not forget ill-treatment, but will long bide his time.

On returning to the kraal the process of noosing was begun and was most admirably carried on. At the former kraal, owing to the jealousies of the drivers of elephants coming from different districts, there were constant failures and disappointments, and even when a noosing was effected the ropes seemed continually to break like pack-thread. When one considers the enormous weight of the captured animal and the strain of his struggling one way and the tame elephant another it seems a miracle that any rope can stand; but on the present occasion they did their work bravely. They were said to be made of cowhide. Two of the largest tamed elephants were furnished with these ropes, which were about forty feet long and fastened round their shoulders. When a favourable opportunity occurred and the herd of wild elephants was stopped and mixed in together, the nooser, rope in hand, entered the crowd with the most extraordinary courage, slipped it over the first hind leg

that was raised from the ground, and then with one tug the struggle began. One man particularly distinguished himself: he ran in front of the tame elephant to which he belonged, armed only with a spear, and several times turned with this weapon the attack of wild ones who resented his approach.

The levelling of the jungle was a shorter job than it seemed likely to be. The rushings to and fro of a herd of twenty-six wild elephants, for that number were enclosed, soon made the rough places smooth, and the noosing proceeded vigorously. The famous cow of whose fierceness we had heard so much was one of the captives. She had a very wee elephant at her foot, which we thought would every minute be smothered in the thick mud of a pond within the kraal which the captives had, by constantly running through it, worked up into a tenacious mass. The little fellow, however, struggled manfully for his liberty; but the poor mother had lost her courage, owing to the severity of her wounds, and soon gave in. Indeed there was but little resistance. Six weeks continual driving had taken the steel out of them. They looked thoroughly woe-begone and very sorry for themselves. One alone fought valiantly for his liberty. He was a large dark elephant and did not generally go with the herd but by himself. On several occasions, as the row of three or four tame elephants advanced towards him, he rushed at them—

> "And thrice came on in fury,
> And thrice turned back in dread—"

but his courage failed and he again retreated.

At last, however, he got his chance and did not miss it. Generally the pursuing elephants had a large tusker leading by about three parts of a length, and there was no hope of worsting him. This time a small one took the lead, it was less in height than the wild one, but strong and well fed. The moment the captive saw the change in the ranks he came on in right good earnest, dashed at the small one and gave him a blow with his trunk, a tremendous stroke and apparently overwhelming; but the little fellow stood it manfully, and, charging in turn, struck his antagonist with his forehead just in the shoulder and knocked him right back and down a bank near the scene of the encounter. The wild one never charged again, but was the last captured, and very dangerous. He perfectly understood all that was going on and made little of the devices to catch him. It was noticed that in his walks he always passed by a particular tree; in this a

native was perched, holding a rope with an open noose which lay on the ground, and which was covered with leaves. He at once walked up to it, pushed the leaves aside, took up the noose with his trunk and threw it out of his way contemptuously. He at last gave in from sheer exhaustion, and about a fortnight after the kraal was over I asked a Singalese gentleman whether it would ever be possible to train such a large and fierce animal?

"I bought him," said this gentleman, "at a high price, and he walked off two or three days after his capture to my estate about 50 miles away. He was in charge of two tame elephants. He is a most docile, intelligent fellow, and will soon be of great value."

The Governor's party left that evening, and in the two following days the remaining elephants were noosed, sold, and Kraal-town relapsed again into wilderness.

A great deal of adverse comment has been made on these kraals. It is said that they are cruel as regards the peasants who drive, the chiefs who are at expense in getting them up, and the elephants which are captured. I cannot accept any of these unfavourable criticisms. From all I can hear, both the peasants and the chiefs are greatly pleased at the rare chance which presents itself of carrying out a kraal. They took the opportunity of paying me the compliment of offering it to me, and I believe the suggestion was entirely their own. It may look as if strong compulsion were employed to keep from 1200 to 2000 men constantly beating for six weeks, but it must be remembered that these men were near their villages, that the work was very easy, in fact not work at all, and that the strong, hardy Kandyans are all intensely fond of field sports. As for the chiefs, their expenditure was but small, and they recouped much of it by the sale of the elephants. There was no mistake as to their intense enjoyment of it. It was amusing to see the great Kandyan magnate, whom we had admired the day before in his imposing costume, all gold and colour, now he was half naked, tattered, torn, perspiring, and almost hoarse from shouting, but still full of go and excitement. As I said before, the kraal is their great fair, their Derby, and they and all the population will be very glad to have another some years hence when an opportunity occurs. As for the elephants, if they had tongues to speak, and they certainly can do everything but speak, I am confident they would say, "If we are to be killed for sport or captured for use, let us by all means be captured by a kraal.

We shall be well taken care of for the rest of our lives, get a treat of sugar now and then which we dearly love, have to perform a moderate amount of work, for we are the best judges as to what we can do, and as for kind treatment, leave that to us; we are quite able to take care of ourselves, and if ill-used to 'know the reason why.'" It is true that about one in five is supposed to die of those captured in a kraal, either from pining or from wounds, though I did not hear of any that had died in the kraal just described, except the cow, which had been grievously wounded. On the other hand, of the elephants which are caught by license not more than two out of five survive. They are caught by trackers, who creep after them in the jungle, noose them, and tie them up to a tree. Many of those so tied up are left to die of absolute starvation, while the captors are hunting others; and many more perish by the wounds they receive in their struggles, as they cannot be tied up as effectually by the hunters as by the aid of tame elephants, and, of course, with the increased length of rope there are increased injuries in the struggle. If, therefore, elephants are wanted for the public service, or if they are becoming too numerous and too saucy in any particular district where the population is large enough to carry out a kraal, I should certainly prefer giving permission for their capture by that mode rather than by license, though, of course, if elephants must be caught in the wild and uninhabited districts this can only be done by hunters.

And now may I be permitted to say a few words about my poor, huge, affectionate, useful, clever favourites? I have the greatest attachment to them, and have in consequence seen much of them—or rather I should say, having seen much of them, I have conceived a great attachment to them. Some of them, I acknowledge, are like some of our friends—not quite as easy-going as they ought to be; somewhat capricious in temper, and too easily provoked. But I will venture to say if you take the first ten men you meet, and if you take the first ten elephants, and inquire carefully into the dispositions of each batch, you will find far more cantankerousness among the men than among the beasts. Now, I have no particular sentimentality for big beasts—a hippopotamus is a sensual, unattractive brute without affection; a rhinoceros is a malignant wretch, "monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum," who hunts, and would gladly kill the keeper who feeds him daily; and it is impossible to conceive a more supercilious, dissatisfied, ever-grumbling, unlovable,

and unloving creature than the camel. I acknowledge that the way to an elephant's heart is through his stomach, but once touch that chord by means of your fruit-leavings—mango-stones, pine-apple rinds, overripe oranges, &c.—and you will see his little pig eyes gleaming on you with melting affection. There was an elephant named Bombera who was employed in constructing a stone dam, intended to close up a river, and thereby form a lake, at Newera Eliya in Ceylon. To watch this elephant working was one of the sights of the place. He first of all drew down from the quarry the huge stone that was to be used; he then undid the chain by which he had drawn it. He next proceeded to roll it with his forehead along the narrow stone embankment, or rather wall, till he fitted it exactly into its place. On one side of the wall was a precipice, on the other a deep lake. As the stone was being pushed by his forehead, it would at one time incline to the lake, at another, over the precipice; but he immediately made it straight again with his foot. He was doing as much work as ten men, far more quickly and with the accuracy of a skilled mason. On one occasion several friends were present watching the proceedings. There was a heavy sledge hammer lying on the ground, and some one asked if he would take it up and break a very large rock close to it. The officer in charge of the work said we were asking too much, but the Mahout, who heard the conversation, replied gravely, "Bombera can do and will do everything he is asked"; and he said something to the elephant, who took up the sledge as if it were a feather, and knocked the stone to pieces in a few minutes. "Now take your pipe and smoke it," said the Mahout; upon which the animal stuck the sledge in his mouth and walked off with it as if he was enjoying a morning smoke. My acquaintance with him soon ripened into deep affection on both sides. When he was first introduced to me, he was ordered to kneel and salaam by rubbing his forehead in the dust, and then to rise up and trumpet his greeting. After he had gone through his salutations, I gave him a basket full of fruit-leavings. The same proceedings took place for the next two or three days, and after that the moment he heard the bells of my ponies, nothing would restrain him; off he came to greet me, prostrated himself at my feet, rubbed his forehead in the dust, and trumpeted vigorously for his fruit. It was at first rather formidable, the charge of such a huge monster right down upon one; but there was no danger. He used generally to remain by my side while I was

looking at the work, and more than once I have felt something like a leaf touching my ear, and on looking up found that Bombera had advanced quite noiselessly, and was gently holding it in his trunk as a token of his love.

One of the first questions I asked on arriving subsequently in Ceylon was about my dear friend Bombera, and I heard with much regret that he had died some time ago of some internal complaint at the early age of thirty-five, universally loved and regretted.

On another occasion I was down in the eastern province and was delighted with the intelligence and gentleness of a huge female elephant who was working at a new bridge. She really seemed able to do everything but speak, and was a thorough favourite of the whole pioneer force stationed on the spot. The officer in charge of the work told me a curious story. Some three or four years previously, this elephant had a young one—a very rare occurrence among elephants in captivity. She was perfectly devoted to her calf; but it died and she was inconsolable, and from being the gentlest creature she became irritable and even dangerous. One morning it was announced to the young officer that she had broken the chain which had confined her and had escaped into the forest. Trackers were sent out in every direction, but as wild elephants were in abundance all around it was impossible to trace her. The loss of such an animal was a heavy one, the works were much retarded, and there was general tribulation in consequence. One night, about ten days after the escape, the officer in question went out to lie in wait for bears at a pond in the jungle some distance off. As he and his native attendant were returning early in the morning the native silently nudged him, and they saw in the dim grey light an elephant with her calf making her way along the newly formed road towards the camp. They both sprang behind trees and, when the elephants passed, the native insisted that it was their old friend. They hurried back as fast as they could and found the camp in a ferment. Sure enough the truant had returned, and she appeared to be quite as joyful as the rest of the assemblage, going from one to another and touching them with her trunk, and as if she were exhibiting her adopted child. There was a very pretty little elephant in the camp which used to run in and out of our hut, and I believe it was the one which she had either begged, borrowed, or stolen during her absence. Her good temper and usual docility completely returned at once.

In the year 1874, Princes Augustus and Philip of Saxe-Coburg paid a visit to Ceylon and expressed a wish to see elephants working. There were none belonging to the Department of Works at Kandy, where they were staying; but the guardian of the temple lent a couple of the elephants belonging to it. They did everything they were ordered to do with their usual intelligence, carrying large stones wherever they were told to place them, fixing the chains to the stones and unfixing them; but one of them, a tusker, on that occasion performed an act entirely of his own accord which greatly struck me. He was carrying a long and very heavy stone down a steep declivity. The stone was suspended from his neck by a chain, and as the chain was somewhat long the stone struck repeatedly against his knees. He stopped, made what sailors call a bight of the chain, gave it a roll round his tusk, and having thus shortened it carried the stone to its destination without further discomfort to his knees. What the Mahout said to him, or whether he said anything, I do not know; but it is difficult to imagine that out of the eighty phrases which a very highly educated elephant is supposed to understand there would have been one framed for such an emergency as this, and, if there was not, surely it was the clearest exercise of the reasoning faculty pure and simple which prompted this act.

Many were the tales of strange and laudable doings by elephants which I heard from credible witnesses, and it is no wonder that my heart softened towards them, and that I determined to put a stop as far as I could to the indiscriminate and wanton slaughter of these useful and worthy animals which had hitherto prevailed. Of course it was quite right to kill trespassers in crops, and still more to kill rogue elephants whose ferocity and cunning rendered them a pest in whatever district they took up their quarters. But the days have passed when a slayer of elephants was a benefactor of a district, a second Hercules or Theseus in driving away wild beasts. In those days the natives had no fire-arms, so the beasts had much the best of it and ravaged the crops with tolerable impunity. The slayers of them therefore were universally revered, a reward was given for each tail, and men were spoken of as 100 tail, 200 tail men; indeed, the famous Major Rogers is said to have slain over 1200 elephants. But now things are very different. Most natives have some kind of fire-arm; and the elephants, who are extremely timid, rarely make a foray on cultivated lands, but

have retired into the depths of wild jungles, where they cannot do the slightest harm. I, therefore, while encouraging the destruction of rogues by liberal rewards, placed a heavy fine on the slaughter of inoffensive beasts without a license, which license had to receive the sanction of the Governor. No so-called sport can be more degrading, in my opinion, than the butchery of poor harmless cow-elephants and their little calves which play round the dead bodies of their mothers till they too are shot down. They have no ivory, they are not good to eat, they are inoffensive, and, generally speaking, the risk is about as great as going among a herd of short-horns and shooting them right and left. It is earnestly to be hoped that future Governors of Ceylon will have some regard for this noble and, for tropical work, invaluable race of animals—and it is mainly in the hope of enlisting sympathy in their fate that I have written this paper.

W. H. GREGORY.

Great-Aunt Sarah.

I.

SHE was knitting in a somewhat leisurely fashion before a comfortable fire in the old wainscoted parlour right under the portrait of her great-aunt Sarah. As she sat there no one could fail to be struck by the likeness between the living and the pictured face; in both the same delicate oval shape and colourless tint, the same clear-cut aristocratic nose, great grey eyes and sensitive mouth, the same finely arched brows, black as the hair which shaded them. But with these outward features the resemblance ended. Miss Frances Latimer's had nothing of the fire, the indomitable energy and power of the older face; there was more patience, gentleness and, if less pride, more soft and womanly dignity in the expression and bearing of the younger woman. With her slight tall figure bent a little forward in her high old-fashioned chair, her long white fingers moving gently about the coil of wool on her lap, Miss Frances, for all her thirty-three years, was a young and attractive picture enough. Her thoughts were wholly retrospective, and tinged with a little melancholy. She still wore mourning for her great-aunt Sarah, the last near relative she had in the world, the woman who had taken her as a pitiful little orphan to the old ancestral home, and had been all the father, mother, sister and brother the girl had ever known. The proud stern woman had idolized this child, the last member of one of the oldest families in the county, and had thought nothing too good for her darling. All that care and money could do had been done for the little Frances; her education had been of the best, above her natural abilities indeed, and it had left her a well-bred gentlewoman with delicate and somewhat artistical tastes rather than a cultivated and brilliant genius. As the girl grew to womanhood her social position, the

fact that she would be something of an heiress, and, perhaps more than these, her dainty charm of person and manner, brought several suitors for her hand. She was gracious and kindly to all, but her heart remained untouched, and old Madam Latimer was well content to have it so. Her own married life had been none of the happiest; she had had no children, and the current idea was that this disappointment had embittered her husband against her. Be this as it may, it is certain that his death left her with a soured, warped judgment of men and matrimony and it would have needed strong feeling on the part of Frances and super-excellent qualities on the part of her suitor to reconcile the old lady to her marriage with one of the despised sex. Birth, fortune, looks, morals and manners, must all be of the best in the man lucky enough to win Frances. As year after year went by and she reached her twenty-fifth still unmarried, the neighbours began to despair, when suddenly her Fate met her in the shape of a penniless sailor, the younger son of a country squire of no great social pretensions, who came on a visit to his cousins the Vicar of Latimer and his wife, and who fell head over ears in love with the daughter of the Great House at first sight of her on Sunday in the family pew. Frances, for her part, had seen a tall commanding figure, and a plain, frank face redeemed by unmistakeable intellect and a pair of extremely beautiful kindly eyes, and had little by little allowed herself to be won by a finer nature and cleverer mind than any that had yet paid court to her. The relations between the Great House and the Vicarage were all that was pleasant and cordial; Mr. and Mrs. Graham spent at least one evening every week with Madam and Miss Frances, or *vice versâ*, and common courtesy demanded the extension of welcome to their guest, the young lieutenant. Then Frances had her district to visit, and this necessarily entailed running into the Vicarage on the way and asking advice from the Vicar, or good Mrs. Graham. Of these opportunities, it is needless to say, Jack Fanshawe availed himself liberally and yet with such happy tact that Madam Latimer never even suspected the state of affairs between the young people; so blind are we when we most need our eyes.

If good Mrs. Graham had her suspicions she kept them to herself. Jack had not taken her into his confidence, and as yet his love-making, though serious enough, had been of a tacit, undemonstrative character upon which one could not easily dogmatize. She did not see how he could very well speak

plainly; his position as a penniless sailor with nothing to look to outside his profession made it impossible.

His prospects in his profession were bright enough; he had always succeeded in everything he undertook from his first attempts to walk and talk, but his expectations were hardly proportionate to Frances Latimer's birth and fortune. But in reasoning thus Mrs. Graham overlooked the very qualities which had hitherto been the main factors in Fanshawe's success—a simple directness of purpose, a quiet knowledge of his own power and strength of will, and a fine youthful scorn of mere worldly obstacles.

Jack, though a modest man, had some reason to think that Frances cared for him, and he was not going to leave Latimer without securing, if possible, the greatest desire of his life, the woman he loved. The night before his departure he and the Grahams dined at the Great House. He had had a telegram that afternoon calling him home, but neither Mrs. Latimer nor Frances had any idea of his intention of leaving.

He determined to speak to the latter some time during the evening, and as usual fortune favoured him. Owing to some little *contretemps* in the kitchen, dinner was delayed for half an hour, and as the evening was fine Madam proposed a stroll about the garden and a look at her roses, of which she was justly proud. The garden was bounded and crossed by walks hedged in with old yews, some ten or twelve feet high, and down one of these alleys, out of sight of the elders still appraising roses on the lawn, Jack contrived to lead Miss Latimer. The sunset was still red above them, and the air was sweet with the scent of lavender and roses. Into the bosom of her simple white gown Frances had fastened a deep red carnation, it was the only touch of colour about her. As she moved slowly down the walk, her soft skirts trailing behind her, she looked so like some lovely, innocent angel, that Jack's purpose fell before a sense of his own shortcomings and a reverence for her purity. All his bold plans crumbled to nothing but a confused feeling of impotence, a tongue-tied helplessness very foreign to his nature. He paced beside her, looking anywhere but at her. Frances made no effort to break the silence between them (she was always a quiet person), and at last in sheer desperation he said abruptly:

"I am going away for good to-morrow."

"Going away!"

The sudden uplifting of her startled grey eyes, the touch of

surprised pain in her voice, the rush of colour to her pale face, betrayed Frances's secret. Another moment more and she knew that she had betrayed herself. In an agony of shame she moved away from him, but the brief sight of her face as she turned unlocked Fanshawe's tongue.

He caught her hand and drew her towards him with gentle force.

"My darling little girl—Frances! tell me you love me before I go! Tell me I may hope! I never, never can tell you how much I love you; how I worship and reverence you! Frances, speak to me! don't keep me in suspense!" he added, his eagerness lending a touch of command to his voice.

For all answer Frances lifted her sweet proud face, pale now with a feeling too deep for shame or blushes, and looked him straight in the eyes. For a moment he held her so, and then caught her in his arms.

It was a night of heaven to both, and how they came down to earth and the exigencies of common life and society they never knew. But do what she would, Frances could not hide the new light on her face, the unusual absence of mind, the fitful glance and ready blush. At last Madam's eyes were opened, and her anger grew with every look at the happy young creatures. That Fanshawe, a penniless nobody, should have dared to make his love so evident that a proud gentlewoman like her great-niece (great-aunt Sarah did justice to Miss Latimer's delicacy and breeding even in her anger) should have made it clear that she returned it, left the old lady pale and speechless with indignation. The Grahams felt a storm in the air, and despite Jack's pleading looks and remonstrances hurried home as early as they decently could, and on Frances's head fell all the torrents of her great-aunt's wrath. They were not the lighter for the fact that Madam, throughout, never once forgot her dignity; it seemed indeed to lend bitterness to her reproaches and point to her sarcasms. All the gallant gentlemen whom Frances had refused were brought up in formidable array against this new pretender for her hand.

Dutiful, patient and gentle Frances remained throughout the tirade, but to one point she was firm. Mr. Fanshawe loved her and she loved him; she would never marry anyone else, and she would marry him whenever he was ready for her. The old lady parted with her niece that night in cold displeasure.

"Am I to expect the honour of a visit from Mr. Fanshawe

before he leaves?" she asked bitterly, as she stood at her bedroom door; "or is this affair to be conducted on modern principles—without reference to those in authority?"

"Mr. Fanshawe said he would write both to you and me," replied Frances timidly.

But the days went by and lengthened into weeks, and there came no sign of a letter from the young lieutenant. The Grahams went off for their yearly holiday, and Frances had no courage to speak to her great-aunt after her first attempt to learn whether that lady had heard from Fanshawe.

"If Mr. Fanshawe writes to me it is to be presumed that he will write to you," was all the answer she received.

Her heart sank within her; hope deferred and yet not quite abandoned began to tell upon her health. Then it was that Madam changed her manner; she appealed to her niece's pride; Fanshawe was evidently a heartless trifler, and was she, the last of an old and honoured name, to fling away her heart and her self-respect after a man who had long since forgotten her? Mrs. Latimer softened the blows she inflicted by a renewed tenderness and care for Frances, and the double appeal to her woman's pride and her filial love was not made in vain. Pride forbade her to unburden her heart to Mrs. Graham; Fanshawe never again visited his relations, and it was only accidentally that his promotion and success came to her ears. She was glad of it for his sake, but still more for her own. Captain Fanshawe did not seem the same person as the young lieutenant, and it was easier to forget him in his new and unfamiliar dignity. Little by little she regained her old calm of mind and manner; Fanshawe was banished from her thoughts and, as she hoped, from her heart. But hers was a faithful nature, and if she could not bear to dwell upon the scene in the yew alley, at least she could not repeat it with another lover.

II.

Miss Latimer rose slowly from her chair by the fire and with a little sigh of reluctance laid her work aside and crossed the room to an old oak bureau that stood sideways in the broad bay window, and drawing out the wooden rests, unlocked and let down the flap, thereby discovering a pile of tradesmen's books and letters to be answered. She sat down and attacked them with more virtue than goodwill, and was deep in the problem of

weights and measures in relation to pounds, shillings and pence, when something leaped suddenly upon the table beside her, almost upsetting the inkstand and dashing the pen from her hand. "That strange grey cat again!" cried she with an accent of vexation due more to the trials of housekeeping and accounts than to the presence of the cat, which was rubbing its head against her shoulder with a deep purr of pleasure. Miss Frances was extremely fond of animals, and when the said grey cat mysteriously made its appearance some days previously, she had not had the heart to drive it away. There was something in its size and stately movements, a calm superiority in its big grey eyes, which made the necessary adjuncts of departure—the brickbats and "shoo cats!"—assume a sort of moral incongruity almost amounting to a crime. Anyhow, the grey cat stayed on in the great house and appeared to have a special fondness for the wainscoted parlour and the company of Miss Frances. It was, however, a dignified and undemonstrative creature, and it gave Miss Latimer a kind of mental shock to find that it could coax and purr after the fashion of the veriest kitchen kitten. It seemed to find a peculiar pleasure in the connection of the lady and the bureau, and rubbed alternately against the shoulder of one and the front of the other as if it had found a secret affinity between them. The interior of the bureau was lined with drawers, three on either side, and above them again with pigeon-holes full of letters, docketed bills, etc. The central drawer had a hanging handle of quaintly-carved brass, and with this the cat gravely played, patting it softly as it would have done a mouse. Miss Frances watched it for some time, half fascinated by its grace and by a puzzling sense of recognition. Where had she seen the grey cat before? It had the familiarity of an old friend. All at once the creature turned from the handle, and, lifting its head with an air of solemn pride, looked straight at Miss Latimer. With a mingling of pain and amusement, the reason for her perplexity flashed across her. As far as a cat can resemble a human being, in so far was the grey cat the very image of great-aunt Sarah.

Miss Latimer's amusement gave way to a consciousness of something like irreverence; the look of proud affection in the cat's eyes became unbearable, and with a little shudder she lifted it off the table, set it gently on the floor and turned deliberately to her books. The cat made no attempt to disturb her again, and she gradually shook off the feeling of discomfort

it had caused her. Book after book was added up and laid on one side and the sum total of each set on a slip of paper till at last Miss Latimer loosened from her chatelaine a bunch of keys and proceeded to fit one into the middle drawer and open it. The drawer stuck and the force necessary to move it pulled it right out of its place in the bureau. Instead of replacing it Miss Frances set it down beside her and drew her cheque-book out of it. The rattle of the hanging handle as she did so must have attracted the cat, for it leaped swiftly up into its old place upon the flap and began to scratch and sniff in the empty receptacle for the drawer. So intent was it upon this that at last Miss Latimer's curiosity was roused. She observed that the cat continued to pat and sniff at one side only of the hollow.

Could there be a mouse in it? Impossible. The hollow was clear and there was no hole or room for any animal larger than a fly.

The cat, seeing that her notice was attracted, left the hole and with beseeching eyes rubbed against Miss Latimer's shoulder. The latter bent down and carefully examined the hollow; nothing was to be seen. She put her hand in and felt all round the sides. A thrill of excitement went through her, for assuredly something had moved against her touch; she pressed more closely and deliberately and a small, deep drawer sprang out into the open space. She drew it out upon the flap and saw that it was full of letters on the top of which lay a folded slip of paper sealed with her great-aunt Sarah's seal. It had no vestige of writing or address upon it, and Miss Latimer held it in her hand, hesitating whether to open it or not, when suddenly her eye fell upon the letters. She took them up and saw that they were all in the same handwriting—clever, decided and obviously that of a man—and that they all bore the same address:

To Miss Frances Latimer,
The Great House,
Latimer,
Northamptonshire.

"Miss Frances Latimer?" For a moment or two she wondered in a confused, foolish kind of fashion who this Miss Frances Latimer might be; then suddenly a mental illumination, an intuition lucid as a certainty, struck her with sharp pain.

They were Jack Fanshawe's letters, and they were meant for her!

A tumult of passions swept her quiet soul; curiosity, indignation and re-awakened love. She trembled like a leaf and the cat, evidently frightened at her emotion, sprang down from the table and took refuge under a sofa.

For some minutes Frances sat, the letters before her, the sealed paper in her hand, too shaken and confused to think or act, but at last she rose, moved to the fireplace and deliberately broke the seal and unfolded the slip of paper. It was written all over in her great-aunt's fine Italian hand, close, minute, but clear as print.

Frances gave one look at the face above her looking calmly and proudly down upon her agitation, and with a sudden hardening of eyes and heart began to read.

"Should this secret drawer and its contents ever come to the eyes of my great-niece, Frances Mary Latimer, or of any of my descendants, it is necessary to my honour and that of our house that there should be some explanation of its existence. I shall not speak here of the love and hopes which I, an old and weary woman, have centred upon Frances; she best knows how great they were.

"She also knows in some sort my repugnance to matrimony and my innate distrust of men. If I could have done so consistently with my loyalty towards our house and name, I would have kept her unmarried. As it was, I desired to see her marry one who would consent to take her name, and whose birth and fortune at least equalled her own. Years went by and she refused many so-called eligible offers, and I had begun to reconcile my sense of loyalty with my natural wishes and to look forward to a future for my child, honourable, peaceful, and undisturbed by the chances and uncertainties of married life.

"These hopes for the future were rudely dispelled by a suitor for her hand who found favour with her, a Mr. Jack Fanshawe. I failed to see that he could have any attraction for her; he had neither good looks nor fine fortune to dazzle with, and I had no anxiety about their frequent opportunities of meeting. That a young man who had no position or means should venture to make open love to my niece was a possibility which I, with my old-fashioned ideas of honour and duty, never contemplated even for an instant."

The swift blood rushed to Miss Latimer's face, and her lips curled contemptuously.

"I ought to have known how little weight such words as 'honour' and 'duty' would have with the son of Lucy Fanshawe. I have no wish to speak evil of the dead, even though through her came the bitterest sorrow of my life, the alienation of my husband's affections; but she was at best a careless, heartless woman, and I was thankful she

never paid but one visit to our neighbourhood. In that one visit she contrived to ruin all my happiness, and, though I hope I have forgiven her, I cannot trust one of her name and blood. After he left Latimer, Mr. Fanshawe wrote me two letters urging his suit with Frances; to her he wrote no less than six times. His letters to me I have burnt, they were mine and were of value to no one else; but my sense of honour forbade me to destroy or read letters addressed to my niece. I have therefore no knowledge of their contents, and can only beg that those into whose hands they may fall will destroy them unread if my niece should happen to be dead, or hand them over to her if living. I hope and believe that the pain I shall have cost her by withholding these letters will be amply compensated and atoned for by the suffering I shall thereby have spared her. As the wife of Mr. Fanshawe she could never have been happy, and her happiness is now my only care and thought.

"SARAH FORDYCE LATIMER."

The paper fell from Miss Latimer's hands, and with passionate eagerness she caught at the letters. They were arranged in order of date, and all bore the stamp of a manly and honourable passion. The two first were glowing outbursts of a love which the writer said he "had hardly dared speak of to her in first blessed realization that it was returned." The third was still tender, but full of reproach for her silence; the fourth showed a just and growing resentment, and the fifth coldly relinquished a suit to which her continual silence was nothing less than an insult. Nevertheless in the last letter, which was dated two years later than the others, the writer told her that he had obtained promotion, and that, with a legacy left him by an uncle, justified him, he thought, in renewing his entreaties. A spirit of pride as great as Madam's own breathed in the later letters, and it was evident that the persistent silence of the woman he loved had at last worn out Captain Fanshawe's patience. Frances laid the letters on a stool near the fire, and sinking down beside them burst into an agony of weeping. She was torn with conflicting emotions, resentment against her great-aunt fought with an acute sense of the pathos of the lonely old lady's great love for her; Fanshawe's tenderness and pride, the thought of all he must have endured at her innocent hands, the memory of those eight years during which she might at least have had the happiness of his love, all crowded upon her with overwhelming bitterness and confusion. How long she lay and wept she could not have told; she was wakened from her trance of passion, by a soft touch upon her hand and a pitiful wail. They came from

the grey cat who had jumped upon her knee and was exhibiting every sign of dumb sympathy with her trouble.

Miss Latimer rose quickly to her feet and drove the poor animal from her with inconsequent anger; she felt she must vent her wild sense of injury upon someone, and was not the cat the cause of her knowledge of that injury? With trembling hands she gathered the letters and paper together and laid them again in the secret drawer and returned it to its place.

The cat still continued to miouw piteously, and Miss Frances, who was at heart a tender creature, suddenly felt a quick revulsion of feeling towards it. It was unjust to make a scapegoat of a mere dumb animal. She went down on her knees and coaxed the cat to come to her. It crept up in a half timid, half caressing fashion, and she took it up in her arms and stroked it gently. It was a consolation to have the love and sympathy even of a cat.

III.

'Mrs. Graham, please,—Miss Frances;" with which introductory formula peculiar to herself, Ainley, the parlour-maid, ushered in the Vicar's wife, beaming with smiles and laden with parish magazines.

Miss Latimer went to meet her with eager pleasure and kissed her warmly. The shock of the morning had left her nerves vibrating, and her manner showed that she was still under the influence of some strong emotion.

Mrs Graham noticed this touch of excitability—she was a person who prided herself upon her powers of observation—and her curiosity was roused.

Frances had felt Mrs. Latimer's death deeply, as was to be expected of one of her still and faithful nature, but she had not been demonstrative, or overstrung in her sorrow. Besides, ten months' mourning might be supposed to take the edge off grief for one's great-aunt, and she such an old lady too. Mrs. Graham would give worlds to find out why Frances showed such unusual agitation; it took her back in memory eight years, to the night before Jack Fanshawe left the Vicarage in radiant spirits, suggesting many interesting possibilities, but confessing to nothing. His subsequent silence on the subject of Frances had at first greatly irritated Mrs. Graham, who had all her sex's curiosity

and interest in love matters; but one forgets many things in eight years, and Mrs. Graham had practically forgotten the whole affair till this moment. The Vicar and his wife had made several attempts to induce Fanshawe to renew his visit, on those occasions which found him on shore, but finding him obdurate they had given up asking him to Latimer, and of late years he had very seldom been in England. Mrs. Graham had suspected Frances as the reason for her cousin's disinclination to revisit the Vicarage, and she now determined to sound her—with tact and discretion be it understood.

"How nice to see a fire!" she began, throwing aside her circular cloak and letting Miss Latimer relieve her of her bundle of papers. "We are still trying to think it is summer and haven't begun fires except at night; but these September days have a touch of winter in them, and I really think I shall begin a fire in the dining-room next Monday."

It was one of Mrs. Graham's little idiosyncrasies to begin everything on a Monday.

"Yes, it does look comfortable," rejoined Frances, moving restlessly about the room. "I am rather a chilly mortal, you know," she added.

"By-the-bye," remarked Mrs. Graham, with apparent irrelevance, but in reality pursuing an undercurrent of thought, "you remember Jack Fanshawe, my husband's cousin?"

"Perfectly well," replied Frances, as simply as if Jack Fanshawe had been a topic of daily conversation for the last eight years. Her mind had been so occupied with the thought of him, that Mrs. Graham's abrupt question fell quite naturally upon her ears. That good lady experienced a pang of keen disappointment—her little shaft had failed of the mark; but she had another in her quiver.

"We are hoping for a visit from him in a few days," she continued carelessly, but eying Frances as a cat might a mouse. This time she was satisfied.

Miss Latimer turned quickly to the fire under the pretence of poking it, but not so quickly that Mrs. Graham could not see the blush that dyed her face and the trembling of her hands.

"We haven't seen him for eight years; not since he was last here, in fact. He was a charming fellow, didn't you think?"—A confused murmur from Frances encouraged the Vicar's wife to further efforts.—"I wonder if he is much changed? It seems strange, doesn't it that, he should never have married, he is just

the sort of man to make a perfect husband, and he has met so many delightful girls, and with his position, he might so easily have married. His mother and sisters adore him," she continued, a little discomposed by Miss Latimer's persistent silence and attention to the fire.

"His mother—Lucy Fanshawe!" came involuntarily to Frances's lips; "do you know her? I fancied she was dead," she said, rising and seating herself near Mrs. Graham with her back to the tell-tale afternoon light.

"Oh! Lucy Fanshawe wasn't Jack's mother; he is the only son of the second Mrs. Fanshawe, a very different person to poor Lucy. I knew them both. Lucy was a poor creature; pretty, you know, in the sort of style men admire, but a silly, empty-headed little thing. How a superior man like Mr. Fanshawe ever came to marry such a woman I never could understand," cried Mrs. Graham, waxing virtuously indignant over such a waste of good things.

"I thought it was just the kind of thing superior men always did," suggested Frances with a fine smile. Her heart leapt up at the thought that she need no longer connect her old lover with the woman who had wronged her Great-aunt Sarah.

"Well, he made up for it, by marrying Mary Majendie," continued Mrs. Graham; "Jack gets his sweet, loveable nature from her and most of his cleverness. She's a delightful woman. Plainer than Lucy, but the sort of woman who fascinates you, so that you don't think how she looks. She must have spoilt her son for marrying; he won't easily find another woman like his mother."

"No, of course he won't," stammered Frances, hurriedly, conscious of saying something peculiarly futile in her desire to take a natural tone in the conversation.

"I used to think you had something to do with it, my dear," Mrs. Graham hazarded this suggestion with a sort or timid archness, and was not encouraged by the way in which Miss Latimer received it. The flush on her delicate face deepened; she drew herself up, rose, and ringing the bell, said coldly and with an evident desire of conveying a rebuke to her too officious friend:

"Are you ready for tea, Mrs. Graham?"

"Whenever you like, my dear," replied the poor lady in accents of conciliating meekness, and the conversation promptly flowed into shallower and safer channels.

"You've got a new cat, I see," remarked Mrs. Graham to Ainley, as the latter opened the front door to her half an hour later.

"Yes, mum, a stray cat it is, but it's a fine animal, a handsome proud-like creature, and walks about for all the world as if the whole place belonged to it. I says to cook this morning," continued the privileged old servant, lowering her voice with a cautious glance at the parlour door. "I says, to Martha, 'If that there cat isn't the living image of old Madam, I should like to know what it is!" And she says to me, 'Lor, Ainley! so it is, though I can't say as I ever noticed it afore you mentioned it?' Look at it now, mum, a-crossing the 'all!" Mrs. Graham glanced at the cat, gravely and solemnly pacing the passage, and gave a little confidential laugh.

"Don't say that to Miss Frances," she said, as she gathered up her skirts and took her departure.

"Dear no, mum!" ejaculated Ainley, with a toss of her head.

"Mrs. Graham don't think nobody has any sense but herself," she muttered, as she turned away to the kitchen.

Certainly Mrs. Graham did not credit the Vicar with sufficient discretion and tact to be admitted into her secret suspicions of the state of Miss Latimer's affections. She merely hastened the invitation he had proposed to give his cousin, and seconded it so warmly that Captain Fanshawe was left without an excuse for refusing it short of absolute rudeness. He was ashore for some time, and he had never ceased to profess the most affectionate feeling for his cousins. He could not well get out of it, thought Mrs. Graham. How far his acceptance of her hospitality —for he did accept it very graciously—was due to a certain postscript to her letter must be left to conjecture.

"I wonder if you remember pretty Frances Latimer? She is as pretty as ever, and nicer if possible, but she is left in a very solitary position by the death of old Mrs. Latimer, though I suspect the dear old lady was a bit of a dragon, and that Frances will be the gainer in the matter of liberty."

Suffice it to say that Captain Fanshawe came down to Latimer the week after Mrs. Graham's somewhat unsuccessful attempts to sound Frances on his behalf. He was browner and broader, and, his cousins thought, handsomer than in the old days; he talked less and the expression of his face was sterner, but the frank smile and kind eyes were unchanged.

Mrs. Graham found him very attractive. How would Frances take him? That was the one thought uppermost in the good woman's mind.

Captain Fanshawe had asked after her and had agreed quite quietly to a proposition that he should call with Mrs. Graham upon her, but when it came to the point of taking him, Mrs. Graham had a queer sinking at heart which she wouldn't have confessed to for worlds. Captain Fanshawe was embarrassingly silent during their walk up to the Great House, and Mrs. Graham was reduced to a fragmentary monologue, for her cousin's half-absent monosyllables could scarcely be said to constitute a conversation. Between her struggles to talk and appear at ease and her curiosity and anxiety the poor lady worked herself into a perfect fever, and it was with an extraordinary sense of relief that, as they walked up the drive, she espied Frances gathering roses on the lawn. There were topics of conversation and chances of escape from dilemmas in the open air and the big garden not to be hoped for between the four walls of a sitting-room.

She called out while still far off to Miss Latimer, wishing to give her the benefit of the distance between them in which to quiet any possible agitation.

Frances looked up with a start and came slowly towards them. She had on a gown of some soft woollen stuff of a light grey colour which hung in straight, simple folds round her slender figure; her face was shaded by a big garden hat, and her hands were full of autumn roses. She was the very Frances of eight years ago, and it seemed to Fanshawe that Time must have been playing a trick upon him. His heart went out to her with all the old tenderness and a new feeling of reverent pity when he saw the pained timidity of her glance. She shook hands with both and hoped Mrs. Graham would come in and have some tea. Mrs. Graham asked nothing better, but it was no part of her programme to leave the great sunny garden, instinct as it was with interesting memories and possibilities. Might they not first walk round the rose garden?

"You cannot have forgotten how lovely the roses are here," she said, appealing to Fanshawe.

"I have forgotten nothing," he replied with quiet intention.

A painful flush dyed Miss Latimer's face, and her lips quivered, but she mastered her emotion and led them across the lawn to a strip of garden still bright and fragrant with late roses.

"They are almost over now," she said gently; "Captain Fanshawe should have seen them a month ago, shouldn't he, Mrs. Graham?"

"Ah! they were perfect then," ejaculated the Vicar's wife. "By-the-bye, dear, I see Johnson coming down the side walk; may I just go and speak to him about our new chants? Johnson is our best bass," she explained, "and I promised Tom I would see him. You show Captain Fanshawe the rest of the garden."

"With pleasure," murmured Miss Latimer, but her tone was the reverse of delighted, and Mrs. Graham felt that her little ruse lacked the finesse on which she prided herself. She must leave her companions in a more natural manner.

"Oh! Frances, I quite forgot to ask after that strange grey cat. How is it?" she enquired airily.

"Oh! I am so unhappy about it," cried Frances, catching eagerly at any pretext for detaining her friend; "it has disappeared as mysteriously as it came, and we are afraid it must have been caught in a trap."

"No doubt, no doubt; poor thing, I *am* sorry," and so saying the Vicar's wife edged gradually away, leaving Frances in an agony of nervous embarrassment. Captain Fanshawe looked at her for a moment and mastered a wild desire to take her then and there in his arms, regardless of Johnson and the Vicar's wife.

"Will you show me the yew alleys again?" he asked with studied carelessness. He was half afraid she might run away from him.

"If you like," she faltered, leading the way with hurried steps.

Fanshawe followed her, making no attempt to speak until they were fairly between the high green walls of the memorable walk where he had first told her he loved her. Suddenly he stopped; she was trembling so that she could hardly stand. He came close to her, looking down at the shrinking grey figure.

"Frances, do you remember?"

She lifted her hand to her throat as if to compel her voice, and to still its throbbing.

"Will you forgive me?" she whispered, in broken, humble tones.

"I will forgive you on one condition," he said, taking her hands in his strong clasp. Frances raised her eyes questioningly;

what she saw in his made her quickly lower them. "I will forgive you, my beloved, if you will only tell me that you care for me a little still," he pleaded, passionately.

"But I wronged you so; you have forgotten," sobbed Frances.

"What do I care?" he cried, taking her in his arms. "Don't cry, my darling; for Heaven's sake, don't cry! Those eight years are a dream; it was last night you said you loved me, my Frances. Let me hear it again!"

"I love you, I have always loved you. Ah! if you knew! It was all a dreadful mistake. I must explain, I must tell you!"

"You shall tell me what you like when you are Mrs. Fanshawe," laughed Jack in the fulness of his joy. "It would spoil the illusion now. I am still a penniless lieutenant, and you are my little Frances, not a bit less shy for all the eight years. Let us forget them."

"You are very generous," Miss Latimer murmured, "you take me without a word to show that I did not treat you as shamefully as you must think. Oh! I must explain, please."

"I believe you will have no peace till you have made a full confession. There's a seat just behind you; come, now for your sins!"

"They weren't my sins——"

"I thought as much," interposed the Captain.

"And you must promise me you will not be angry, or speak harshly about the person who separated us."

"My dear child, remember I am human!"

"I can't tell you if you won't promise, Jack,"—the effort at familiarity cost Frances a very lovely blush. "Please, for my sake."

"I will if you will kiss me," replied Fanshawe, boldly.

"Ah! you are unkind," cried Frances, with a still deeper blush, and moving a little away from him.

"Well, there, I promise. But I will claim payment afterwards. Begin!"

But when the tale of great-aunt Sarah's iniquity was unfolded to him, Jack found it hard to keep his word. He rose abruptly from the seat, leaving Frances trembling and fearful, and paced stormily up and down the green alley. At last he came and sat down beside her and turned to her with his usual, frank, kind smile.

"My dearest, don't look at me so pitifully; we will forgive and forget it all, if you so wish it. But I shall claim my reward!"

* * * *

POSTSCRIPT.

Two years later, Captain and Mrs. Fanshawe were dining with some friends in town, and as the party was a small one and made up of congenial spirits, conversation flowed freely and touched on many subjects. At last it came round to the theory of the transmigration of souls. One of the party, a clever young lawyer, defended it with quaint insistance, and not a little plausibility, and Fanshawe was amused to see his pretty wife eagerly drinking in every word of the young man's arguments.

"Sinclair put the case very strongly for our friend Pythagoras," he remarked to her as they drove home; "has he quite converted you?"

"Don't laugh," she entreated, "but I was thinking all the time of that strange, grey cat. If I believed in it, you know—I mean the doctrine of transmigration—I should think that cat was great-aunt Sarah, who wanted to bring us together again!"

Captain Fanshawe must have been still very much in love, for he received this remarkable statement with perfect gravity.

Mr. Toppie Johnson.

Chapter I.—The Mining Camp.

In the early spring of 1874 it was my fortune to find myself in the city of San Diego, Southern California, a new-comer to the country, with no business shackles, a seeker primarily of health, secondarily of wealth. Having no ties to bind me, I determined to commence, after my own fashion, the exploration of the neighbouring country. There was no lack of natural beauty to tempt the wanderer, whether on the side of the blue Pacific on the West, of the snow-capped mountains on the East, the verdure of the alfilleria-covered plains or the splendour of the semi-tropical skies.

For the wanderer in this lovely climate, a horse is the first and almost the only essential. My steed purchased, at a most moderate figure, I needed but blankets, a Spanish saddle and bridle, saddle-bags, some sixty feet of half-inch rope, a compact store of provisions, and I was ready to go anywhere.

I started off towards the mountains in the direction of the Julian mines, intending to work through the foot-hills to San Bernardino. On the third day I was making my way slowly, about dusk, among the beautiful and variously wooded country, looking about me for some roughly-sheltered corner where I might pass the night, when I came upon a camping-party of some fifteen persons. I hesitated for a moment whether to throw myself on their hospitality and society, but for a moment only—the ringing laughter and merry voices, as I came nearer, were too great a temptation to be resisted after my three days of solitude.

As I drew rein one of the party accosted me: "Won't you alight?" he said, making me free of this country which, under Heaven, had no other owner than the Government of the United States.

I thanked the speaker and proceeded to tie my horse to a tree. Upon this my hospitable friend came forward and remarked conjecturally: "Reckon you're lost!"

I answered that to all intents and purposes I was; that I had not the least idea of my whereabouts, but that it did not greatly signify, for my present journey was without any intents and purposes. I was content to be lost.

"Well, make yourself at home, any way," said he. "Let me introduce you to the crowd" (in an assemblage of more than two persons any one of them, being a Western man, would always speak of the others as "the crowd").

"Boys," said my friend, to the company, "let me introduce you to Mr.——what did you say your name was?"

I said that I did not remember that I had mentioned it, but at once told him, and was forthwith introduced to each member of the company in turn. I found myself in remarkably good society—a professor, a judge, two doctors (introduced as "Doc" this, and "Doc" that, respectively), two colonels and three generals. You may remember that Mark Twain claims to have met the only man who ever confessed to the rank of private in the "War." But then Mark Twain was a humorist. He may have invented him as a practical joke. You cannot trust humorists. It was a curious thing, in this Republican land where all men are equal, that in this queer crew I had lit on, in this wild country of the foot-hills, but two of the whole party were without a title. Of these two, one was a young lawyer, with whose baptismal register I never got any further than "Dick," the other was by name Toppie Johnson. Now Toppie Johnson was the backbone of the expedition, he was a practical man—a miner, I was assured, of remarkable judgment and integrity. For this was the object of the expedition, mining—to disembowel from the jealous earth its precious treasures of silver and gold, or what of value it might contain. This it was—or rather to prospect for such riches—like a dog for truffles—that had brought from their cities these men of war, law and learning, whom now I saw seated around a log-fire, beneath a spur of the foot-hills, practising the fascinating culinary mystery of making "slap-jacks." These men were proficients at the art. It was I in whose initiation they all at once took a paternal interest.

The materials of the slap-jack are as simple as an *ingénue:* Flour and water mixed into a dough and placed on a frying-pan, with a little grease at the bottom. Hold the frying-pan over

the stove or fire till the slap-jack is cooked on its lower side. There is scope now for much nice judgment to catch the critical —once lost, never to be recovered—moment, when the invisible lower side of the slap-jack is just done to a turn. And then the turn comes—and the crux of the whole mystery. For you have to chuck the slap-jack flying into the air with a twist of the wrist that shall make it turn a somersault in its flight, and land again with a "slap" and a "smack," that is doubtless the origin of its name, cooked-side uppermost, fair and square on the face of the frying-pan. Then you hold the thing over the fire again till the present underside is cooked, and then you burn your mouth eating it too hot! And, I tell you, it is good! There is no fancy bread in England that is a circumstance to it. And if it is good fun eating it, that is nothing at all to the fun of making it—throwing it up and catching it. It is the best sport ever invented. The first three or four tries I kept throwing my slap-jacks all about the country round; but then I caught the knack of it, and should have liked to go on catching slap-jacks all day long. After the first try or two I used to be allowed, as a great privilege, to make these slap-jacks for the general and the judge.

My first surmise was right. These miners were a jolly crew Not too much of the practical miner about them, as it seemed to me. But the yarns they told—of pumpkin vines that grew so fast that they dragged the pumpkins round the field after them, and you had to gallop after them on horseback to overtake and pluck them! They never seemed to be at an end of their yarns, or their faculty for invention.

And the whisky that they drank! I strongly suspected that the main inducement which brought many of the party away from their stuffy city offices was the increased capacity, in the fine mountain air, of the human frame for whisky.

And Toppie Johnson—that practical miner whose shrewd judgment, inflexible morality, and love of sheer hard work—I was told it was hard to over-estimate—he was indeed the back-bone of the party. He could play the fiddle and flute, and dance jigs and hornpipes and fandangoes, and sing songs humorous or pathetic, or with a seductive blending of the two.

Never a cross word did I hear from any one of the party, during the ten days or more that I enjoyed their unbounded hospitality, save on one occasion when Dick and Toppie in sky-larking came into collision with a great demijohn of whisky. The glass bottle, though protected by its wicker casing, broke,

and all its vast possibilities for benefit to poor humanity were wasted on the thirsty soil. Then the language was sulphurous indeed. It was the last demijohn. Very sadly did we throw and catch our slap-jacks at supper that evening—after the meal we sat around in gloomy silence. The night, as if in harmony with our mood, was dark as pitch. No one seemed to have the spirit to throw a log on the dying fire and cheer the glim. Then in the dark silence, the judge was heard to clear his throat, as though it suffered from unwonted dryness, and addressing the company at large, said, in slow measured tones: "I believe I've had enough of mining, anyway. Let's go home. Our wives will be wanting us. What do you say, general?"

"I'm with you, judge," said the general solemnly, as if he were announcing the doom of a court-martial.

I could not stand that. I lay back on the grass and let my feelings loose in peals of laughter.

It showed a want of delicacy, may be, to laugh when the occasion was so solemn. It was pointed out to me in reproachful comments that my behaviour was in bad taste. But I could but laugh the more, and as a sense of the humour of the situation dawned upon the party, which could not long remain in poor spirits, they all joined in my laughter, though the joke was at their own expense.

But I felt I owed them something, and early the next morning saddled my horse, and riding to a store some twenty-five miles distant, returned with a canteen full of whisky, like a Lancelot from a successful quest for the Holy Grail. This, to use the language of the country, made me "solid with the crowd."

At this time Dick expressed a desire of buying my horse and saddle. He said that a horse that could carry that amount of whisky must be an animal of some mettle. He offered me a fair price, and being uncertain of my future movements—not knowing even whether to remain in the country or go home—I told him he could have the horse at the price named, provided I could find a means of making my way to a stage road. Toppie, our invaluable Toppie, overheard our conversation, and was, as usual, at once to the fore with a suggestion. "Riverside is your nearest point for the stage road," said he. "I'll lend you one of my horses and ride with you into Riverside, if you'll give me ten dollars when we get there."

He was a splendid fellow, Toppie—tall and slim, sandy-haired and bearded, with red freckled skin and blue eyes, always

in a laugh. In camp he was for ever cracking jokes and telling stories. If for a moment left to his own devices he would be singing snatches of songs for his own amusement, or be entering into a jocular one-sided conversation with his horse. He was a poor horseman nevertheless; but he knew no fear and no principle, was utterly reckless, and as tender-hearted as a woman. What more delightful companion for a ride into Riverside? I sold my horse to Dick and promised Toppie his ten dollars when we got to Riverside.

Chapter II.—The Practical Miner.

Early the next morning, before daylight, I heard Toppie's merry voice: "Get up—get up—all aboard for Riverside."

I crawled from my blankets and enquired of Toppie the necessity for keeping such early hours: "Well, boss," said he, "we'll breakfast at the widow's, down the valley, and get to Riverside in time to catch the evening coach to San Bernardino."

I am well awake now and in the dawning light perceive two horses ready saddled. Rolling up my blankets, Toppie ties them on the saddle of the horse he means to ride. He also takes charge of my gun, and cautioning me to hurry up and be careful, informs me that the horse I am to ride is not, as he phrases it, "real gentle."

I mount with care, and for one not "real gentle" he behaves very well.

"That's bully," says Toppie. "Now let's get"—and away he went with a wild scream and a "Good-bye to you, boys," to the still sleeping crowd.

Toppie leads the way over the rough mountain trail at a pace which fairly amazes me, as the daylight begins to alight on the juts and jags and corners of the raw-boned old "work-horse," on which he is mounted. Judging from Toppie's grunts and exclamations, and from the old horse's anything but even gait, it promises to be a most painful journey for Toppie. My young horse follows comfortably enough. Soon I take advantage of a slight widening of the track to press up along side of Toppie and question him about the necessity of so much speed. He seems to think my question rather a good joke. For a moment or two he is too much amused to answer. Then he says, "well,

boss, the widow won't give us breakfast, once she's washed up the things."

I can see the force of this argument and make no further suggestion. The widow is evidently a lady of some strength of character.

Luckily we arrive in time, but the very instant we have finished our breakfasts Toppie again sings out, "All aboard!" I cannot believe that there is any necessity for all this haste, but am really ashamed to remonstrate. If Toppie can stand it on his stiff old beast, surely I ought not to be showing the white feather on my really very pleasant mount.

Toppie evinces all the same unaccountable anxiety to push forward, even now that we are on the fair smooth road running down the Santa Jacinto valley. Coming alongside of Toppie, as he jolts and groans on the back of his raw-boned old beast, I asked him how he could ever have undertaken to ride such an animal. He is bound to confess that his mount is no longer a good saddle horse, and, in reply to many questions about the horses, shows the most remarkable ignorance. He does not even seem to know their names and answers most of my enquiries with a groan of intense discomfort.

I feel in duty bound to offer to exchange mounts for awhile, but Toppie declines with thanks, and goes on, with fearful grimaces, jolting along at best speed of his nag. At length the suffering is more than he can endure: "Well, boss," he says, "let's change for a spell; but come, hurry up."

I dismount, and have, luckily, a firm hold on both horses as Toppie, at no time much of a horseman, and at the present moment parlously stiff, climbs on the young horse's back and alights with a severe thump in the saddle. In about half a second he alights with a yet severer thump on the hard high road. The young horse has resented his method of mounting, and by the execution of one of the remarkable "bucks," so familiar to the equine race in that country, has removed the disagreeable burden from his back.

Toppie is rather shaken, but as soon as he gets back his wind exclaims, "Here, let's hurry up!" and climbs back with much difficulty and humility on his old steed and recommences the painful journey at the same rapid speed.

I now begin to notice that Toppie is frequently turning round in his saddle to explore, with a swift glance, the country behind him. I ask him what he is looking for, but he evades the

question in a groan of anguish. We have just passed Box Springs and are now within sight of the houses of Riverside, when, turning my head to see what in the world Toppie can be looking for, I perceive at no great distance behind us the dust raised by some horsemen, who are rapidly overtaking us. Toppie pulls his horse to a standstill, and facing me with a most peculiar look on his countenance, in which I really think amusement is the predominating expression, says queerly:—"It's all up with us, boss."

"What's all up?" I inquire.

"Well, I'll tell you," says he: "These ain't my horses, anyway. I stole them up the valley last night, and now the boys have caught us. I sold my horses two days ago to one of the boys, and asked him to lay low about it. Say, here come the boys. Shall we fight? What do you say?"

I realize our position fully, and also the motive for Toppie's anxiety to accomplish the journey quickly. What is to be done now? I have but just time to tell Toppie that if ever he makes a move towards his pistol, the fight will begin by my shooting him—when our pursuers are upon us—three fully armed men, with repeating rifles levelled fair upon us. "Throw up your hands," they shout.

I take a swift glance at Toppie, and though his hands go up into the air, I can scarcely restrain myself from shooting him as I see a broad grin upon the sinner's sandy-haired face. My own hands go up, and it is a relief when our captors have disarmed us, and laying their rifles on the horns of their saddles, tell us to ride on before them.

As we lead the procession at a foot's pace, Toppie at once begins the conversation. "Say, boys, my pard don't know nothing about this job. It was I as done it, and I lied to him and told him as the horses was mine."

"That's too thin," is the only comment our captors vouchsafe on this confession. One of them, gently tapping what I took to be his horse's picket rope, asks me if I know why he brought that along.

I tell him I suppose it is to picket his horse.

"Try again," he says; but I have no other conjecture at command.

"Well," says he, "I'll tell you. It's to put round the necks of the likes of you." He goes on to assure me that had we been overtaken away out in the valley, where there was no one about,

we should by this time have been both strung up to neighbouring trees.

I do not doubt him in the least, and only feel grateful for the protection of the vicinity of Riverside. The position as it stands is not pleasant—a horse-stealer caught in the very act, now on my way to San Bernardino jail, under arrest. I know so few people in the country; none really well. I am convinced that in the end I can prove my innocence, but in the meantime feel myself booked for some days of quiet reflection in San Bernardino jail.

We stop to rest at the only store in Riverside, and you may well imagine my delight to find in the storekeeper one of the few people to whom I had been introduced in Los Angeles. He is also well acquainted with our captors, and after a good deal of parleying persuades them to let us off on payment of what I consider the very reasonable fine of twenty-five dollars.

I returned the next day to Los Angeles on the stage, and from thence went to San Francisco. Toppie, I believe, returned to the mining camp a few days later. His captors had wanted him to return with them, but Toppie, perhaps wisely, declined to trust them.

For a thoroughly reliable, expert, hard-working, practical miner of unblemished character, I shall be happy to recommend to any of my friends, Mr. Toppie Johnson.

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

Correspondence.

The pages devoted to Correspondence are intended not only for broaching fresh subjects on an unlimited variety of topics, but also for brief criticisms or comments upon Articles which appear in the Magazine. The name and address of Correspondents must always be sent (not necessarily for publication), and the Editor cannot undertake to communicate with the writers or return their letters under any circumstances.

A GHOSTLY MANIFESTATION AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.'

SIR,

In 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE' for July appeared a remarkable narrative, entitled "A Ghostly Manifestation." It was signed "A Clergyman:" and contained a promise that names and further information would be given to a serious inquirer. The clergyman, whom I will call Mr. X., has kindly replied to my questions on the matter, and has sent me the corroborative statement of his wife, the only other white witness of the phenomena. There is little doubt, I think, that the events occurred substantially as narrated, and the question, therefore, is as to their explanation.

In scrutinizing such records one has first to consider,—not what natural explanation will fit the phenomena as *recorded*, for this would usually be to seek in vain,—but what natural explanation will fit the record with *least allowance* for exaggeration, and for defects of observation and memory. In this case a hoax on the part of the boys seemed to me, though a strained, yet a possible explanation. But Mr. X. explains to me that the boys as well as the servant formed part of his own party; were strangers in the capital, and dependent on himself for protection. "No other native," he adds, "had access to the house after we were once in." Nor were any rats seen in the house.

There are many well-attested cases, some of which have been set forth by Mrs. Sidgwick in Part VIII. of the 'Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research' (*Trübner & Co.*), where various persons, simultaneously or successively, have experienced hallucinatory sights or sounds in the same house to an extent which places the coincidence

of their hallucinations beyond the range of chance. In some (but not in all) of these cases there are, as in the present instance, circumstances in the history of the house which, while previously unknown to the observers, do nevertheless *fit in* to some extent with the phenomena observed. For reasons too long to give here, I personally think it not impossible that some vague series of reminiscences on the part of a deceased person, some dream of a dead man's, may occasionally affect survivors in the form of a hallucination.

Assuming, for discussion's sake, that this was here the case, I may add that I do not suppose that the door actually moved. Mr. X., naturally enough, assumes that it did shake; although he tells me that he did not *see* it shake. But even had he *seen* it shake, I should have doubted whether it actually did so. The subjoined case, if you care to print it, will illustrate my meaning.

From Mr. PAUL BIRD, 39, *Strand*, *Calcutta*.

May, 1884.

"The experience I and my wife have had in Calcutta is curious, inasmuch as the manifestation was prolonged, and I have been able to form no theory about it of any sort. We occupied the upper flat of a large house for several years. Three or four months before we left for England, we were one night roused from sleep by the violent rattling of a door-handle, as if a man were trying to force an entry. The noise ceased as I went to the door, which I opened, but there was nobody in the next room. I must here premise, as important, that this door had a defective latch; the catch did not act. It had a brass door-handle, and it was my custom every night to put a piece of plank under this handle, one end of the plank resting on the floor, so that by kicking the plank at the botttom the handle was tightly jammed, and the door, therefore, securely fastened. This disturbance constantly occurred. We were awakened again and again by the noise. I tried everything I could think of to find out the cause. I kept a light burning in the next room, and when the noise occurred, ran into the verandah, and looked through the venetians. There was the light burning all right, but nothing else. This went on for several months. At length, as usual, we were wakened by the noise, and as I got up I saw it was nearly daylight, and I said to my wife, 'Now I may find out something.' I advanced to the door, the handle rattling violently, and I *saw* it shaking, as I thought; but when I put my hand on the knob I found it immovable—it was so tightly wedged by the plank I spoke of, that I could not move it in the least, though stronger than the average. I kicked away the plank, and, as usual, found nothing on the other side of the door. Shortly after this we left for England. I may add that we are now living in the same flat, that we found the door-handle had been taken off this particular door only, which is now fastened by a padlock, and that I tried to find out from the landlord something about this door, but without success. We have been in the flat since April 4th, but so far have not been disturbed. I am, of course, convinced that when I *saw* the handle shaken it was an optical delusion; it could not have been shaken, it was so securely wedged.

"PAUL BIRD."

From Mrs. BIRD, *Calcutta.*

July 25th, 1884.

"I am happy to add what I can in corroboration of my husband's statements. The visitation to the door-handle in our bedroom, here in Calcutta, can never be forgotten, because it was such a very strange affair, and so utterly inexplicable. The door-handle was wedged so very firmly by the plank, as described by my husband, yet the noise, produced so mysteriously, was so very loud and sustained. It was a quicker and more vibratory noise than I could ever produce myself by taking hold of the handle, when liberated, and rattling it, and I have never succeeded in producing an exactly similar sound, though I have sometimes tried to illustrate it when telling the story to friends.

"GERTRUDE BIRD."

Mr. X. mentions to me another point of interest. There were two small dogs in the room; and these dogs slept undisturbed through all the noises which woke and kept awake their master and mistress. This fact, while certainly tending to show that the noises were *hallucinatory*, and not real waves of sound,—and so far supporting the theory of their ghostly origin,—may surprise those who believe that if anything "ghostly" is to be seen or heard, a dog will certainly see or hear it. Generally dogs seem to do so; but Mr. X.'s case confirms a supposition which we had already made, viz. that when the animals are present, and do *not* observe the phantasmal sights or sounds, their owners are likely to forget to mention them.

The narrative as it stands,—or say rather the existence in our collection of dozens of *bonâ fide* narratives of similar type,—points a moral which I must conclude by urging on every reader. The hallucinations of sane persons form a subject of inquiry full of the most interesting problems, which much wider information—but nothing short of this—may enable us to solve to the profit of science. In order to get this information, a "census of hallucinations" is being conducted in England and in France. The object is to get from 50,000 persons an answer—and particulars, if the answer is "yes"—to the following question: "Have you ever, when believing yourself to be completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing, or being touched by a living being, or inanimate object, or of hearing a voice; which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?"

Professor Sidgwick, Hillside, Cambridge, will supply census-forms and instructions on application. From whatever point of view we regard these matters, there can be no doubt that *more facts* are the first thing needed; and this census seems a likely way to procure them.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS,

Hon. Sec. Society for Psychical Research, Leckhampton House, Cambridge.

Notes of the Month.

THE debate on the Protection of Children Bill in the House of Lords was signalized by a remarkably effective speech from the Archbishop of Canterbury. On some previous occasions His Grace has appeared to be nervous, apparently overweighted by the sense of responsibility, and, in Presbyterian parlance, "terribly tied to the paper." In these respects he has been unfavourably contrasted with Archbishop Tait, whose speaking in the House of Lords was a model of parliamentary manner, fluent, clear, calm, and conspicuously the utterance of "one having authority." But in the recent debate, Archbishop Benson was visibly moved by lively sympathy with his subject, and spoke of the physical, moral, and mental harm to children, which must result from their employment in theatres, with genuine eloquence and force.

It is strange in these days of "development" and "culture" to hear of tribes still existing who have not yet reached the Stone Age in the history of their civilization; but it is nevertheless true that there are such people—men who possess no iron, or even shaped stone implement or weapon, and who are unacquainted with bows and arrows. Dr. Lumholtz, who was sent out some time ago by the University of Christiania to make researches in the natural history and ethnology of Australia, has recently returned to Europe after several years of study and travel, partly in regions and among tribes hitherto unvisited by any white man. He has brought with him many new specimens of animals and birds, chief among which is the "Boongary," or tree kangaroo of Northern Queensland; but his most interesting experiences were those gathered during his solitary residence among the savages of the Herbert River, who are perhaps, intellectually and socially, in a more primitive state than any other inhabitants of the world. Dr. Lumholtz is engaged in writing a book which will appear next autumn. It is a curious coincidence that he and his fellow-countryman, Dr. Nansen, should have appeared before the British public, from regions so widely remote, in the course of the same year.

It is rumoured—and denied—that Lord St. Cyres, an undergraduate of Magdalen College, Oxford, and grandson to the late Lord Iddesleigh, has been received into the Church of Rome in that city. But, be this

as it may, there is certainly a great revival of proselytizing energy in Oxford, where the Roman Catholic church of St. Aloysius is powerfully manned and worked on attractive lines. The Romeward movement is favoured by the fact that recent legislation has greatly weakened the official hold of the Church of England on the University and the Colleges, and by the removal from Oxford of many leading spirits of the Anglican party. Dr. Talbot has gone to Leeds, Dr. Liddon is seldom seen at Christchurch, Mr. Holland always resides in London, and Mr. Gore is constantly obliged to leave the Pusey House on account of ill-health. Out of this denuded condition of Anglicanism, its enemies of course "suck no small advantage."

Dr. Liddon, who has been closely occupied this summer with his Life of Dr. Pusey, is feeling the effects of overwork, and has found the preparation and delivery of his August sermons in St. Paul's a rather heavy burden. The Bishop of Durham has recovered sufficiently to resume his literary labours, but is still quite unequal to active work in his diocese.

A paper in the August number of the *Nineteenth Century*, on the "New Liberalism," by Mr. Atherley-Jones, one of the Radical members for Durham, has excited the liveliest indignation in the official quarters of the Liberal party. Mr. Jones frankly admits that the English electors do not care a rap for Irish grievances, and cannot be made to "enthuse worth a cent" for Home Rule. He further declares that the party is profoundly disorganized—and that its leaders are completely out of touch with their followers, which things may or may not be true, but are certainly not agreeable hearing for official ears.

The death of Dr. Horatius Bonar, of Edinburgh, is a great loss to the lovers of devotional poetry. Though a Scotchman and a Presbyterian, Dr. Bonar wrote hymns which have been sung with enthusiasm by English congregations, and read with delight and edification in the most orthodox of Anglican homes. Among these some of the best known are "The Church has waited long;" "Thy way, not mine, O Lord;" "I heard the Voice of Jesus say;" and "A few more years shall roll."

Notes from Paris.

The collapse of Boulanger's appeal to the nation has been wofully disappointing to his partisans, although it is no more than might have been expected after his flight from France. The French are too much engrossed in their own affairs, and, generally, too indifferent to pretenders, to keep much interest in those at a distance, unless

constantly reminded of them by something coming directly home to their feelings. They are excitable, and easily worked up by the excitement of others; but there must be somebody present to be excited about, for, or against. The French Government well knew what they were doing when they exiled the Comte de Paris; he is now completely forgotten by the multitude, notwithstanding the amusingly sonorous declarations of the newspapers devoted to his cause, that "La monarchie est faite." What "*monarchie?*" The Empire would be more likely than that of the Comte de Paris. There was then a period of immense prosperity, which the working and labouring classes look back upon with regret; while they have a vague fear of kings and taxes, mixed up together. They might have accepted Boulanger even, with the understanding that "Bibi" meant "Boulanger Imperator," because he was altogether new and untried; it was a lottery-ticket, which might bring a prize, and they like lotteries. Then he pranced on a black horse, and promised military glory; this was an immense attraction, for it might come true, and this would be delightful. What the cost of that military glory would be, they do not stop to examine. But Boulanger is a condemned exile, and they have the Exhibition to enjoy. This is enough for the present. Whether his extradition will be requested or granted, or how long it may be before he again sets foot in France, the future alone can disclose.

Meanwhile, the higher and educated classes are grave and sad. All have a vague foreboding of evil, a feeling as if the present time were a sort of Belshazzar's Feast, with the Medes and Persians at the gates. Everything is going to ruin. Farmers cannot pay the landlords, nor sell their stock; land is offered for sale at disastrous prices, and finds no purchasers. The Exhibition has given a fictitious impetus to trade, but in reality the struggle for life everywhere is terrible. Incomes are diminishing, and taxes are crushing; professions are overcrowded, and now that education has become a drug in the market, the lower social strata are pushing upwards, so that at last, unless they get Chinese or negroes to till the soil, the gentlemen will have to drive the plough, while their wives cook their dinners. The mistresses of training schools will tell visitors that, even amongst the daughters of farm labourers, they cannot find any who will condescend to be cooks. No, indeed! They are far too grand to clean saucepans, they all wish to be ladies' maids; whilst ladies, in consequence of reduced means, are learning to do without them! Not long ago there were *twenty-three thousand* female domestic servants seeking situations on the registers in Paris! The girls of the working class, who formerly looked to be ladies' maids, now all insist on becoming teachers or governesses. The examinations are, purposely, made more and more absurdly severe, to thin the ranks of candidates; but every one tries to get a diploma, with the result that there are now *six thousand* certificated candidates in Paris alone for the next vacancy in a Government school—even an infant school!

The military law has caused general consternation amongst all the Conservateurs, and even the better class of Radicals, who admit that the only result will be a number of inefficient soldiers, with clergy rendered unfit for their mission. It is a direct blow struck at the clergy, and is resented as such by all respectable classes. That all ecclesiastical students should be forced to spend one year in the barracks; that all priests, under forty-five years of age, consequently, even Bishops (if there be any so comparatively young), should be liable to military service in the ranks, as also members of religious orders, chaplains, and professors in colleges, seems to indicate such determined hostility to the Church, that every one wonders what will come next? It was hoped that M. Carnot would exert his influence to get the obnoxious Bill withdrawn, or at least deferred; but, whatever may be the immediate reason, he would appear in this instance to have shown himself a mere signing machine.

There will be a desperate struggle at the elections, and if the Revision party carry the day, M. Carnot may be required to take his bows and smiles to the precincts of his own private home. Everywhere, from the Prince of the Faubourg St. Germain, to the workman who comes to mend a lock, or drive a nail, does one hear the same cry, "Cela ne peut pas durer."

But what is coming? With many it amounts to this, Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die!

Meanwhile Paris is crowded; but visitors will see no Parisians of the better class. Shoals from the distant provinces, not the least interesting of which are the simple country people, who are dumbfounded with amazement, showing their astonishment and delight with characteristic *naïveté*. The people of all nations, who have come by tourist agencies, with cheap tickets, practically but shabbily dressed (having brought but little luggage), form the majority at present; all Parisians in a situation enabling them to go, have gone.

The shops make no great show; we noticed, however, some pretty hats. A particularly brilliant scarlet is in favour just now, as a trimming for straw hats; we remarked two; both were trimmed with velvet ribbon of that rich shade, tied with a large bow: one had a sheaf of oat-ears, as if just gathered, carelessly thrown across it; the other was wreathed with a bough of green filberts—fruit, and leaves. Both were stylish and pretty; the former would be particularly becoming to a brunette complexion and dark eyes.

A recent publication entitled "La Passion d'un Auteur," purporting to be the answers of Mérimée's "Inconnue" to his well-known Letters, has attracted some attention, although the present Letters seem to have been touched up and remodelled for the occasion. The publication of

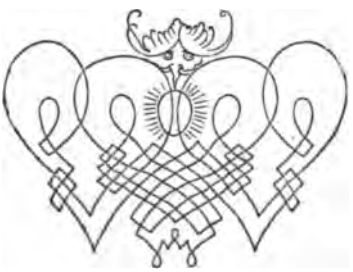
the "Lettres à une Inconnue," caused great indignation at the time, as a most unjustifiable breach of confidence, for mere love of lucre.

The "Inconnue" was an English governess, residing with the family of her employer, at Boulogne-sur-mer. She conceived the rather imprudent idea of writing to Mérimée, and entrusted the letter which began the famous correspondence to a schoolboy returning to Paris after his holidays. The experiment would always be a dangerous one for romantic young ladies, with most French novelists; the cynical reputation of Mérimée was not likely to improve matters. He was interested and flattered; he answered the letter, and a correspondence followed. Miss —— went with her employers to Paris; and there an interview was managed. She was pretty, with the "splendid black eyes" to which Mérimée alludes in his letters; he was fascinated, and great intimacy followed; at first with some difficulty, but an improvement in the position of Miss ——, which made her independent, rendered intercourse more easy. Why he did not marry her remains to be explained; for the letters indicate great affection, and very considerable intimacy—more than might be considered justifiable between a pretty young woman and a bachelor without "intentions."

But this is ancient history, and concerns only the "Inconnue."

What is more to the point at present is the breach of confidence, for which Miss —— cannot be excused. Mérimée wrote to her unreservedly, trusting her fully; and after his death, she flung him to the world, revealing all that he would so earnestly have wished to conceal, with the sole aim of making money by his name and by his love.

French writers have laid the lesson to their hearts, and modern "Inconnues" would not find the same facilities for such a speculation. There is a general resolution, never to write a line which may not be shown to the whole world; and it must be owned that such a determination is a wise one, in times where no privacy is considered sacred.



Our Library List.

LETTERS: LITERARY REMAINS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD. Edited by W. A. WRIGHT. (3 vols. 31*s.* 6*d.*, *Macmillan.*) The first of these volumes contains Mr. Fitzgerald's letters; the second his translations of six dramas by Calderon, and Euphranor, a charming dialogue with something of a platonic perfume; and the third, beside a fine rendering of Agamemnon, the celebrated paraphrase of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. The letters, which have perhaps the greatest interest for the general reader, are written in a delightful style, and reveal a quaint and perverse mind. With gifts which might have enabled him to take a leading part in the world of letters, he was content to remain amongst the violins of the orchestra, and never cared to appear upon the stage. He led a simple country life, absorbed in his books, his garden, his neighbours, and his friends in the world. The latter profited by his leisure; for to them he gave the benefit of his original and richly stored mind in these letters, which are like the most vivid conversations. The friend from youth of Tennyson, Thackeray, and Carlyle, he lived in constant touch with them and their works. No more life-like or interesting impressions have ever been given of them than in the numerous allusions and descriptions scattered throughout the correspondence. But delightful as Mr. Fitzgerald is when writing about men and books, he is quite as much at home with nature, and some of his most charming letters are those which tell of his life on his boat in the company of the sailors and the sea he loved so well.

EXPRESS TRAINS, ENGLISH AND FOREIGN, by E. FOXWELL and T. C. FARRER (*Smith, Elder, & Co.*), is a very thorough and competent performance dealing with all the railways of the world in respect to their comparative speed. Our readers will have been prepared to appreciate such a volume by Mr. Acworth's series of papers on English Railway Companies. A great portion of the book consists of statistical tables, yet so skilfully are these presented, and so shrewd are the comments with which they are interspersed, that the volume once taken up is not readily laid aside. The speed entitling a train to be ranked as express is fixed by our authors at 40 miles an hour for England and 29 miles an hour for foreign countries, scarcely any trains on the Continent attaining to the higher standard. As an example of how complete is British supremacy in such matters, we may

mention that the "lightning" express of Italy is slower than a goods train on the Great Northern. Many readers will be surprised to learn that the actual cost of running a train is not more than one shilling a mile.

THE HANSA TOWNS, by HELEN ZIMMERN, "Story of the Nations" series (*Fisher Unwin*), is the first history in English of the great trade league which for upwards of two centuries governed the commerce of Northern Europe, and which, though its power has long vanished, only reached formal and complete extinction last year. Though it rested on no basis more spiritual than pecuniary advantage, the Hanseatic League acted in the time of its supremacy as a great civilizing industry, encouraging the arts of peace, setting up an ideal of life different from and more humane than the chivalric, and supplying a check to the barbarous anti-social methods of rule practised by the nobles and their retainers. Miss Zimmern writes fluently, and is able to illustrate her subject from a wide range of reading. Her language is, perhaps, at times somewhat perfervid. The volume contains many woodcuts, mostly taken from medieval sources or from photographs of old buildings.

FATHER DAMIEN, by E. CLIFFORD (*Macmillan*), gives a brief account of the work among the lepers of Molokai, which has rendered the name of the heroic Belgian priest famous throughout Christendom. The biographer, an artist whose striking portraits were a few years ago familiar to visitors to the water-colour galleries, accidently read an account of his hero in the spring of 1887, and, being ardently interested in missionary work, at once resolved to visit him in his Hawaiian home. He took with him stores of a remedy for leprosy (gurjun oil), which had proved efficacious in the Andaman Islands in cases where the disease had not obtained a firm hold. Arrived at his destination, he was received with cordial kindness, and in spite of the difference of creed—for Mr. Clifford, as he explains at some length, is not a Roman Catholic, —became very intimate with Father Damien and his fellow-workers. His narrative is set forth in a simple, earnest style, which at times rises into eloquence. It is perhaps regrettable that the volume has been filled out with matter quite irrelevant to its main subject.

SKETCHES OF A YACHTING CRUISE, by MAJOR GAMBIER PARRY (*Allen*), records a cruise through the length and breadth of the Mediterranean—Gibraltar, Sicily, Corfu, Greece, the Cyclades, Mount Athos—and an excursion to Sevastopol. We confess that we are hardly able to judge its pages with strict impartiality, for they recall to us halcyon days, when we too were voyaging "slowly over the perfumed sea" among the "deep woods and white temples and wet caves" of the Ægean. Even for readers who have no such store of memories the

volume should prove a delightful holiday companion, for Major Gambier Parry sees Nature with something of a painter's eyes, and has plenty of information to impart concerning the historic sites which he visits. He does not write as a specialist, but as a cultivated man of the world, whose knowledge is none the less sound for being acquired in a somewhat desultory fashion. The illustrations are unequal; all show an eye for artistic effect, but some betray the untrained draughtsman.

LADY CAR, by Mrs. OLIPHANT (*Longmans*), though a story complete in itself, is a sequel to a former novel by the same accomplished author. Lady Caroline Lindon had been married, under compulsion, to a rich parvenu, and had borne him two children. On his death, his widow, still young and endowed with all his wealth, wedded her early love. But as her first husband had been too rough, so her second was too smooth for her happiness. She had dreamed that he would make a name for himself in the world and carry out some great work, whereas, though his behaviour towards her was tender and devoted, he employed his spare time and money in frivolous amusements. Meanwhile the children of the former marriage did not turn out well, the girl growing up insolent and the boy a scamp. When the latter was discovered to have contracted a marriage, which he believed to be a mock one, with a milliner's girl, Lady Car, whose health had long been failing, took to her bed and died. She was a very sweet and superior, but rather ineffectual, person.

PRINCESS SUNSHINE, by MRS. RIDDELL (2 vols. *Ward & Downey*), is a collection of three stories, of which the first is much the longest and the best. Its central figure, Gregory Gifford, a man steadily pursuing a lofty purpose at the cost of much personal privation, is of a type not wholly unfamiliar to readers of Mrs. Riddell's former works, who will also recognize the main features of the innocent happy-hearted maiden bringing sunshine into her guardian's life. The minor characters are well sketched, and include the three Misses Giffords, ladies who have come down in the world through loss of money, and unable to reconcile themselves to their altered social position; and Percy Gifford, their handsome, idle, self-indulgent and vain brother, who imagines himself to possess literary talent and poses for a brief period as a successful novelist. The story deals with supernatural portents, and is not a very strong production. "Why Dr. Cray left Southam," is ingenious, but exceedingly slight.

MISS SHAFTO, by W. E. NORRIS (3 vols. *Bentley*), fulfils the prophecy which we ventured to make concerning its author a few months since. We do not think that the present volumes are quite up to the level of "The Rogue," but taste differs in such matters; very likely

some of our readers will hold an opposite opinion. The plot is very slight, turning on the question whether the heroine will or will not accept the love of a certain Lord Walter Sinclair; and on the financial fortunes of her father, a squire who endeavoured to economise by taking a house in Upper Belgrave Street, and then frittered away his money in speculation under the guidance of an unscrupulous German baron. The last-named is perhaps the strongest character in the book; for if one had to be critical, one would say that Mr. Norris's personages are apt to suffer from anæmia, intellectual and moral. Mr. Shafto, the obstinate, foolish, kind-hearted ex-squire, is delicately drawn; but Lord Walter's elder brother, a raffish but chivalrous Marquis, seems to us to draw merely a thin and literary breath.

MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1889.

Brotherhoods of the Poor.

WE have recently witnessed a strike which must be regarded as one of the most remarkable in modern times. It began among the lowest, most despised, and most down-trodden class of unskilled labourers—a class which has been proverbial for misery and poverty, and for the struggle of many to secure the scantily-paid toil which can only be allotted to the few. Beginning among two or three thousand dock-labourers, it extended like the spread of a conflagration, till, in an incredibly short time, more than a hundred thousand men were on strike. London was overawed by a multitude marching through her streets more numerous than many an army which has conquered kingdoms. Her trade, which is the astonishment of the world, was for a time paralysed. Hundreds of vessels lay idle in her docks and her great river, which were able neither to ship nor to unship their loads. Tens of thousands of pounds were lost every day. In the East-end of London streets were deserted and wharves were empty. Two circumstances of the strike were specially memorable. One was that though myriads were suffering from the stress of hunger, and saw the pinched look on the faces of their wives and little children, and could only look forward to a future of terrible uncertainty, they yet abstained from acts of violence; and the leaders in whom they trusted were men who faithfully dissuaded them from every revolutionary measure to which they might have been goaded by the maddening stress of want. Another fact, full of the deepest significance for the future, was that the vast majority of the men on strike had no personal grievance. They acted on motives which, whether they were founded on mistaken

views or not, were certainly full of chivalry, brotherliness, and self-denial. Though many of them were receiving high wages with which they were perfectly satisfied, they made common cause with the poor dockmen, and went out on strike;—a course which as they well knew might not only cause them present inconvenience, but might even imperil their future interests. They faced the risk with a generous desire to secure higher wages and less galling conditions for their suffering fellows.

When the strike was drawing to a close I received a letter from a working man, a perfect stranger, whose name even was unknown to me, entreating me in warm terms to express my sympathy with the troubled and excited workers of East London. It may be worth while to record how the strike presented itself to an evidently honest and intelligent young artizan who had no personal share in it. He wrote as follows:

"I beg in all faith and honesty to ask your aid in the present crisis of the strike. In the first place I am sure their cause is just, as I have had seventeen years' knowledge of them and their work. Mr. J. Burns, their champion and leader, is much loved and trusted by them. He is a total abstainer and non-smoker, and has formed them into a band of brothers ready to suffer any pains for the right. What the men now want to keep them together is a great spiritual leader. Mr. Burns has stirred up in them chivalric qualities hitherto undreamed of. Now is the time to arouse their spiritual faculties. I sympathise with them, heart and soul, as you would do if you could only see half the sacrifices they make for honour's sake. I have never seen the spirit of right and chivalry so stirred in them before. I feel certain that this is an opportunity to touch their souls. Will you not write a letter to their organ, or speak at their next meeting?"

I felt the force of the appeal, but for two reasons I was unable to take any step in the matter. The first was accidental. I had been travelling from the North of Ireland to the depths of Eskdale, where I was at a distance from any post. The letter was consequently delayed in transmission; and when I received it a week had elapsed since I had read a newspaper, and I did not even know whether the strike was over or not. The other reason was different. I saw that in hundreds of instances strikes had proved fatal to the best interests of the working-men themselves. Sometimes strikes had been defeated, leaving behind them a long trail of indigence and misery. Sometimes they had succeeded, and their success had done

worse harm by permanently disturbing the delicate relations between capital and labour; by causing great works to be closed, and so throwing multitudes out of permanent employment; and—which was the most fatal result of all—by driving important industries entirely out of the kingdom, and thus proving a benefit to other countries at the expense of our own at the very time when the strain of international competition is becoming constantly more severe.

A clergyman ought instinctively to regard himself as a champion of the poor and the oppressed when their cause is just. Christ was a poor man among the poor. He chose for His lot on earth the shop of the carpenter and the boat of the fisherman. He pronounced his beatitude upon the lowly, and invited to Himself the heavy laden. But one whose function is that of a religious teacher is specially bound to do nothing rash. The very sympathy which he feels with the unfortunate should check him from encouraging any action which may tend in the long run to ruin the interests which he desires to serve. The strike of the dock-labourers raised questions which perplexed the wisest philanthropists and the profoundest political economists; and it was impossible for one who was not upon the spot, and had made no special study of the whole question, to take any active part by thrusting himself with insufficient knowledge into a struggle of which the ultimate issues appeared to be so momentous.

But the phenomena of the strike ought to bring other considerations very forcibly home to the minds of all who love the Church of England, of all who believe in the faith of Christ.

For every one, I think, will admit that neither the Church of England nor any other religious bodies went for much in the mind of those hundred thousand working-men. Cardinal Manning did indeed produce a deeply favourable impression, and is always foremost in every good social work. His influence was nothing short of a national boon, and the Bishop of London seconded the noble effort of the Cardinal. But with this and one or two other exceptions, neither as corporate bodies, nor by the action of their individual members, did any of the sects or churches wield any potent influence over this vast social movement. No one referred to them; no one consulted them. The leaders of the great associated strike were not in the least recognizable by their adherence to any special form of religious belief. No one ever dreamed of calling in the intervention of

Bishops or any body of Church dignitaries or Dissenting ministers to act as arbitrators. Of the hundred thousand artizans who demonstrated in Hyde Park, or paraded the streets of the East-end, it is very doubtful if ten per cent. regularly attended any Christian assembly, or acknowledged the immediate authority of any religious community. By the confession of the Church of England, and of all other Christian bodies, the working-classes as a whole have "lapsed" or drifted away from the influence of the Church.

Do we realize what that means?

It does not mean that the working-classes as a whole are godless, but it does mean that they have cut themselves loose from many of the best aids and incentives to godliness. It does not mean that they hate religion, but it does mean that in the current forms of religion they do not find the blessings and consolations which are the best support and the richest boon of life. It does not mean that they have no hope and are without God in the world, but it does mean that they lose the divinely appointed way of keeping God ever before them, and that their hopes are in constant danger of being drowned in the muddy and shallow deluge of daily misery and struggle.

Ought we to be content with this state of things? Are we doing our duty if we make no effort to recover the lost ground and to keep pace with the rising tide of population?

Optimists will say, "We have the Parochial system, and the clergy were never more active than at present."

Few men have a higher estimate of the value of the Parochial system than I have, but I must say plainly that if we consider it adequate to the needs of these days we are under a complete delusion.

The working of the Parochial system is admirable for the requirements of the ordinary pastorate. Nothing better could be devised for ministrations to those who are faithful members of the Church. But it is not evangelistic, it is not aggressive. In thousands of parishes it breaks down quite hopelessly, partly because their numbers are so unmanageable that most of the parishioners never see their clergyman at all; partly because in great cities the parochial unity has been absolutely obliterated. What are we to say of parishes of ten, or even twenty thousand people who do not and will not contribute enough to pay for the warming and the lighting of their own church? who refuse to subscribe as much as £10 a year to maintain their own

schools? who allow their struggling and burdened vicar to provide out of his own pocket the stipends of the curates whom he is forced to engage, not to lighten his own labours but to meet the spiritual needs of his people? What are we to say of parishes of many thousands, under good and able men, which yet cannot muster more than a handful of communicants, and cannot send up more than a dozen or two candidates for confirmation? England is becoming a nation of great cities. There are parishes which in ten years have quintupled their population. If we trust to the Parochial system alone to maintain the cause of religion among these teeming multitudes we are leaning upon a broken reed. Much too of what is vaunted as the increased activity among the clergy is purely functional. It consists in the multiplication of services and the elaboration of ceremonies. If a clergyman has daily service, it is supposed that he *must* be doing good work. Yet what is the practical value of the daily service, when, after being fully tried for years, the entire congregation consists (as I have known to be the case) of a single idiot, sitting with a book before him upside down; or of the bell-ringer and two old women; or of four young ladies, the daughters of the vicar; or of the schoolmaster alone, so that, as one vicar said to me, "I daily read the service to the congregation, and the congregation reads the lessons to me"? Functions, and ceremonies, and services may be admirable in their place, but they will never do the work achieved either by St. Paul, or by Francis of Assisi, or by Wesley and Whitfield. Our Sunday services are delightful to the educated and the faithful; but the unanimous voice of a body of hard-working East-end London clergymen assures us that "Neither in length nor in structure, nor in language is our liturgy adapted to the needs of the working-classes. It offers them that which they do not understand, and for which they do not care."

I say then that unless we are prepared to try other resources, to put into play new, more varied, and more energetic agencies, the influence of the Church among the working-classes, which is already at so low an ebb, will soon cease to exist altogether. We are living in a fool's Paradise if we flatter ourselves that the much-boasted revival of "Church principles" has made any impression on that vast multitude who are hardly to be called a class at all, but are rather the very backbone of the nation. A crowded church will be found in every large parish where the vicar is a good preacher and is beloved, quite irrespectively of

whether he is High, or Low, or Broad. An impressive or gorgeous ritual, to say nothing of its expensiveness, will never of itself fill any church with working-men, or produce any sort of effect upon them. The one thing which can and will reach them is *personal influence;* and to that they are always amenable, whether it come from a Frederick Robertson or a Father Lowder, from Maurice or Mackonochie, from Simeon or Dean Stanley. The poorer masses will never be reached by a particular set of views or practices; they will always be favourably influenced by earnest men.

Now it is this personal influence which cannot on any adequate scale be brought to bear by the parochial clergy in large and densely crowded parishes. It is not in one case out of a hundred that they get any real hold of the working-men in a mass, though they may reach a few. The parochial clergy are rarely well off. They are married; they are incessantly occupied by meetings, addresses, classes, and organizations of all kinds. They get hold of the young in their schools, but they almost inevitably lose sight of the youths of both sexes immediately after their first communion. A large parish needs the exclusive work of one clergyman merely to keep touch with the young men; and to do this requires gifts and sympathies which perhaps no member of the clerical staff—even if he could be spared from other duties—may happen to possess. Yet the youths of both sexes constitute one of the most important classes of the community, and if they be lost sight of, it may well happen that they soon cease to be members of the Church in anything but name.

What, then, is the remedy?

There is no one formal remedy, but every remedy which can be brought to bear may be summed up in the *extension of the personal influence of high-minded, faithful, and educated men.*

Mankind has never been delivered by committees or organizations. Ultimately it has always been the individual who has flashed into other souls the electric impulse which has pervaded his own. The purification of corrupt societies, the conversion of barbarous races, the redemption of intolerable wrongs, has always begun with the action of a single heart, and the self-sacrifice of the one evokes the enthusiasm of the many. St. Antony, St. Benedict, St. Columba, St. Francis of Assisi, Savonarola, Luther, St. Francis Xavier, St. Vincent de Paul, John Howard, Wesley, William Carey, John Pounds, William

Lloyd Garrison, Lord Shaftesbury—take away these names from the history of Christendom, and delete the influence they exercised, and modern Europe might still have been a chaos of barbarism and cruelty, of vice and superstition.

And what were the two great wings with which every one of them soared above the dead-level of their contemporaries, and uplifted with them their suffering and degraded fellow-men? They were the two great wings of enthusiasm and self-denial.

Enthusiasm and self-denial cannot be had to order, but in the hearts of good men there is a vast reserve-force of both, and they are called forth by special needs. When the hour has struck, the man is usually forthcoming. The hour *has* struck, and the Church anxiously awaits the man who shall have the requisite powers to organize that which cannot fail to be a mighty movement.

Such a man, looking back at the annals of the past, will see that the great work of human amelioration, the conversion of the heathen, the recovery of the lapsed, the arousing of selfish and luxurious societies, can never be accomplished by proxy or by subscription lists, or by an office and paid secretaries, or by languid, advertising, and perfunctory associations. It can only be achieved by toil of heart and brain, by agonies and energies, by men who look neither for honour nor even for success, by men who work in faith and to whom the work is the reward. It was thus that gladiatorial shows were abolished, that slaves were emancipated, that prisons were purified, that drunkards were reclaimed, that factory children were rescued. And in almost every instance the work has been done by men who were not only singlehearted by nature, but who could devote themselves exclusively to their one main task by setting aside all personal ends, and keeping themselves disentangled from the cares of life.

When a great work has been begun, it becomes too large for a single worker. It is taken up by those who imitate his example, who band themselves into a community animated by the same high desire. But if the community is to carry out the work of their head or founder, they must be bound by similar conditions. And those conditions of exclusive devotion to one great end, resolve themselves mainly into three: the old vows of poverty, celibacy, and obedience, which in past ages added so vast a potency to individual self-sacrifice.

And at this point many will start back disgusted and terrified by the proposal. They will say Monasticism in age after age

has proved itself a deadly failure. Would you, in defiance of the plain lessons of History, propose to re-introduce it into that Church of England by which the spirit of it has been deliberately rejected?

I answer that I should regard the re-introduction of all that is meant by "Monasticism" into the Church of England as a frightful calamity. Even as early as the fourth century the records of the Church begin to teem with shameful stories, like those about wicked, sensual and greedy monks which are recorded by St. Jerome and other Fathers. St. Augustine, enamoured as he was of the cœnobitic life, and though he unwisely endeavoured to enforce it upon his clergy, yet confesses that if some of the best men he had ever known had been monks, so too had some of the worst. Monasticism may be possible to the saintly few, and they may secure its best conditions for themselves without leaving their own houses; but as an institution for many it has been stamped by History with fierce and emphatic disapprobation.

But the Brothers of the Poor whose establishment is in contemplation will not be monks in any sense of the word. The first and fundamental difference between them and monks will be this, that their vows will never be permitted to be permanent. They will be voluntary; they will be temporary; they will be dispensable; they will never be undertaken for more than five years; they may at any time be laid aside. By this means the Brotherhood will be saved from the intolerable curse of the monasteries, the misery and corruption of men who were unequal to their vows and had mistaken their vocation. Further, the life of the Brothers will be active, not contemplative; public, not secluded; enlivened by constant and cheerful intercourse with their fellow-men, not shut up in cells; busy with energetic beneficence, not swallowed up by seven services a day. It will be a life spent in the very midst of the world, not entirely withdrawn from it. The one aim of the Brothers, lay and clerical, will be to serve, and to win, and to elevate, and to purify others; not to absorb themselves in the contemplation of how best to save their own souls. For the time that they are members of any Brotherhood they will live, gladly and unencumbered, as poor men among the poor. Their single rooms will be among the abodes of the poor, and will be always open to the poor. They will be the friends of the poor, not separated from them by abysses of external respectability, nor removed

from the possibility of fully understanding the condition of their life. They will be face to face and shoulder to shoulder with the working-classes, earning their full confidence by manifesting unstinted sympathy with them in their needs and sorrows. They will not be crude, brawling, uneducated evangelists, with a stock of fluent and ignorant shibboleths, but gentlemen, men educated at our public schools and Universities, men of knowledge and refinement, who will be ready to make a cheerful sacrifice of the interests which most men hold so dear and in which they find so little satisfaction, for the sake of winning back the great masses of their fellow-countrymen in crowded cities to the inheritance of blessings which myriads are rapidly losing or have already lost. If they undertake this mission in the right spirit they cannot fail; and if they succeed, they will become the saviours of our modern civilization.

I believe that two or three thousand of such workers, costing the Church nothing, appealing for no funds, accepting no subscriptions, living (and that in perfect comfort) on £40 or £50 a year, derived either exclusively from their own private means, or given them by those who send them to their work, would produce an incalculable change in the future destinies of the Church of England, and therefore of England herself and of the world. They might diminish that horrible scourge of drunkenness, which is the worst curse of the working-classes, and which drags them down into abysses out of which they can never rise until they have emancipated themselves from the tyranny of the ginshop. They might deepen, and in many regions create afresh by their example, the lost ideal of purity, and save London from the disgrace and shipwreck of all that is best in human life, caused by the multitudes of fallen women who are now, alas! to be numbered by tens of thousands. They might grapple effectually with the subtle and spreading evil of betting and gambling, and might help to dissipate the intolerable dulness and dreariness which now takes refuge in these spurious forms of excitement. Above all, the work and example of men whose lives were obviously devoted to the good of the poor at the spontaneous sacrifice of their own gain, could not fail to win the confidence of the great body of the people. Confidence, as the great statesman said, is a plant of slow growth. At present the clergy as a body do not possess the confidence of the people either in the country or in the cities. They have failed to convince them that the labours of the clergy should be

mainly in the service of the poor because the poor are the more in number; and that they have a Gospel for the poor which neither Socialists nor men of science can offer them. It is more than doubtful whether this lost confidence can be won back by any of the present agencies. New efforts, new sacrifices are needed—new, yet in their method and spirit as old as Christianity itself—before the mass of the people can see those days of the Son of Man which they have lost, and for which in their inmost hearts they sigh. If any can suggest better or safer expedients to restore the religious life of the multitude than by the formation of Brotherhoods such as I have here indicated, let them not be contented to object and to criticise, but let them tell us what is needful.

"Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti; si non his utere mecum."

The Southern House of Convocation has passed a unanimous resolution to the effect that the time has come when the Church can welcome the aid of such Brotherhoods; but it has not yet pledged itself to any details of their organization. This cannot be done till the next Session of Convocation in May 1890. But if the sanction of the Upper and Lower Houses be given to the formation of a body such as is contemplated in this paper, there can be little doubt that some one will come forward who will endeavour to lead the movement and to organize the work of Brethren of the Poor in parishes and dioceses where such work would be welcomed. Many of the Bishops have already expressed their approval of the plan, and if it be carried out under wise and favourable auspices, I am one of those who feel strongly convinced that it will bring to bear upon the religious needs of the multitude a force no less mighty than that which was exercised by the early followers of St. Benedict, or the Minorites of St. Francis, or the Poor Priests of Wycliffe, or the Piagnoni of Savonarola, or the order of St. Vincent de Paul, or those whom John Wesley sent forth throughout the length and breadth of England to awaken the torpor of a selfish and slumbering Church.

F. W. FARRAR.

Dramatic Opinions.

By MRS. KENDAL.

Part II.

People often ask me what are the secrets of popularity in an actor. Who can say? It is that little *something* which we cannot describe which makes him or her sympathetic with an audience. If we could say *what* it is, if we could, as it were, place our hands on the actual spot and declare it to be this or that which gives popularity, should we not all try and get it for ourselves? Were it to be sold in a shop, should we not go and buy it? It is that little mysterious something which makes a man or woman great or popular. They may be full of faults, they may have any strongly marked individuality you like, it is that "something," that unknown quality, which makes them more or less sympathetic. To a certain extent the public is led by the voice which says "Follow me, this, or that, is great." Many actors have arrived at popularity by the public being told they are great till it comes to believe them so. At the same time the public are so marvellously intuitive, they are so wonderfully correct, that a man could not sustain his popularity, or a woman sustain hers, and by "sustain" I mean go on for a period of years retaining their popularity, unless there were that "something" in them.

How often one goes into a theatre and sees in the programme the name of a clever man or woman playing a second or third rate part! We say "Oh! Mr. So-and-So, or Mrs. So-and-So. How delightful! they always act so well." But for all that they are not the particular person who has taken us to the theatre, they are not the person whom we have paid our money to see. We are delighted when we see their names on the programme, but they have not attracted us there. The actor or actress who

attracted us there may not be half so good an artist; but he or she possesses the indefinable "something" that draws, draws us not only from a monetary but also from a sympathetic point of view. There are many good actors and actresses who intellectually could teach those whom the public have placed in a position above them, but who lack that extraordinary power of drawing. You cannot tell what it is, this particular charm, it is indescribable. Perhaps, my reader, you suggest that it is genius in some form or other. No, that is not the right word. The word genius should strictly only be applied to about three of the people I have met in the whole course of my life. It is true I have heard it applied at least three million times, thrown broadcast in fact. So that for me it has rather lost its meaning. No, it would be impossible to describe the secret of popularity in an actor or an actress.

Some people say that when you are acting upon the stage with an actor or actress you think they are good, and yet their art does not go "over the footlights" and reach the heart of the public. Sometimes I have been told, "How bad this actor is at the rehearsal! and, close to you, how unsympathetic, and yet what an effect he produces on his audience!" I do not believe this. I do not believe that any actor who is not sympathetic to act with—and by this I do not mean anything but actually the word I am using—sympathetic in his part—I say I do not believe that such an actor's art *can* reach the public. If the tone of an actor's or actress's voice with whom you are acting does not allow you to answer them in the frame of mind and heart that you should be representing while you speak, and is not in sympathy with you, it is impossible for you to make the audience follow your train of thought. Acting is like photography. One single person has instantaneously to photograph the same impression upon the minds of hundreds. It is the duty of an actor to make the audience see the part from *his* point of view. If the audience is discussing whether the actor is right, the actor has not got hold of them. When I am acting, I must make the people feel that they see it from *my* point of view. If they discuss during the time I am acting whether I am right or wrong, I certainly have not got hold of them. They may discuss it afterwards, and say, "He was right," or "She was wrong"—this, that, and the other—but during the time I am acting it must be, as it were, a photograph thrown upon each individual mind of the audience, and I, or

whoever is acting, must have the power to impress each mind so forcibly that for the time at least it must see only the situation as it is so focussed.

This is one of the difficulties in playing a part taken from a well-known book. Each person among the audience, on reading the book, has drawn his own picture of the character. When they come to see an actor or an actress play that character, they immediately question whether it is right. "She did not do that. In the book I see so and so. He did not do so and so." Of course this difficulty is at its height when one is playing Shakespeare. It does great credit to the talent of the actor or actress if they realize to the ***majority*** the idea of the characters they have read of.

I am not now considering the truism that the playing of an actor ought not to appear to be playing at all, but a scene in real life. That is naturally a ***sine quâ non.*** I am thinking of the cases where the public have read about a character in a book and formed their own ideas about it. A fine actor's interpretation of such a character ought to appear true to the majority of the audience, and be sympathetic to every intelligent conception of the part. The only person I ever saw who realized my idea of "Jo" in 'Bleak House' was Miss Jenny Lee. She was so physically like the part, and it was such a beautiful performance, that one never questioned it. It was the reality. But it is very, very difficult, when the majority of the public have read a book, for an actor to realize for them what they have already realized for themselves, often in various ways. To take an illustration. I can only call to mind two painters who have succeeded in realizing the ideal we may have formed of the face of our Blessed Lord. How often painters try to give the sublimity, the intellectuality, the divinity of that face! Yet when we stand before their pictures, how seldom do they come up to our imaginative ideal, because we each have our own! There is always something lacking. Something of the same kind is true of representations of Shakespeare's characters.

And then there is the difficulty of rightly understanding the text. Get any three actors—three Shakespeare students—to go and see a performance of Shakespeare. Each one will discover a new reading, or, at any rate, converse and argue and cavil about the emphasis. For instance, Othello says: "Put out the light, and then—put out the light." Now I have heard the most clever and intelligent and gifted men in my profession argue—I

had almost said for hours—over the reading of these few words, "Put out the light—and then—put out the light." One maintained that Shakespeare's meaning is, "Put out the light," referring to the light of Desdemona's life; "and then," as if Othello had already in thought killed her, and asked himself afterwards the question, "Put out the light?" Another asserted that "Put out the light" refers to the candle which Othello carries in his hand—"Put out the light"—that is, extinguish the candle; "and then," referring to the murder he is about to commit. Who shall decide which interpretation is correct? Who shall say what was in Shakespeare's mind when he put into Othello's mouth the words, "Put out the light, and then put out the light"? There are hardly two men or women in my profession who would be found to agree upon the reading of that one line. I can only tell you that I have heard it discussed so often that I scarcely know what my own opinion on the subject is! And Shakespeare is full of such lines. His mind was so subtle, so extraordinary, that I can quite understand this eager discussion going on centuries after his death as to whether he really wrote the plays which bear his name or whether he did not. The more you know of Shakespeare, the more you read of him, the more marvellous does he appear, and the more subtle. "How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! In action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god." Read Shakespeare when you are young, read Shakespeare when you grow older, and the same words will seem to have totally different meanings. The phrase in the Bible, "Now we see through a glass darkly," might be applied to the reading of Shakespeare's plays. It would be impossible for any ordinary persons, if they were to live to be hundreds of years old, and thought only of cultivating their minds, to tell you, from their own small range of thought, what Shakespeare meant. This will help you to appreciate the tremendous difficulty of realizing the ideality and personality of Shakespeare's characters.

However, every writer of plays is not a Shakespeare, and sometimes—indeed, I may say often—a poor play can be turned into a success by fine acting. There is one matter upon which I venture to quarrel with some of the chief critics of our time. They never point out to the public where the author ceases and where the actor begins, where the author has "made" the actor, and where the actor "makes" the author. The dividing line is so fine, that even the best writers of our time fail to discern it,

and it would be impossible for *me* to attempt to define it here. A writer brings a play into a theatre, and, as it were, leaves his child in that unknown region. It is in the manager's discretion to cast that play as he thinks best, and for the stage director to bring out all the author's points. It is, to a very great extent, to the stage management that the success of the play is due. Then comes the exposition by the actors. I have seldom met an author who has not said, "I do not think you make enough of this; I meant this to be very much greater in effect;" and as often—no, perhaps not *quite* so often—he says, "I never thought, when I wrote that, that there was so much in it as you have made of it." One man has said these two things to me. It is not every author, clever men as authors are, who knows exactly what effects will be produced by his play. He has his own ideas, and he sometimes owes a great deal to the actors. A certain author, whom I will not name, is accustomed to declare, "I do not want actors and actresses to think what they are going to do with my parts. These are my lines as I have written them; let my ideas be reproduced; let us have no vagaries of other people's." But that author has never succeeded in touching the heart of his public. When a writer leaves his play in a theatre, he gives it up, as it were, and, in my opinion, it should be left to the feelings of the artists engaged in it, who, as a rule, work most wonderfully together. They ask each other's opinions, consult each other's thoughts, and inadvertently teach one another by suggesting little details and, as it were, threshing out the meaning of the author's words, sometimes wonderfully improving the play in the process.

I have known adverse criticism to be useful in many instances. One strikes my memory very vividly. When first the play of 'Lady Clancarty' was produced at the St. James's Theatre, I think nearly all the criticisms upon me were adverse; in some cases the writers—gentlemen in whose opinion I have the greatest faith, and for whose judgment I have the greatest admiration—pointed out most kindly to me where they thought my reading and my view of the character were wrong. First impressions had been made by a very beautiful and extremely talented woman; and I dare say that, to some extent, militated against me—for first impressions always are the strongest, and it is quite right they should be. I felt so instinctively that these criticisms were right, that I worked very, very hard at my part for weeks and weeks. I went on a long

tour with it in the country, and tried it in many different ways, and eventually, when I returned to re-open the St. James's Theatre in the winter season with it, the criticisms of me were most generous and kind, and I was highly praised for the improvement I had made in my part. I cannot now recall to mind every instance in which I have remembered the criticisms which have been written upon me—where I have instinctively felt that they were right and I was wrong, and I altered my part accordingly. I have great admiration for the writings of some theatrical critics, who, whenever they have to say anything unkind, do so in a very gentlemanlike way, and in a kindly spirit, and who, if they praise you, do so to the utmost of their power. This, of course, is in violent contrast with those critics who are led, more or less, by personal feeling of like or dislike to the artist they are criticising, or with those people who make it a point of turning everything into ridicule, no matter what you may attempt from a high art point of view.

Certainly I think the love of the amateur world for theatricals, which has increased so much of late years, has done as much good for the stage as amateurs have done for music. Look at the amateurs who every night are seen at the Philharmonic Concerts, who help to keep up the tone of high classical music by their devotion and their love of it. So I think amateurs have to a great extent helped the stage. No doubt, as with everything else, it has had its drawbacks. Amateurs come with their books, in the case of any play which they are going to do; and they sit in a private box and take notes, and give as near an imitation of anybody they think right as they possibly can. At the same time there is the fact, that they are continually rehearsing, and that they each have their hero and heroine that they follow in the art. They are continually conversing in their own home circle as to theatres and theatrical life. It may have had its drawbacks, perhaps, in letting the outside world know that snow is made of pieces of paper, and that the moon is really only a limelight. At the same time, it has, on the other hand, been the means of opening the minds of thousands in the world, who at one time had a sort of instinctive wonder at actors and actresses because they did not know them, and at the same time an instinctive dislike for what is termed going "behind the scenes." Nowadays, all that is swept away. Everybody now knows how the curtain is taken up and where the prompter stands, and what "flies" and "borders" are. Another very

great thing for the public to have found out is that, as a rule, in from three to five minutes from 1000 to 1200 people may go safely out of a theatre. I am very proud to say that many of my friends have very often made their "first appearance on any stage" behind the footlights of the St. James's. All this converse and this reciprocal feeling between the audience and actors and actresses, and all this personal intercourse has entirely swept away the thousand little cricks and prejudices, which at one time existed; and I consider that it is the amateur who has, in great measure, opened the eyes of this section of the public.

On the opposite side of the balance must be placed the actors and actresses who, instead of keeping to their art, take to Society, and are more known for where they go in Society than for their work upon the stage. There is an excellent anecdote told of Macready and Samuel Phelps. Macready was acting at Drury Lane in the West-end, and Phelps at Sadler's Wells in the East-end. Macready wrote a letter, something like the following:

"My dear Phelps,—Why not come to the West—a great actor like you? Surely there is room for two!"

and so on. To which Phelps replied:

"My dear Macready,—How kind of you to think of me! I am very happy at the East-end of London. I cannot act as well *off* as I can *on* the stage, so I will stop where I am."

This was written some number of years ago. I venture to say that it is a slight hit at some members of my profession who make Society a vehicle for the stage, instead of making the stage a vehicle by which to make Society respect them. I shall perhaps give offence by making these remarks, and I apologise to those whom it may hurt, but I feel this deeply. When I know how hard actors and actresses have to work, and how often they have to change their dresses at night; and when I see them, tired and jaded, tearing up to their dressing-room to put on another dress in order to go to some crush after the play, I must say I feel it is a pity that any artists should think it necessary to air themselves before the eyes of that public which has paid its 10*s.* 6*d.* a few hours previously to see them. This, I know, is open to a great deal of contradiction, and many actors and actresses will say, "This is our relaxation. This is the time when our work is done, and we feel that we can go out and

enjoy ourselves." And so it is. I have no doubt it has its good side, but from the point of view that I take, I doubt whether it will, in the end, do as much good as in the present day it is thought to do.

Because a person is charming at a dinner-table or at an evening party, people say, "We must go and see So-and-so." It is a sort of thing that creates curiosity, and people go to the play because they have met the artist in Society. In fact, I look upon it as a form of advertisement. I may very likely be wrong. Some people say I always *shall* be wrong. Still, I have my poor opinion, and, such as it is, I express it.

If artists really have exhausted their energies upon the British public by acting parts which entirely take every bit and drop of vitality out of their fibre, they cannot shine in Society. They must either keep to their theatrical work, or they must reserve from the British public some of their vitality, and retain it for the good of Society. If you are a bitterly conscientious person, and act up to the hilt, I defy you night after night to go out, after your work, or even two or three times a week. If an actor has a lengthy rehearsal during the day and then has to play an extremely heavy part, it is impossible that he can go out again afterwards. During the year that I played in 'Impulse,' I went out to nearly every party and reception to which I was invited. But why? I had not forty lines to speak in the whole play—nothing to do. I was fresh, and equal to going out. But when I have a heavy part, I could no more go out than I could take wings. Not that I am applying my observations to that point of view at all. I am applying them to the fact that there are many artists upon the stage who go into Society for the sake of being seen, and by that means get a sort of *clientèle* of the public who follow them on to the stage. That is what I dislike.

Great indeed is the compliment when the highest in the land seek the society of those who have done honour and credit to the stage, but there is no compliment when the seeking is prompted by curiosity, or merely responds to a desire for self-advertisement.

I do not think that amateurs take the bread out of other people's mouths. Certainly not. Since amateurs have come upon the stage, they have brought with them an immense deal of good. Look at the hundreds and hundreds of nice young girls—and young men too—who, with regard to personal qualifications, are certainly gifted for the theatre; it is perfectly

wonderful the different people that I see who wish to come upon the stage, and I always encourage them to do so.

Women, as a rule, are quicker in learning anything than men. I do not think there is a thing in the world that a woman could be better than an actress; there is no other calling in which she can earn so much money; no other calling in which she can keep her own standard so high; no other calling in which she can set a better example and do more good. An actress lives in a world of her own creation and imagination for the time being, a world in which she is perfectly happy, or perfectly miserable, as the case may be; and she holds a position which is unique if she has the necessary qualifications, such as the perseverance which is necessary even when the talent is already there.

I do not say there is room for all, but those who have the ability will naturally come to the fore. Of course there must be a large majority who will go to the wall, poor girls! but at the same time there are a great many who come to the front, at any rate there are a great many who can earn their £300 or £400 a year, and that is a very nice competence for a woman in the middle class of life, very much more than she would earn in almost any other career. Besides, she has the blessedness of independence, and that is a great thing to a woman, and especially to a single woman.

Naturally many of the acting profession are in the ranks of the "unemployed." That must always be the case where there is a very large concourse of people. And in the dramatic profession the risks are increased by the hazardous and temporary nature of engagements.

There is a very great discussion as to whether people act best in parts that are most like themselves or most like the people they would wish to be. This is a controversy that is continually being opened, and has never yet been answered. Some people think, that if the part of a villain is acted very well, the actor must be a villain, and therefore anybody who plays the part of a murderer must be looked upon with aversion. To a small extent, there is no doubt about it, you must bring your own individuality and character upon the stage. That goes without saying.

I think success chiefly depends on the power of imagination and the creative faculty, and the question is whether it is developed enough, and whether you can throw yourself into

the feelings of the character, whatever they may be at the time. A very severe critic once said that unless a woman was very, very noble in all the attributes of her life, she could not play a certain beautiful Shakesperean character. Well, that is a very severe stricture, because, whatever a woman's life may be, that surely can have nothing to do with the bump of her imaginative faculty or creative power. But there is no doubt about it that we bring on to the stage an atmosphere of our own. That, I decidedly assert. Whether in a large part or small one, the peculiar personal characteristics that we possess will show themselves.

In a paper read before the Social Science Congress some time ago, I said "It is pleasanter to think that when the curtain has fallen, and the actor or actress is at home, he or she leads or is capable of leading the same kind of life." I meant by this, if any one had been playing some great and noble character that evening, and stirring all the better and grander emotions in our nature, we, the public, who had been, for the time, carried out of our own lives, could reflect with satisfaction on the artiste, who had been gifted with so much power! In this instance I make myself one of the public. I wear for the moment my crown as "Matron of the Drama"!

Old Absolute tells his son Jack to get an atmosphere of his own. There is no doubt that we all have our own atmospheres and suns. We do not drop them when we go into a drawing-room or into a dining-room; therefore how can we possibly drop them when we are on the stage? This is all I mean, nothing more. After all, it's only my opinion. (I call these papers "Dramatic Opinions," that, if I say anything likely to wound, I may be forgiven. I set down naught in malice, gentle reader; believe them not when they tell you I do!) A man may put on a moustache and whiskers, but there he is underneath. A woman has even greater drawbacks. She cannot put on whiskers and moustachios, and be like the "bearded pard"; she must always have within close limits the same appearance. That is where a woman's work is so much more *difficile* than a man's, because a man can outwardly entirely change himself. So complete is the transformation sometimes, that I have seen an actor come on the stage whom I knew extremely well, personally, and I have not recognized him at all, until he began to speak.

There are several amateurs whose make-ups are wonderful,

but directly they open their mouths their voices naturally betray them. Very few established, recognized actors can play a whole part in a feigned voice. There are, of course, some who can do it, but as a rule the *voice* betrays. And as we can but very seldom sustain a feigned voice or give ourselves a different voice, so, in my opinion, we cannot give ourselves a different soul or a different body. We must come upon the stage as we are created. The power of our creative faculties and imagination may do much for us, but we *are* what we are; and again, I say, we bring our own atmosphere with us.

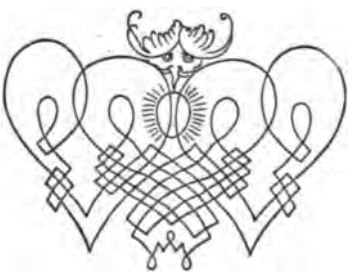
Of course, people will say that to be a great artist you should be able to put yourself and your feelings entirely on one side, and think only of the part. For instance, some people are very angry when one sheds real tears. There have been a great many arguments on this point. They say you must make the audience feel, and yet not cry yourself; and there is no doubt one can overpower even one's own power by shedding too many tears, and by allowing one's feeling to overcome the more intellectual idea of the part. But it is a great blessing to a woman to have a good cry, and if some parts admit of it, where is the harm? Surely to see real tears in a situation where real tears would have sprung to the eyes, must, for the time, give the audience the pleasure of feeling that the actress is, at any rate, in her part, even if at that particular moment, poor thing! she may have failed signally in arousing sympathy in the hearts of those who look at her.

The orchestra is a great part of theatrical life. Mr. Buckstone always asked the opinion of the orchestra concerning a play which he was going to produce. As a rule, the orchestra is not called into a theatre at rehearsals until the play is to some extent smooth, and then, perhaps the last week or two, the orchestra comes in and plays the incidental music. The men of the orchestra have not been tired by seeing the play rehearsed, scene by scene and act by act, and therefore they come fresh to it. This circumstance, I suppose, induced Mr. Buckstone always—during the last rehearsal—to advance to the orchestra and say, "Now, gentlemen, what do you think of the piece?" If it were a comedy and the orchestra were heard to laugh, Mr. Buckstone always said, "This is all right, the orchestra see it and hear it for the first time, and it is all right." Or if the cornet player raised himself from his seat to stand and look at a pathetic scene, Buckstone would turn round and say,

"Ah, that is all right, the pit will like that." Mr. Buckstone had much belief in the judgment of the orchestra. I remember a certain leader of the orchestra once listening to a poetical play, and the author for a moment forgot his dignity and asked him, "What do you think of that?" The leader of the orchestra was a timid little man, frightened to death of the author, and he turned round suddenly and said, "Oh, it is better than Shakspeare!"

In some theatres—indeed in most of the large provincial theatres—the band plays the audience out until it disperses, as they do in church. Whether or not that is good, I do not venture to say. I think the orchestra is a very great aid to any dramatic action. People so love music, that unless it is dragged in injudiciously, I think it must always be an immense help to the audience. I like to see an orchestra; but as I so seldom sit among the audience, I do not think I am in a position to speak on this point. But it is a great help to me to hear a little music, and it seems to me a relief to my own voice, of which, if I have a very long part, I sometimes weary.

(*To be continued.*)



The Minister of Kindrach.

CHAPTER VII.

DAVID'S interview with Mrs. Dewar the following day was productive of many tears, and frequent repetitions of the conviction that she—Mrs. Dewar—considered Silvia "an unnatural child," "an ungrateful girl," and "a disgrace to her family." Her sympathies were wholly given to David—as he had been grimly aware, from the commencement of this unfortunate affair, they would be. He had not been Mrs. Dewar's spiritual adviser and intimate acquaintance for all these years without taking her measure to a nicety. He made no mention of his suspicions concerning John White (he still entertained suspicions, notwithstanding Silvia's communication respecting the attitude of John White towards her cousin May), or of the remarkably aggressive attitude Mrs. Porter had chosen to adopt; he attributed Silvia's unaccountable change towards him, and her desire to end the engagement existing between them, entirely to a giddiness and loss of sense brought about by the foolishness, frivolity, and worldliness of her late surroundings. Insensibly he left the impression on Mrs. Dewar's bewildered mind that now, in the quiet, wholesome, God-fearing atmosphere of Kindrach, to which he had so promptly restored the straying lamb, things would recover their balance—would even be as they were before this fateful visit to London. He knew that he had planted the germs of this hope in Mrs. Dewar's mind, and though he had calmly and firmly abandoned all thought of making Silvia his wife, still he left Mrs. Dewar in undisturbed possession of the consoling fancy, knowing that through that alone could he hope to count on her co-operation in the just and righteous punishment it was meet that Silvia should undergo. He had heard and heeded those oft-repeated words Mrs. Porter had let fall between her farewell kisses and embraces—all bearing on the one idea of the

restoration of Silvia to the unholy joys of Lancaster Gate, after the complete annihilation of the obnoxious and persistent suitor. He was grimly determined that no such triumph should be theirs. He told himself firmly that for Silvia to return to London meant a return to sinfulness, and careless oblivion of her soul's welfare; therefore, as a minister, he was bound to do his utmost to rescue her, even against her will, from such terrible consequences. This he believed with all sincerity and solemnity from the "minister's" point of view; but the "man" underlay the "minister," and in his heart he knew that the carnal passions of jealousy, anger, revenge, had more to say in the matter than the holy tenderness of a pitiful desire to save and sustain the stumbling steps of a straying sinner.

Silvia met her mother's peevish, tearful outburst of anger and remonstrance in that spirit of stubborn silence she had called to her aid, and bewildered Mrs. Dewar even further by refusing to say one word on the subject. Her elder sisters, a little jealous of the pretty things she had brought back with her, and irritated by a certain undefinable air of superiority—a sense of removal from their orbit—which she unconsciously displayed, joined cause against her, and sided with their mother and David. Therefore she retired still further into herself, maintaining inviolable her attitude of dignified reserve, which a little tenderness and pity, or kindly interest, would have soon swept aside.

The letter Mrs. Porter wrote to her sister about Silvia's affairs served only to still further bewilder that unfortunate woman. It contained much that was not flattering to the Minister of Kindrach; it spoke of Silvia's youth, and the natural desire of youth to see the world, and be seen by the world; it contrasted, in a forcible sentence or two, the delights of London with the paleness of existence at Kindrach, and the unnaturalness of condemning such a pretty young thing as Silvia to such an existence by permitting her to tie herself permanently to David Fairfax. But there was nothing in the letter to induce Mrs. Dewar to reconsider the matter, or adopt any other view than the one David had already provided her with. It was all very well for her sister to talk in that strain; but here was Silvia throwing away the chance of a good husband, and a comfortable home—and for what? Just for nothing. Young people no doubt liked all that London and Mrs. Porter could give them, but in this case this particular young person might easily be very content with all that Kindrach and David Fairfax offered.

If her sister liked to take Silvia altogether, very well and good; but no allusion was made to any scheme of that sort—in the meantime she was not going to permit her daughter to throw away the comfortable substance of a respectable, solid marriage, for the very shadowy advantages offered by an occasional visit to her Aunt Porter. At the Cottage, life, therefore, scarcely "flowed in harmonious cadence." It was too often, to quote the gentle Cowper,

> "Roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
> Which humour interposed, too often makes."

Much tearful, impotent, and violent discussion broke the harmony which had, on the whole, been hitherto fairly complete, if not altogether perfect. At the Manse things were hardly better, though there was no undignified display of futile temper. Aunt Muir's ceaseless "wonderings," which she dared only express to Janet, remained for ever unsatisfied, for David entered into none but the barest explanations. Mrs. Dewar, when adroitly questioned by Aunt Muir skirmishing for information, relapsed into tears and vagueness. Silvia never came near them, and scarcely spoke if they chanced to meet, and took pains that these chance meetings should be of the rarest.

The world of Kindrach looked on and wondered, but by degrees a conclusion was adopted. "It will be just a lovers' quarrel," they thought consolingly, and as time went on the subject lost its first interest and slipped into the background of public affairs, the question whether Janet Muir would or would not become Mrs. James McKenna taking the more prominent place.

Aunt Muir was sitting in the summer twilight by the open window of the house-place, through which the smell of freshly-cut hay, and the fragrance of flowers wet with the evening dew, came stealing sweetly. She was idle for once, with her ever-busy hands folded on her capacious white gown, furtively watching David walking slowly and thoughtfully up and down between the window and fireplace filled by Janet with newly gathered bracken. As he approached her for the fourth or fifth time, she flung back her broad ribbon cap-strings and gave her head a small toss.

"Ye've no had the curiosity to ask hoo the warld has been treating us whilst ye were awa up in the town yonder?" she said with some meaning.

"Nay," returned David sarcastically. "Has onything wonderfu' happened? things look verra ordinary to me!"

"Oh aye, things look," retorted his aunt enigmatically; "but whiles things happen."

"Aye, aye!" returned David with a sigh, thinking of all that had befallen him in the short enclosure of one week. "Aye, aye!" he repeated gloomily.

"It's just James McKenna and Janet," his aunt hastened to say, her mystery and enigmas taking to themselves wings at sight of his gloom. David raised his head with all his old alert keenness.

"An' what aboot James McKenna and Janet?" he asked quickly.

"It's no onything to be angered aboot, David," said Aunt Muir a little uncertainly, "it's what we may all be proud and glad to hear. He has askit her hand in marriage."

Aunt Muir brought out her last sentence with formal solemnity and precision.

"An Janet?" queried David.

"Janet has'na said her say yet. She will give no answer until he returns frae Inverness. Ye ken he's heard o' a fine Kirk there, and has gone to preach his trial sermon?"

Aunt Muir continued speaking, entering discursively into the minutest details of her daughter's love affair, whilst her nephew resumed his heavy, aimless walk in deep silence.

He spoke to Janet a little later on the subject. She was setting the table for supper, stepping about in the quiet deft way so familiar to him, but striking him to-night with the peculiar force of a fresh revelation.

The blood rushed to her fair smooth forehead when James McKenna's name passed his lips, but she replied to all he had to say with great composure, though at the same time tacitly declining to enter into any confidences on the subject. So reticent and composed was she, in fact, that David grew angry, and rushed into another matter which had rankled in his mind against her for some time.

"What ailed ye to give m'ah mother's chain to Siller? Ah should ha' thought if ye did'na value it as a present from me—which was scarcely to be expectit, ye would have set some store by it seein' it was hers. Ye wouldn't have been much out o' pocket if ye had bought Siller some little thing, instead o' just handin' her m'ah mother's chain."

He had grown angry, partly with the gathering force of his own argument and partly also because he recollected sundry

little tender passages to which he had descended on the occasion of the presentation of the chain—that his cousin should have shown herself so carelessly oblivious of his condescension wounded him not a little. Janet's eyes filled with sudden tears. The little discussion respecting James McKenna had been extremely painful and trying, and now the terrible view David was taking of her little sacrificial offering at the shrine of his future wife was too much. That he should think she did it out of a spirit of niggardly penurious economy!

"I gave Siller the chain," she said gently, "*because* it was your mither's. It seemed to me to belong to her naturally. Ye ken, David," raising her soft grey eyes clouded with tears, "ye have done me an injustice to say I did it to save money."

"Ah ken nothing," he retorted crossly, vexed with himself for causing his cousin's rare tears, and half disposed to confess his aimless irritability and bring back her ordinary placidity by some little cousinly caress—a pat on the hand, or shoulder. He had never kissed her since his return from college, a raw-boned, half-fledged young man, considering himself too old to indulge in such antics. "Ah ken naething, naething at a' aboot wimmin an' their tricky ways. They're just enigmas, an, m'ah wurd! enigmas not worth solving."

His anger and irritability were aroused very easily in these days.

This was the first slap in the face dealt him by Fortune, and she dealt it with hearty goodwill. He had lost his promised wife, and was about to lose his gentle cousin, and, worse still, he had lost his self-respect. His conscience was burdened with an uneasy sense of guilt, such as he had never before experienced, and it affected his whole life. His work about the farm lost its interest. His intercourse with his parishioners, the whole work of the ministry was touched and suffered by this deadening consciousness of sin, nursed, fed, and kept warm with unceasing care, and, as week followed week it wrapped his spirit in a closer, more stifling embrace. He had been very ardent in the preparation of his Sabbath discourses. The emphatic prayers he poured forth in Kirk had been a source of joy and comfort to himself as well as to his people, and though there had always perhaps been a sense of effort in his endeavours, it had only served to stimulate him to overcome any and every obstacle; but now all that was changed. The effort remained—the stimulus had departed—and as time went on a certain deadness

and coldness in their pastor's ministrations became apparent to his congregation. He was conscious of the severely critical attitude adopted of late by his Elders, and this knowledge hampered his painful exertions even further. And there came a Sabbath—a never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath—when, distrusting his failing powers, he had been compelled to commit the whole of his discourse to paper, and stood up in his pulpit, for the first time, to preach a *written sermon.* His eyes fell, almost abashed, when he saw the startled look in Janet's face as she caught sight of the closely-written MS. from their pew beside the pulpit. Few if any other eyes noticed the dreadful evidence of his weakness, but David felt desperately as if the climax had been reached. What lay beyond the climax he was dully unable to say.

James McKenna did not succeed in obtaining the Kirk at Inverness, and for some weeks little more was heard of him; but one day he returned to Kindrach—very red, bashful, and full of hope. He had obtained the pastorship of a very fine Kirk in Aberdeen. He and Janet had a long interview in the best parlour, from which the young minister emerged, pale, erect, silent, and hopeless. Janet seized a shawl and fled from the house, though it was still early in the day and all her work lay unfinished, but she felt she must be alone. It had been dreadful to her gentle nature to inflict such suffering as she and the best parlour had witnessed that morning. She doubted now the wisdom of her silence—she ought at once to have said that she could not be his wife. But she had feared the refusal coming on the eve of his ordeal at Inverness would perhaps render him unfit to preach the sermon, upon which so much depended, effectually. Now she saw her deferred answer had given the young man much false hope and confidence. With eyes full of tears, and a heart very sore and tender, troubled by the woes of poor red-headed James McKenna, she walked swiftly away from the Manse, away from the road to civilization on to the moors.

She was not the only distressed human being who sought the soothing influence of the silent moors. Silvia's heart-sick spirit drove her there day after day. Besides the weariness of her complete isolation, and the petty strife arising from her rupture with David, she had another and far surpassing trouble. She had returned—or rather been forcibly restored to Kindrach by David late in June; it was now August, and *he* had not come.

Letters from London had been very rare, though very kind, chatty and discursive, when they did come, with always that dim far-off suggestion (in the postscript), that Silvia was to return *some day*. She had written in reply several of her vague, childish, half-expressed little notes to her aunt, conveying the intelligence in indifferent English, and still more indifferent spelling—that she was no longer engaged to David Fairfax, and that her mother was very angry, and that they were all very unkind, and that she was very unhappy. But very shortly after her niece's abrupt departure Mrs. Porter had been completely absorbed in her daughter's affairs, which gradually reached a crisis, after a considerable period of doubt, disorder, and distress, and Silvia's piteous little communications received but scant attentions. The crisis in Miss Porter's affairs was reached a little while before the event which drove Janet bareheaded, and with all her day's work neglected, on to the moors. Silvia had that morning received the first intelligence of the consummation of her cousin's hopes—the mail cart, which visited Kindrach every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, had—this especial day being Monday —deposited James McKenna at the Manse, and a letter for Silvia at the Cottage. She never showed these occasional letters to her mother and sisters, but read them in solitude, jealously guarding any intrusion into the sacred precincts of that precious memory, and they, looking upon that visit to London as the undoing of Silvia, somewhat ostentatiously, and with noses virtually tilted in the air, expressed no curious desire to penetrate the mysteries these letters possibly revealed. On this occasion, however, Silvia, after reading her aunt's letter in the privacy of her own little room, took it with flushed eagerness to her mother. It contained, besides the news of May's engagement to and approaching marriage with John White, the long-deferred invitation she had desired so ardently. She was to come to town, as soon as possible, so the letter said, and be one of May's bridesmaids. Her aunt, as before, undertaking all expenses.

"I may go, mother," she urged, "may I not?" Mrs. Dewar's upper lip lengthened ominously. She was uncertain, and a little bewildered as usual; her two elder daughters were out, and, left to her own unaided efforts, decision was difficult. She became severely stern, relapsed into some curious questionings respecting the Porters and their ways—then, ashamed of her weakness, she waived decision until she had learnt what "the others" had to say. "The others," Silvia knew, represented David solely. Her

sisters' small hostilities would have had but little weight or duration but for that invisible force at work in the background. David pulled the strings, she was fully aware, and her mother and sisters danced like puppets in obedience to his turns and twists. She rushed feverishly off to the moors, longing for complete solitude wherein she could consider calmly. What could she do? She felt tied and bound by the unseen but galling chain David had skilfully cast about her life. It was ridiculous, it was absurd, it was humiliating that she could take no step to right or left without his permission, but that such was the case she dumbly acknowledged, as an undeniable, insurmountable fact. All she had to consider now was—was it not possible to get beyond the reach of this intangible wearying bondage? Two ways presented themselves to her imagination, as she walked rapidly over the springy turf, gathering sprigs of heather, merely to crush the tiny blossoms in her nervous meditativeness. The first attracted her most, but she put it aside as a last resource; the second was distasteful in the extreme, and would in all probability be wholly ineffectual. It resolved itself into the question. "Should she appeal to David and ask consideration at his hands?"

Surely he was content now? Surely his desire to punish her for her behaviour towards him must be amply satisfied? But the thought of re-opening that old question, of recalling that dreadful experience, was terrible to her; and yet on the other hand far more terrible was the idea of being compelled to decline her aunt's invitation and thus lose her only chance of meeting Mr. Willett. True there was that other alternative she had thought of, but it was rather a desperate remedy, and she would prefer trying first the effect of an appeal to David's better feelings. It was at this point in her reflections that she and Janet met out alone on the open moors; with their hurrying contrasting tumult of thoughts as wide as the poles asunder, and yet thrown together by a common bond of humanity —suffering.

Silvia's was a wholly subjective state; herself and her own needs occupying the limited area of her mental horizon. Janet's completely objective, entangled entirely in the needs of those around her. The primary object on which she was expending herself at this moment being James McKenna.

"Siller," she said gently, not knowing what attitude the girl would take. "Siller, will ye no speak to me?"

Silvia had meditated maintaining her reserve and coldness of demeanour, but something in Janet's gentle wistfulness made her throw it aside.

"Oh, Janet!" she said, holding out both hands, "oh, Janet, I am so miserable!"

Janet drew her close with a tender, almost motherly clasp. No appeal for sympathy failed to touch at once her warm, loving nature. She soothed, patted, and consoled the girl with those little words, and motions, and half-articulate sounds women use with children in distress, and as Silvia felt a sensation of comfort stealing into her sad little soul, and abandoned herself more fully to the delight of being once again made much of, the thought of constituting Janet her ambassador came into her head. Without waiting to consider the question further, she put the matter before Janet in her own incoherent, excited way.

"Oh, Janet, it's David!" she said. "Ask him to forgive me—tell him I'm sorry—oh, so very, very sorry, but ask him to forget all that has passed, and forgive me now. If he only knew what I have suffered all these weeks; and oh, Janet! I have suffered—agony, torture! I am so thin! You would never believe how thin I have become. My dresses absolutely hang in bags—and I can't sleep at night; and the days are so lonely and wretched. They are all so cross with me at home about David, and I know I deserve it every bit; but if he would only let bygones be bygones? Ask him, Janet, will you?—will you?"

Janet's pats, and little smoothings had grown less and less, and finally ceased as this rapid request was laid before her. She looked earnestly into Silvia's eager face.

"You should ask that at his hands yoursel, Siller; it's not my place to interfere."

"Oh! it's not interference, it's not interference!" broke out Silvia, passionately, afraid that Janet was going to decline the mission of ambassador. "He thinks so much of you and what you say, and will listen to you when he wouldn't hear a word from me. He is too angry with me; I can't go on living like this! Oh, Janet, please say yes!"

It ended in Janet's saying *yes*, but Silvia little guessed what it cost her.

CHAPTER VIII.

These last few weeks had thrown David and Janet into a closer confidence and intimacy than they had known during all the preceding years they had lived together. She had been so patient with his unreasonable fits of anger and irritation; so soothing in his moments of depression, so upholding in this time of weakness generally. And all this he had recognised, for once, fully. She, on her side, had felt he turned to her, confided in her, looked for her assistance, and the knowledge temporarily exalted her out of her ordinary state of sweet humility. Beneath his gracious acceptance of what she had to offer her nature expanded, enlarged. She was different, and knew that she was different. Her love for him had grown with her growth, and could not now be calmly pressed into the background as she had so pressed it when he brought Siller to the Manse and re-introduced her as his future wife. His love for Silvia, which she had never believed very profound, seemed now to have wholly disappeared under the strain of this strange misunderstanding which had arisen in London, and which no one appeared to be able to fathom. And Silvia's love for David, on the other hand, she had reckoned a light ephemeral passing delight in the dignity of an engagement. Now she acknowledged that she must have been mistaken. Silvia evidently loved him; but it was hard, oh, how hard! that she must plead to David to restore this pretty tearful child to the place which Janet's heart told her she could fill far more satisfactorily. But here a new fear assailed her. She had complacently assured herself as to Silvia's lack of affection for David, and how mistaken she had been! Might she not be equally mistaken in the view she had chosen to adopt with regard to David's feelings for Silvia?

For long she fought and struggled. Why should she move in the matter at all? David and Silvia had marred their own affairs unaided, let them mend them unaided. It was the hardest difficulty yet presented to her among the complex enigmas of life—but through all the vain reasonings and questionings, through all the pain and longing, as the dream of the last few weeks crumbled and vanished, she knew very well that she would do her best for Silvia Dewar. Pity, duty to God and her neighbour, pride, even her very love for the man urged it upon her and pointed out the path she should tread.

She went straight to the little room David used as a sort of study and workshop combined, directly she reached the Manse; no trace of the conflict she had passed through about her except perhaps in the stillness and quiet of her manner.

He was in his shirt-sleeves, sawing vigorously at a bit of wood, destined for a bookshelf. He continued his work at first while she spoke—the scratching and rasping of the saw against the tough plank seeming to reach Janet's very brain. But as he gathered what she was speaking about he ceased, and straightening himself, stood listening intently as with simple directness she laid Silvia's request before him, adding a few gentle words of her own on behalf of the girl whose cause she was advocating. The interview ended without Janet's being able to say what attitude David intended adopting. But that he was pleased she knew by the expression of dominant triumph. He made no remark, however, as Janet left him. A little later the saw began to work again with renewed energy, and presently David's deep, toneless voice was heard gruffly accompanying the even rhythmic motions of the saw with fragmentary portions of "Auld Lang Syne," the only tune he knew. Listening to his long-drawn-out rendering of the mournful old song, Janet knew that he was more than pleased. She turned away to pick up her neglected duties, and in the scouring of milk-pans and dusting of furniture find what solace she could. Silvia, with instinctive faith in Janet, returned to the Cottage, waited all that afternoon and the best part of the following day for David's appearance. In the evening he came—having delayed so as to avoid any suspicion of over-anxiety on his part for reconciliation. Mrs. Dewar and her two elder daughters established themselves in the kitchen, after sending Silvia, at David's request, to him alone in the parlour. They waited with a sense of pleased anticipation, expecting much from this interview; whispering together and listening for stray sounds from the parlour.

"Janet has given me your message," he said, and Silvia through all her nervousness was a little surprised by the air of triumph which pervaded the man like an invisible atmosphere; though his manner was quiet and ponderous as usual.

In truth David was triumphant. Silvia's obduracy had acted on him like a sting, an irritating insect bite; he had been amazed at the stubborn tenacity she had shown, at the power of resistance she had developed—her capitulation, therefore, was all the more agreeable. That she should have taken the

initiative in London and desired a termination of their relationship had also galled him. Through sheer obstinacy he had held her to her word, and so lost the opportunity of withdrawing with dignity as he had proposed doing when, what he considered, the right moment came; but Silvia had forestalled him. Now the tables appeared to be on the turn—the long-delayed vindication of his dignity approached within measurable distance.

"Yes," said Silvia in answer to his remark. "Yes," she said, adding nervously, "and you will let bygones be bygones?"

"To a certain point a'm willing," he said cautiously. "M'ah forgiveness and my friendship I can honestly promise to extend to ye, Siller, but after what happened at your Aunt Porter's there can be no taking up of the old relations. Ah canna bring myself yet quite to forget some o' the wurds ye spoke then! there can be no question of marriage, ye understand—no renewal——"

"Marriage!" she cried, affronted at the tone he was taking, and heedlessly throwing aside the humbly submissive role she had intended playing. "What are you talking about? Have I not made you understand yet how I hate the very thought of that odious engagement? It isn't marriage, or—or—anything of that sort. I only want you to stop persecuting me as you have been doing, to leave my mother and sisters alone, and not thrust yourself into our affairs, turning them against me, and making my life wretched. You know you have done this," she asserted vehemently, her eyes bright and angry. "If you call *that* being good, and doing your duty, and acting like a Christian, I don't—I call it mean, underhand, cowardly!"

Mrs. Dewar, hearing the sound of Silvia's raised, indignant voice, thought she had better interpose the restraining influence of a third party, and at this point entered the parlour; Silvia recognizing that, through her loss of temper, she had, as it were, burnt her boats, determined that she would fling David, and David's galling supremacy to the winds. A conciliatory course was no longer possible—she could hope for nothing now at his hands—therefore she indulged herself by letting loose unrestrainedly all her pent-up feeling in a tirade which fairly frightened her amazed mother, though it left David apparently as impenetrably unmoved as ever, though she recapitulated her situation and left it very evident that—if no one else had seen through him and his course of action—she had, and that she was fully alive to the despicableness of such a man.

"Whatever happens, you, and you alone, are to blame." With which last remark levelled full at David she left the room and fled upstairs.

Mrs. Dewar had to be restored to her normal condition by the united efforts of Lesbia, Kate, and the teapot; but her nerves remained shaky, or, as she expressed it, "twittery," for the rest of the evening; therefore when Silvia, with a pale face and a look of set determination, appealed once more to be allowed to accept her aunt's invitation, it was scarcely surprising that Mrs. Dewar's poor "twittery" nerves could bear no further excitement without giving way. They did give way gustily and unreasonably, the upshot being a very emphatic denial of Silvia's petition.

Janet dimly gathered from David's austerity and gloom that he and Silvia had not come to a satisfactory understanding.

On the following Wednesday night, the three inhabitants of the Manse were seated as usual in the parlour. Supper was over, prayers had been read. And in this, the last half-hour before bed-time, they were enjoying the peaceful rest of a concluded day. David was smoking, Janet knitting a little idly, and Aunt Muir was reading aloud with much gusto, her spectacles at the extreme top of her nose, bits from the bi-weekly paper left by the mail-cart that afternoon. Into their midst, without any ceremony of knocking for admittance, suddenly broke Kate Dewar, with a shawl thrown hastily over her head. Of all the Dewars, Kate was the only one who could go directly to the point of the matter without much vague circumlocution.

"Have you seen anything of Silvia?" she cried, panting a little after her run up the cobbled road from the Cottage. "Mother is almost frantic; she went out directly after dinner on the moors as usual, and she has not returned yet."

They were all roused at once, Aunt Muir being especially eager and excited.

"Eh, m'ah wurd! the moors in this awfu meest!" she cried.

It was the expression of the fear they all felt. During the latter part of the afternoon a white, impenetrable, almost suffocating cloud of mist had been creeping stealthily across the moors, and for some hours had blotted out all trace of track or landmark. David went to the door; nothing but waving, shadowy, ghostly whiteness could be seen.

"Eh, my patience!" ejaculated Aunt Muir, peering over his shoulder, "its awfu!"

"If it hadn't been for the lights in the cottages I couldn't

have found my way even this little distance," said Kate, with a touch of awe and dread in her tone.

Janet brought David's plaid and cap to him quietly, action with her always accompanying thought, and fitted a couple of candles into the lanterns; then wrapping herself in a heavy plaid, she, David, and Kate started down the irregular street leading to the Cottage, leaving Aunt Muir and "Auld Betty" to bustle about, lighting roaring fires, and filling the boilers, in vague anticipation of a sudden call later on for hot water and heated blankets. Janet came in about twelve, bringing poor distracted Mrs. Dewar and the two frightened girls with her; but David, with half the population of Kindrach, remained out on the moors searching for the missing girl all that night and the next day. Late in the evening he came back to the Manse, for a few hours' rest, looking strained and weary. Mrs. Dewar, who had been oscillating between hope and despair, fell upon him with tears and ejaculations.

"Oh David, my child!" she cried between her sobs. "It's a just punishment for our hardness and cruelty to her all these weeks. Have you no news—none?" lifting her faded eyes to his, so like the lost Silvia's, dimmed and dull with incessant weeping, "then she is dead. She cannot have lived out in that terrible cold mist all night, or she has fallen in Kindrach bog! I cannot forgive myself. I never shall, or you either, David Fairfax," turning with a little faint burst of weak rage upon him. "If it hadn't been for you I should have been kinder to the child; between us we have driven her to her death!"

Janet took her away gently, and persuaded her to lie down on the wide old settle, and set her mother to try and soothe the poor thing's distraction.

When David prepared to set out once again to continue the search which began to look so hopeless, Janet pulled her plaid about her.

"We have been in separate parties over the moor for many miles," he said gloomily, drawing his cap over his eyes. "Dinna come, Janet, ye can do no good."

"Ah, let me, David," she said; and as he made no reply, she stepped out of the house beside him. She never forgot the eerie loneliness of their solitary night tramp, broken with occasional pauses for short rests. Now and then they met some of the other searchers, but no one had any news of the missing Silvia. So the night wore on, and dawn was breaking in a tremulous glow of faintly tinted pearly light as they neared the Kindrach bog.

They were not far from home, as they had taken a circuitous way, and Janet remembered, with a little rush of pain, that it was here Silvia had made her promise to intercede with David. How small the feelings which possessed her then, looked now in comparison with this very real dread which lay at her heart!

The path, a mere sheep track, ran parallel with the long stretch of treacherous green morass, its smooth surface broken here and there, showing a thick, clinging ooze of black absorbing mud. There were ghastly memories in the minds of some of the older inhabitants connected with the name of Kindrach bog; do what she would, Janet could not drive the stories she had heard from childhood out of her remembrance. Silvia was well acquainted with the geography of Kindrach bog; but in that enveloping mist and after nightfall what might not have happened? Walking a little behind David she kept glancing fearfully ahead, beset with dreads she would not analyse. Suddenly she sprang past David, who had stopped to put out the candle in the lantern, no longer necessary as the dawn brightened. She came back to him, a look of horror in her white face.

"It's Siller's," she said, holding up a sodden bit of blue silk; "it's her neckerchief." She recalled, with a sensation of sick dizziness, seeing it last round Silvia's throat. Whilst listening to Silvia's request, she remembered perfectly the desire her neat fingers had felt to straighten and tidy the straying bows and ends of this same blue tie. David took it from her, looking at it curiously; as if it could tell him anything? then his gaze strayed to the waving grasses of the green bog, touched by the first light of day with a dewy peaceful beauty. Then his eye met Janet's.

"Nae, nae, David!" she cried hastily, "not that; she just dropped it in passing; see it was the ither side o' the path among this bit heather. Sit down, David, ye're fair tired out; just rest a wee while, and think afterwards."

She spoke, scarcely knowing what she said, driven by the misery, the fear, and despair in his eyes. He sat down heavily, and buried his face in his hands, the bit of blue draggled silk he held waving limply in the fresh early breeze, the lantern overturned at his feet.

Janet walked away along the path, peering among the bracken and stunted heather fringing the bog, for signs of she knew not what, her plaid held tightly round her. She came back presently

to David and sat down on the low bank beside him without speaking, something in his attitude prevented speech. Mechanically she stooped and righted the overturned lantern.

David was passing through an experience the remembrance of which touched his whole later life, but he was conscious only of Silvia. Silvia pictured vividly in his imagination in her white ball-dress, lovely, radiant, full of life—and Silvia lying somewhere beneath that hideous greenness, with the black ooze matting her fair hair, and weighing on her closed white lids—closed for ever. And he felt he was her murderer.

"We are no sure, David," said Janet, gently touching his arm. "Dinna mek up your mind that Siller has fallen into Kindrach bog." She clothed his dreadful fear in words, thinking it best to face the matter quietly.

"She is there," he said doggedly, without looking up. "God has punished m'ah sin in this way."

After a short silence he added, looking up drearily, "Janet, m'ah woman, ye dinna ken what a load ah've been labouring under these weeks past—a load of sin! I chose deliberately to satisfy the guilty desires o' m'ah earthly nature—I a minister of God! and this is ma'h punishment; it's maist mair than ah can bear," he groaned.

Janet began to speak, but he interrupted her sadly.

'Nae, nae, ye dinna ken, ye dinna ken, m'ah woman; but ah'll tell ye all—and judge then if m'ah sin has no been great and grievous?" With great force and emphasis, his face working painfully as he revealed each episode marking his downward career, he related clearly, not only the events of the past weeks, but their influence on his mind, and the manner in which he had deliberately succumbed to those influences. He left out no jot or tittle, but revealed the whole unsparingly: the shock to his pride; his bitterness towards the Porters for their insensibility to his greatness; his jealousy of John White; the dislike and disgust Silvia had aroused in him; the primary reasons of malice and revenge which made him force Silvia's return to Kindrach; his culpable deceit towards Mrs. Dewar, so as to insure her help in carrying out that revenge adequately—all was laid bare. He even went so far back as his first lover-like advances in Silvia's direction, and acknowledged that it was more the feeling of the Dewars' importance in the village, and Silvia's unrivalled prettiness, which prompted his proposals—more pride and vain-glory, in fact, than love.

For a moment Janet shrank before the revelation. Shrank from the sin of it all. To her simple, clear, unswerving conception of morality, which defined right and wrong with broad white and black lines, without any intermediate shadings, it was Sin. In her mind there was no blurring or indistinctness of outline, no shades and grades of feeling; it was sin —but oh! how her heart ached for the sinner! And that it should be David! David, the embodiment to her of strength, and wisdom, and spiritual power! Long after that day Janet remembered the sense of bewildered upheaval her soul sustained at David's confession: but for David, even amidst all this shock and bewilderment, she had nothing but words of tenderest pity, and gentle counsel offered with so much delicacy and hesitancy that a melancholy satisfaction and sense of tempered relief slowly took the place of his just bitterness.

For long they sat, with Kindrach bog spreading its smiling greenness at their feet; but David remarking suddenly the weariness and pallor in Janet's face, with a touch of his old peremptoriness drew her plaid about her, and taking her by the arm walked her back to the Manse.

The little clue the sodden bit of blue silk gave must be followed up later, but for the immediate present both he and Janet needed rest sorely. For two nights and a day they had been living in a state of mental and physical strain; nothing could be done further until the balance was restored somewhat.

At the gate of the Manse the whole of Kindrach seemed to have gathered—an excited, gesticulating crowd. Aunt Muir, sobbing wildly—for she had found the post of comforter-in-chief to poor fractious Mrs. Dewar no sinecure, and now relief had come she had given way—thrust a bit of pale pink paper into David's face.

"She is up in the town yonder, the wicked hussey! The Lord be thankit! she's safe, bless her, dear lamb!" she ejaculated incoherently.

Mrs. Dewar was receiving with much dignity the congratulations of the baker, one of David's Elders, while Lesbia and Kate flung themselves on Janet.

"She ran away!" exclaimed Kate; "mother wouldn't let her go to Aunt Porter's, so she just ran away." There was a tone of subdued admiration in her voice.

The telegram from Mrs. Porter, which David held, announced the safe arrival of the runaway. Janet, comprehending the

relief, the complete relaxation of his tense feeling, to the amazement of them all, fell to weeping almost as wildly as her mother, until David put one of his great hands on her shoulder gently. He alone understood the nature of her sudden weakness.

"Dinna, Janet," he said in a low tone, "dinna greet, m'ah woman, ah'm no worth it."

* * * * * *

It has been observed that when every one can see how a story will end, that story is virtually ended. The Minister of Kindrach, however, does not yet see the conclusion of his late experience; but all Kindrach is elbowing, and nudging, and winking, and nodding, with portentous knowingness.

A few Sundays after Silvia's audacious feat—which, in some inscrutable fashion, added yet another reason for the elevation of the Dewars in public opinion—he preached a sermon, which roused his congregation to much animated, controversial discussion, and relighted the well-nigh extinguished flames of veneration and admiration in the breasts of his four Elders. His text being,

"Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

* * * * * *

Aunt Muir's curiosity is still hungering for satisfaction; she has not yet learnt all the details of that fatal visit to London, though she shrewdly guesses that Janet knows all the circumstances. And she endeavours to corner her daughter into admissions by simple adroitness.

"Eh, but the Lord's ways are past findin' out," she observed with a sigh, and a sharp look in Janet's direction.

"I've thought whiles that He has just been dealin' wi' David in His own way wi' regard to Siller and all this unhappy business, showin' him in His mercy that he is no, so to speak, infallible. David is whiles apt to consider he canna mek' mistakes like ither ordinary folk." But Janet baffled her mother's curious researches by quietly declining to enter into any discussions respecting David's infallibility, or the inscrutable workings of the Divine will.

THE END.

The Railways of Scotland.

III.—Some Modern Specialities.

There is a remarkable similarity between the natural situation of Glasgow and that of London. In each case, a hill, thrown out as a spur from the higher ground behind it, and rising up amidst wide marshes and lagoons surrounding its base, afforded a natural site for a cathedral and the town which grew up under its shadow. In each case a road leads down from the hill to what has for centuries been a bridge, but was once a ford, marking what in the case of London at least was the lowest point at which the river could in early times be crossed, thus constituting the town the natural emporium of the trade of the district. As in London the Strand, so in Glasgow Argyle Street marks the distance to which the river, even in quite modern times, extended inland. In each case, the marshes have left behind them a legacy of fog, which in Glasgow is aggravated, even more than in London, by the smoke of innumerable factory chimneys. Excepting, however, the fog, everything in Glasgow is on a smaller scale. In size and volume of water the Clyde can no more vie with the Thames than St. Mungo's can compare with St. Paul's. But Glasgow has one enormous advantage in return. If the Clyde is narrower, it is also shorter; and within five-and-twenty miles of Glasgow there is a sea coast, which for beauty and variety can almost claim comparison with Norway itself.

From the very early days of steam travelling, the Clyde has been always in the van of progress. As long ago as 1812, more than two years before ever a steamer had been seen on the Thames, the *Comet*, of 25 tons and 3 horse-power, was plying regularly thrice a week between Glasgow, Greenock, and Helensburgh, up one day and down the next. There is nowadays a whole fleet of vessels, including amongst them the famous

Columba and *Iona*, which daily perform the same journey at the present time; fine large saloon steamers, many of which make nothing of 20 miles an hour; but for years past the bulk of the traffic has gone by rail as far down as Greenock, and only joined the steamers there. And for the privilege of carrying it (some five-and-twenty miles each way, at a return fare of 2*s.* 6*d.* first class and 1*s.* 6*d.* third) the three great Scotch railways have long fought their hardest.

The original Greenock line, now the property of the Caledonian, was opened in 1841. Save where it turns inland for a short distance in order to reach Paisley, it follows the course of the river throughout down to its terminus in the heart of the town of Greenock. Except such as may be connected with the sugar trade, there is not much sweetness or light about the town of Greenock; and, even for Greenock, the lanes through which the passengers had to walk from the train to the steamer were more than usually noisome. But such as they were, residents "down the water" had to put up with them for nearly a quarter of a century. At last the rival company, the Glasgow and South Western, came to the rescue. At enormous expense they formed a new line into Greenock, descending through tunnel from the high ground behind the town on to the shore, where they built a convenient pier adjoining their station. And they had their reward, for they swept away almost the whole of the Caledonian through traffic, and in a single year they have been known to carry to and from the coast over 800,000 passengers, or say every man, woman, and child, in Glasgow, Paisley, and Greenock put together; and this in spite of the fact that the Caledonian was by no means the only competing route. For a company, now merged in the all-absorbing North British, had built a line down the north bank of the Clyde to Helensburgh, while yet another railway, terminating at Wemyss Bay, cut off the great triangle of high ground near whose apex Greenock is situated, and so formed the shortest road to Rothesay and the other places on the Island of Bute. From Wemyss Bay, too, there were steamers to Largs and to Millport, which latter place has recently had a second string to its bow with a ferry service to the new coast railway *viâ* Ardrossan, while, to crown the whole, the natural route for the very large traffic to the Island of Arran is the steamer service from Ardrossan Harbour, now in connection with the South-Western only, but likely before long to be competed for by the Caledonian also.

As long ago as 1865 the Caledonian saw that they must lose their "coast" traffic, unless they took active steps to retain it; so they obtained powers to continue their line forward to Gourock Bay, some three miles below Greenock. But, like many another necessary enterprise, the scheme was knocked on the head by the great panic of 1866, and the Company were left *minus* their railway, but *plus* the burden of the ownership of Gourock Harbour, to which, of course, they had no access. A year or two back the scheme was revived, and this summer, after burrowing in a tunnel (the longest in Scotland) right under the town of Greenock, and constructing three miles of very heavy banks and cuttings, and a pier a third of a mile in length, at a total expenditure of £600,000, the Caledonian has found its bold stroke rewarded by the recovery of the bulk of the traffic which left it twenty years ago.

And now, after this long introduction, bearing in mind that Glasgow has roughly a seventh of the population of London, and that the Glasgow fares are certainly less than half what we are accustomed to in the south, let us see the provision which is made for the conveyance of Glasgow to the sea-side every afternoon. In each case we will take the crack service. At 4 P.M. the Caledonian sends off a fast train to Gourock, which calls to pick up passengers at Paisley, Port Glasgow, and Greenock. Twelve minutes later an express, which runs through without a stop, starts in pursuit, and, reaching Gourock Pier at 4.52, distributes its passengers among three different steamers which are there in waiting. Two minutes, neither more nor less, is allowed for and occupied by the transfer—no luggage is taken—and at 4.54 all three boats are under weigh, one for Loch Long, a second for the Holy Loch, and a third straight down the Firth for Rothesay, where it is due to arrive at 5.49. In the 97 minutes passengers have travelled 26 miles by train, 14 miles by boat, and have been delayed, not only by a slack through facing-points at Paisley, by collecting tickets at Fort Matilda, and by the transfer at Gourock, but also by calling at four intermediate piers. As this is the last new service, with the newest boats *

* The Caledonian had a Bill in Parliament this session to enable them to run steamers of their own. So had the Glasgow and South-Western. The Caledonian Bill was thrown out, and the South-Western was in consequence withdrawn. The splendid new Caledonian boats do not therefore belong to the Railway Company, but to the Caledonian Steam Packet Company, Limited; in other words, a syndicate of Caledonian shareholders with a Caledonian director, Lord Breadalbane, as their chairman. Similarly there is a North

and the most convenient pier, it may no doubt be the smartest, but the others have no need to blush at a comparison.

At 4.10, the North British despatches its express from Queen Street to Craigendoran Pier, outside Helensburgh (also with a slightly slower pick-up train in front), and three minutes after its arrival two steamers set off to distribute its passengers. At 4.20, a second express follows; again a pair of boats are in attendance, so that amongst the four every watering-place can be served with the least possible delay. Meanwhile, at 4.15 and 4.35, a pair of trains have started for the Wemyss Bay line, to connect at the pier with a pair of steamers, the one for Rothesay, the other for Largs and Milport. Last, but by no means least, the South Western has its 4.10 express for Greenock, with its two attendant steamers; its 4.7 for Fairlie Pier and Largs, and its 4.20 for the steamer to Arran *viâ* Ardrossan. One other South-Western train well deserves mention. The 4.15 to Ayr, one of the heaviest expresses in Great Britain, has no steamboat connection, and no competition either by boat or rail. But for all that, spite of calling at Paisley, "slipping" at Irvine, and collecting tickets at Prestwick, it covers its 40½ miles in the level hour. It should be added that the first-class fare is 5*s.*—to Brighton, 10 miles further, it is just double—and that Glasgow is chronically grumbling at the amount as extortionate.

In all, 11 trains, and 13 boats in connection, run for the accommodation of passengers leaving Glasgow in the half hour after 4 o'clock. On Saturdays the whole of this elaborate mechanism begins to work some two hours earlier. Needless to say, it has also to be set in motion every morning to get people up to business by half-past nine; while on Mondays, in particular, the crush is so tremendous that a special relief service has to be organized in front of the ordinary daily service. Even so, the train booked to leave Gourock at 8.30 has sometimes had to be despatched in four portions. To show the fierceness and the closeness of the competition, it is perhaps worth while giving some of the results in the form of a table (p. 477).

But it must not be supposed that the railways exert themselves to the utmost every morning and evening only to go to sleep for the rest of the day. On the contrary, the quantity of the

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British Steam Packet Company, Limited, owning the boats which run in connection with North British trains, both on the Clyde and on Loch Lomond.

services is not one whit less remarkable than their quality. There are, according to a local paper which lies before me, 54 passenger steamers calling every day at the not over-famous watering-place of Kirn, and a whole bevy of extra boats on Saturdays and Mondays. Most of them are to and from the different railway piers, but the number is swelled by the boats which, from the stately *Columba*, or *Lord of the Isles*, down to the humble cheap tripper—sixty miles out and home for sixpence—are constantly touching in the course of their complicated voyage from and to Glasgow.

GLASGOW AND THE COAST.

COMPARISON of the TIMES taken by the MORNING and AFTERNOON EXPRESS TRAINS of the undermentioned COMPANIES in the SUMMER of 1889.

	Caledonian viâ Gourock.		Glasgow and S. Western viâ Greenock.		North British viâ Craigendoran.		Caledonian viâ Wemyss Bay.	
	Minutes.		Minutes.		Minutes.		Minutes.	
	Up	Down	Up	Down	Up	Down	Up	Down
Kilcreggan	55	47	70	60	57	55		
Cove	63	55	80	70	69	65		
Blairmore	70	62	85	75	84	75		
Strone	67	61	95	85	77	73		
Kilmun	80	73	105	100	..	..		
Ardenadam	75	67	100	90	84	80		
Hunter's Quay	60	55	..	..	72	68		
Kirn	63	55	75	60	69	65		
Dunoon	70	62	80	65	74	70		
Innellan	85	77	85	70	94	90	70	65
Rothesay	105	97	105	95	114	110	80	80
Train Time	40	40	45	40	37	37	50	50
Railway Distance	26¼ miles		25½ miles		22½ miles		30½ miles	

It should be added that though the Wemyss Bay line looks on paper far and away the best to Rothesay, it has been seriously handicapped by the use of a much less convenient station in Glasgow. However, it has just been bought by the Caledonian, which hitherto has only worked it; so it is understood that next summer will not only see its service much improved, but also its trains admitted in Glasgow into the "Central," a station which is—what central stations by no means always are—honestly entitled to its name.

There is one very remarkable feature about this "coast" traffic. The great bulk of the passengers are not season-ticket holders, but take an ordinary return ticket every time they travel. Not but what the Scotch companies are liberal enough in the conditions on which they issue their "seasons." The usual English

rule is to grant them only for periods of three months and upwards, and only to first or second-class passengers. In Scotland not only are third-class "seasons" universal, but they can be obtained for any length of time that is desired. If, after taking a ticket for a month, the owner wishes to prolong his stay at the seaside for another fortnight or three weeks, he can always extend the currency of his ticket on paying a proportional amount in excess. But, spite of this liberal treatment, the "coast" passengers prefer to take tickets every day. The reason is obvious. The ordinary fare has been brought down so low that a "season" does not pay, unless its holder goes up and down every day. Take for example Wemyss Bay, as it has already been mentioned. For the 60 miles to Glasgow and back, the first-class fare is 3*s.* 6*d.*—a fare which a correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* protested against the other day as exorbitant. A season-ticket costs £25 per annum, so that to make it profitable one would have to travel more than thrice a week all the year round. To Brighton, on the other hand, it is only £30, but a single journey up and down costs 15*s.* In other words, a man who is away from Brighton three months in the year, and only comes up to town once a week during the remaining nine, will not actually lose by taking a "season."

Of course the difference, though at first sight it appears to be a difference in the scale of charge for season-tickets, is really in the fares for ordinary traffic. The ordinary fares to the "coast" have been reduced, so to speak, to the wholesale rate already. It is not that the Brighton Company treats season-ticket holders better, but that its ordinary passengers are treated much worse. On the face of it there is no reason why, if two competing companies can earn a good livelihood by carrying first-class passengers between Glasgow and Greenock at ¾*d.* a mile, and third-class passengers for half the money, a company which monopolises the whole traffic between London and Brighton should be unable to carry passengers by any of the best trains for less than 2¼*d.* I am not wishing here to reproach the Brighton Company. Like other commercial undertakings, it charges what it can get. But I do really believe that railway managers will have, ere long, to face the question, whether fares between two great centres of population with a constant interchange of traffic, ought to be fixed simply on a mileage basis. No one would dream of expecting a consignment of 50 tons of grey shirting, sent down from London to Southampton for

shipment, to pay at the same rate as a few pieces sent to Woking or Basingstoke for the use of the local draper. And there is no reason why the rule that applies to goods should not apply to passengers. If the Londoners who want to go to Brighton can, as they do, offer themselves for conveyance "in full train-loads," the company can evidently afford to carry them at a reduced figure. I have no expectation, I admit, of seeing introduced a third-class fare to Brighton of 2*s.* 6*d.* by all trains, though I fully believe that in a comparatively short time the initial loss would be more than compensated; but one wonders whether an experiment of a similar reduction, say, between Liverpool and Manchester, is beyond the bounds of possibility.

Hitherto it has always been the outside competition of steamers, or for short distance traffic of omnibuses or tram-cars, which has brought down railway fares seriously below the normal one penny per mile. Of course there have been short spurts of rivalry, and passengers have been carried before now between Glasgow and Edinburgh for sixpence, and from York and Manchester to London and back for half-a-crown. And what is more, in this latter case—which occurred at the time of the Exhibition of 1862—so says one who has the best right to speak with authority, "as long as summer lasted and the trains were full, we didn't lose by the transaction." But fares such as this were never meant to last. What one would like to see is a serious experiment jointly undertaken by the North Western, the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the Cheshire Lines between Liverpool and Manchester. The fares at present are by no means particularly cheap. They are 5*s.* 6*d.*, 4*s.*, and 2*s.* 6*d.* single, and 8*s.*, 6*s.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.* return, for the three classes respectively; on the Greenock scale they would be a good deal less than half. Say that they were brought down to one half, how long would it be before the number of passengers carried would treble itself? Less than this increase would certainly not pay the companies. No doubt they could carry many more passengers than they do at present, simply by running longer trains and more powerful engines, and therefore at practically no additional expense. But still there would be some, so that they would positively lose by carrying double the number of passengers at half the fares, except indeed for what they might gain by stimulating the traffic through Manchester to and from places beyond.

Unquestionably the whole subject is beset with difficulties,

not the least of which is that any very startling modification of this kind might tend to rouse a number of sleeping dogs which the railways may think it more prudent to let lie in peace. Still one cannot but wish to see it tackled. Vast as have been the strides with which railway improvement has advanced of recent years, in the all-important item of fares the progress has certainly not been what was anticipated by the founders of our railway system. When the Liverpool and Manchester line was opened "the fare in the better class of carriages, such as the 'Queen Adelaide' and the 'Wellington,' was five shillings, for which sum the travellers and their baggage are conveyed in omnibuses to and fro between the Company's offices in the heart of either town and the commencement of the railway, a mile or a mile and a half distant, free from any additional charge or gratuity." Nowadays, as we have seen, the first-class fare, with no allowance towards the costs of one's hansom, is sixpence more; then, as now, the second-class fare was 4*s*. It ought in fairness to be added that there was in the old days no third-class at all. Still even so the figures are not much to boast of; especially as other countries have gone a good deal ahead of us in this particular. No country probably gives as good value for a penny a mile as do our English railways; but then, in almost every country in Europe, it is possible, either by a fourth-class as in Germany, or by the zone system as now in Hungary, or by taking a train even slower than the *soi-disant* express, as in Belgium and elsewhere, to travel for considerably less than the level penny. There must be a vast substratum of traffic waiting to be tapped by the management which has the audacity to reduce fares (not by certain specified trains in summer, but in normal everyday working) to the level which prevails on the Greenock line. It is useless to say that it could never pay. After the experience of a generation, the Caledonian and the South-Western ought to know. The Caledonian has just spent £600,000 in order to get a better share of this low-fare traffic, spite of the fact that it only lasts for four months, and the cream of it only for two; while the South-Western is likely, so common report says, to carry their line forward past Gourock to the Cloch in order once more to over-trump their rivals.

Before we leave the "coast," where we have too long lingered, we must notice that the traffic is by no means merely residential. Probably nowhere in the world, certainly nowhere in the United Kingdom, are so many pleasure tours organized with so much

intelligence and forethought. Coaches and steamers are independent of the railways, but it is always possible to obtain through tickets at the railway booking-offices, and with the accounting that goes on afterwards through the companies' audit office the passenger need in no way concern himself. Take this as a fair sample of a complicated tour. Leave Glasgow about 8.30 A.M. by any of the three lines—there are expresses in connection about an hour earlier from Edinburgh—catch the *Lord of the Isles* an hour later at or near Greenock, and travel with her through the Kyles of Bute and as far as Inverary. Thence back across Loch Fyne in a small ferry steamer to St. Catherine's, whence an attendant coach will take you in a couple of hours through Hell's Glen to the head of Loch Goil, in time to catch a third steamer for Gourock, Greenock, or Craigendoran—according to the railway you have elected to patronize—and so to Glasgow in ample time for dinner. Fare for the whole round only 11 shillings. Or if this does not offer sufficient variety, you may leave the *Lord of the Isles* at Dunoon, take the coach to Inverchapel at the foot of Loch Eck, steam up the Loch, and then, with a second coach to Strachur, intercept the big vessel again on her way to Inverary. And any of these tours, of which the above is only one sample out of a hundred, may be made either way, or picked up at any point on the round. As for Loch Lomond, there is no reason why four friends, living at Carlisle, Oban, Berwick, and Dundee respectively, all agreeing to make the tour the same day, should not meet, either on the Loch or to lunch at the Trossachs Hotel, and get back home in time for bed. The *rendezvous* would not cost them much over a five-pound note among the four.

Again it is impossible to resist drawing a comparison. There are half-a-dozen coaches which leave London every morning. They are all admirably horsed and turned out, and nearly always empty. Nor are the reasons far to seek. A drive for the best part of an hour through London streets and London suburbs is not attractive for one thing; for another the coaches are little known, and evidently cannot afford to advertise extensively for themselves. Is it impossible for our London railways to organize coach tours in connection with their own lines? There is no difficulty in suggesting possible routes. Guildford to Dorking along the Hog's Back would be one; Windsor to Virginia Water through the Great Park might obviously be another. The Metropolitan might do worse than introduce its new line to

public notice by opening up the beauties of the Chilterns with a coach from Chesham to Aylesbury; and even the Chatham and Dover might induce a few people to use its Maidstone and Ashford line if it brought them back by road through the beautiful country which lies between Ashford and Sevenoaks. We cannot bring the Firth of Clyde to London, but even in the way of steamboat excursions it is possible that a trip, for instance, to Dover, thence by sea to Margate or Sheerness, and so back, might attract some people on whom the delights of Ramsgate sands have begun to pall. I have no wish to teach railway managers their business, but when one sees how much the Scotch railways, which after all are principally goods lines, do to encourage pleasure traffic, and how little is done by our southern lines, which really have nothing else to distract their attention, one cannot but think that it is at least worth while calling attention to the subject.

One point more before we leave the Clyde. Greenock does not deal only in "coast" traffic; it is one of the chief centres in the world of the sugar refining industry. It got a hold of this trade a century or so back, when West Indian sugar was brought in to fill the gap caused by the loss of the tobacco trade with the revolted American colonies; and it has held on to it since, though nowadays the raw sugar comes mainly from the Continent, and is imported either through Leith or Grangemouth. Most people know that there was an extraordinary rise in the price of sugar recently. Within a few weeks raw sugar advanced from thirteen to twenty-three shillings per cwt. Last spring there were literally miles of trucks loaded with some 6000 tons of raw sugar standing in every siding in the neighbourhood of Greenock waiting for the refiners to take delivery. In response to my enquiry as to the reason of this block, I learnt that, though the raw material had advanced so largely, there had been no corresponding rise in the price of refined sugar, and that therefore, thinking the rise must come, the refiners had postponed sales till their warehouses were chock-a-block, and they were forced to use the railway company's trucks as supplementary storerooms. There was at least one advantage in so doing, that they paid no rent.

Not so many years back the railway rate for sugar from Grangemouth to Greenock was 6*s.* 8*d.* per ton; from Leith it was 7*s.* As the sugar trade became more and more depressed, the Company made reduction after reduction in the rate, till

finally they had brought it down to 3*s.* 6*d.* and 3*s.* 9*d.* But when sugar almost doubled in value this spring, they thought that they too had a right to a little better terms, so they advanced the rate by 3*d.* per ton all round. Whether this was one of the instances of extortionate increase of which some of the Traders' Associations made so much the other day, I know not; but this I do know, and as the instance is probably unique, it is worth recording. When the agitation against the new classification and schedule of *maximum* rates first began last spring, a deputation of the Greenock sugar refiners waited upon the general manager of the Caledonian, not in order to demand any concession, but to express their gratitude for the treatment they had received in the past, their readiness to support the Company to the utmost of their power, and their confidence that their relations with it would be equally amicable in the future. Indeed, whatever be the reason, whether that the near neighbourhood of that great anti-monopolist, the sea, has protected the traders, or whether they have defended themselves by their own superior determination and intelligence, or perhaps that the Scotch railways are less exacting than their neighbour to the south, there is much less general discontent with railway rates in Scotland than in England. Alone of all the great towns of the kingdom, the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce will not appear as an objector before the Board of Trade next month.

It is not a little remarkable that the Companies who organize, and the public who enjoy, a service as admirable as that down the Clyde, are content to put up with the half-hearted service which exists between Glasgow and Edinburgh. It is not for want of competition that it is so poor. The North British has two routes, the old original Edinburgh and Glasgow line *vid* Falkirk, and a new low-level one through Bathgate; while the Caledonian has a third through Holytown and West Calder. The distances are 47¼, 44¼, and 46 miles respectively. The Caledonian service, which has one train in 64 minutes, and a good many more only taking 65, is in point of speed distinctly the best of the three. Even the Caledonian, however, labels "express," and, what is more, charges extra for, a train which takes 85 minutes on its journey, and makes eight intermediate stops every day of the week, and a ninth on Wednesdays. On the North British I was privileged a short time back to pay express fare by a through train *vid* Bathgate, which was allowed

2 hours and 2 minutes for 46¼ miles, and took it all with something over. On the old road the best train is timed to take 70 minutes, and quite a number of the "expresses" take 85. In fairness, an allowance of 5 minutes must be made off this for the Cowlairs tunnel, which, though only a mile and a half in length, descends into Queen Street Station in Glasgow with such a precipitous incline, that it has to be worked to the present day with a stationary engine and a wire rope, so that 8 minutes instead of 3 are required for its passage. Still, once clear of Cowlairs, there is, before the train need stop again at the Haymarket Station, a run of 44 miles as straight as an arrow, and so level that in the old days it used to be said that it was difficult to keep the ballast properly drained. If a train really wants 70 minutes over this bit of road, at least it should be honestly described an "ordinary passenger," and not allowed to profane the name of "express."

Talking of Queen Street Station, it is worth notice, as showing the marvellous strides which Glasgow has made in half a century, that the ground on which it stands—one of the best sites in the town—was bought by the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway in 1838 for a guinea per square yard, or to be exact, 33,128 yards (nearly seven acres) for £35,379 15*s.* 5*d.* The Company, however, only paid down the odd money, and it was not till 1846 that they were able to raise and pay off the balance of £30,000. What those seven acres are worth to-day may be judged from another sale which has recently taken place within a few yards. The Corporation of Glasgow disposed of a single acre of land in 1787 to a certain Robert Smith for £645 1*s.* 4*d.* Robert Smith at the time of the sale had a daughter six weeks old. Within her lifetime—she lived to be 98—the Corporation have bought it back again as the site of their new Municipal Buildings, and the price they paid amounted to £172,944 8*s.* 5*d.* No wonder that railway debentures are generally looked upon as sound investments.

The other two Glasgow lines would have been fortunate if they had secured an access to the heart of the City at so reasonable a rate. Both the Caledonian and the Glasgow and South-Western have got nowadays fine large stations, at least as convenient and accessible as Queen Street, but the cost to their shareholders is to be reckoned not in thousands, but in millions. No doubt the game has been worth the candle. When St. Enoch's, the South-Western Station—the ditto of St. Pancras

on a somewhat smaller scale—was opened fifteen years ago, the average number of trains in and out in the 24 hours was 111. Last summer, on busy days, it reached 350. The Central station of the Caledonian is even more modern, but already not only the station but its approaches have had to be enlarged, as the trains have increased from under one hundred to over four.

The Caledonian have, however, a second terminus, now used only for trains to the north, at Buchanan Street, where there is a low wooden shed, put up by Joseph Locke as long ago as 1849 as a temporary structure, but still standing, and to confess the truth, except for its looks, by no means a bad station even now. How the Caledonian got there is a curious story. Their original terminus was, as has been said, at St. Rollox on the high ground to the north-east of Glasgow (where, by the bye, an old resident informs me he remembers "seeing the engines going about with mortgagees' names upon them after the crash of 1848"). Amongst other inconveniences, outside the station was a toll-gate through which passengers had to pass on their way to and from the centre of the town, so the company determined that they must come further in. A local engineer projected a scheme by which the line was to be brought in on a viaduct with a falling gradient of 1 in 40 or thereabouts, and even then terminating at a height far above the roofs of the adjacent houses. Some of the arches were actually constructed, when the directors took alarm at what might happen if a train ran away through the station. So the building was stopped, and Joseph Locke called in. He at once decided that it was necessary to go back a mile or so behind St. Rollox, and then tunnel through the hill, and so come down more gradually to the level in Buchanan Street. But the job was a ticklish one. The new line had to be carried under the Monkland Canal and over the Cowlairs tunnel of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, and there was only very scant room for it to pass between them. The task was safely accomplished, but the engineers had an anxious time of it when the water of the canal actually began to trickle down into their workings.

Edinburgh often boasts its superiority to Glasgow. In one respect at least—its railway stations—it must acknowledge its vast and apparently hopeless inferiority. The Caledonian station is a wooden shanty. As for the North British, in its original prospectus, dated August, 1843, it expressed its determination "to avoid all useless expense in ornamental works at stations or otherwise," and its worst enemy will scarcely deny that it has

kept its promise. The Haymarket station has remained untouched, except the platforms—it may have been painted, but it shows no signs of it—for almost half a century. As for Waverley, what pen could do justice to it? Mr. Foxwell has tried in his recent book,* but he acknowledges the inadequacy of his own description. Not that it is, I think, quite fair to throw the whole blame upon the Company. For Haymarket they must take the responsibility, but to render the Waverley station adequate for its traffic is beyond their powers.

It is cooped in on all sides by walls of rock. The natural way to extend it would imply an entrenchment upon a portion of Princes Street Gardens, and this the Corporation refuses to permit on any terms. It is really rather an interesting point, in what Mr. Ruskin would call "the relation of art to use." Unquestionably the gardens are beautiful, and a railway station unlovely; but after all, the Princes Street hotelkeepers and shopkeepers would hardly wish to be left in solitude to enjoy the spectacle. Next year when the Forth Bridge is open, the Company will scarcely venture to expose its passengers to the accustomed blocks in getting through Edinburgh. How would Edinburgh, with its metropolitan dignity, like it, if next summer the London express halted for half a moment outside the town at Millerhill Junction, contemptuously uncoupled a carriage or two, and then ran on by the suburban line direct to the Forth Bridge?

There is nothing special to note about the local traffic of Edinburgh. It is all in the hands of the North British, and consequently there are none of those prodigies of energy which are so profusely displayed in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. Nor has the North British any great opportunity of exhibiting remarkable speed. Northwards, the neck at Larbert renders such attempts impossible. Of the Glasgow expresses we have spoken already. Eastwards to Berwick, the expresses are "horsed," in pursuance of an old agreement, by the North-Eastern. There remains only the Waverley route southwards to Carlisle through Melrose and Hawick, and this is so bad a road that any very high speed is out of the question. I travelled over it not long since on the engine of the 10.45 A.M. up express. Hardly were we clear of the complexities of the suburban branches, when we had to stop at Hardengreen for the "bank" engine to come on behind and push us up the long climb, nearly

* 'Express Trains, English and Foreign,' p. 60.

10 miles of 1 in 70 to the top of the Fala moors, over 800 feet above sea-level. The summit reached, the bank-engine fireman comes forward along the frame of his engine and uncouples, and without a check we continue our course, gathering speed as, for fifteen miles down the Gala Water, we thread the endless loops of the stream, till the tall chimneys of Galashiels come in sight, and with a whirr the brakes go down and we pull up at the platform, 33½ miles in 49 minutes. Two minutes for a drink of water, sorely needed after her long climb, and we are off once more, and, with just a passing glimpse of Abbotsford, are over the Tweed and into Melrose. Another fifteen miles of what on the Waverley route passes for level road brings us to Hawick and the banks of the Teviot. Then again a second engine comes to our aid, for we have to cover another ten miles worse than before, up the valley of the Slitrig, with not only the gradient against us, but with curves so sharp that the driving-wheels grind against the check-rails, now on one side and now on the other. However, at length we are through the Shankend Tunnel, over a thousand feet above sea-level, and emerge into daylight on the slopes of Liddesdale. As we rush down into the wider Eskdale, we pass place after place famous in Border story. Here it is Canobie Muir; anon it is Netherby Hall; but there is no "mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan," only an old cock-pheasant lazily sunning himself in the line, whose dignity hardly suffers him to move on till the wheels are within a yard of catching him. Another moment and we are speeding across Solway Moss. Ten minutes more, the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall, and our journey is over. The engine moves off to its "stable," to wait till it is time for the return journey, but not a solitary passenger troubles himself so much as to put his head out of the window and cast a look at the steed that has carried him so well.

For all that, the run, 98½ miles in just over two hours and a half, or roughly 39 miles an hour with three intermediate stoppages, is not a little remarkable. On the Continent they would label it "express, first class only," if it was 10 miles an hour slower across the dead levels of Burgundy or Brabant. What the *Chemin de Fer du Nord* authorities, who cannot manage to keep time with their expresses from Paris to Amiens at some 40 miles an hour, would think of hauling over this road the heavy Pullmans of the Midland down "Highland" express, in 140 minutes without a stop, one really would like to know.

Probably they would think what a nuisance competition was, to force officials to take all this trouble for a public which after all was as discontented as ever.

And now let us get back to Edinburgh in a very different and much more leisurely fashion. In no trade have railways made a greater revolution than in the cattle trade. Great fairs, such as that at Falkirk, held at long intervals, are dying out, and their place is being taken by regular weekly markets in the chief railway centres, such as Edinburgh or Perth. The market-day in Edinburgh is Tuesday, so on Monday night I slept in Berwick in order to come up with a cattle train the following morning. We—the engine and the brake, for there were no cattle—set off from Berwick at 6.45, and climbed up on the cliffs as the sun was coming out over the North Sea. But in spite of the sun we were not sorry when the fire in the brakesman's stove began to burn up. At four stations, one after the other, the signal was "off," as a sign that there was nothing for us that morning, so on we ran. After an hour had thus been spent to no purpose, I was forcibly reminded of the story of Napoleon's cutlet. Napoleon's taste was of the simplest; he never wanted anything but a cutlet, but he always expected a cutlet to be ready for him at whatever moment he might happen to want it. The arrangement might be convenient, but was scarcely economical, as not a few cutlets were wasted. And so if our British farmers expect to have a special train run past their doors on market-day, on the chance that they may have a beast or two ready for the butcher, they can hardly expect to get their service as cheap as if they had to give a couple of days' notice of their intention.

At length at Cockburnspath, 21 miles from Berwick, we picked up a couple of trucks, at Innerwick three more, and at Dunbar again three. Then, after drawing two stations blank, at Drem, the junction for North Berwick, we made a great haul, and completed our load with three and twenty trucks all at once; so we had only to wait till the up passenger train had passed us, and then make the best of our way to market; a second special must pick up the stock from the remaining stations. Travelling in a goods brake has, it must be honestly admitted, not many advantages over a first-class carriage, but it has one conspicuous merit. On a passenger train one may be late—indeed, if one is privileged to live on the Chatham and Dover, one not unfrequently is—but one cannot possibly be early. A goods train goes ahead, as soon as it has done its work

and the line is clear. On this occasion, thanks to the Drem farmers and their twenty-three trucks, we reached our destination more than half an hour before we were due.

As we approached Niddrie, the junction with the Waverley line, we saw another cattle train coming up from Hawick which ought by rights to have preceded us. But it was too late; we had "got the road," and could not be dislodged from our pride of place. Behind the Hawick train was another, which had started at 5 o'clock from Carlisle, and picked up the traffic from the further side of Hawick. Later on, when we got nearer Haymarket, where the sales are held, we encountered other trains from Fife, and from Greenhill and the north. In all, 130 to 150 truck-loads is no uncommon consignment for a Tuesday morning. Arrived at the cattle dock, the animals were walked out of their trucks almost as easily and quickly as a train-load of passengers, and off into the covered yards of the different salesmen. Hardly are they out of the trucks, when men with great jets of water from a fire-hose set to work to wash out the trucks, and to cover the floor with layers of fresh sawdust, brought up in truck-loads from the carriage shops at Cowlairs; and then everything is ready for the animals to commence their journey, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, to whatever great town of England their purchasers may consign them.

There is another though less necessary article of food than meat, which the North British deals with in wholesale quantities, and that is mushrooms. It comes about in this wise. The old Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee line, coming up from the Granton and Burntisland ferry, got into Waverley Station by a tunnel under St. Andrew's Square and Princes Street. It was about three-quarters of a mile long, and the gradient was so steep as to necessitate the employment of a stationary engine. Of late years a *détour* out to the east has avoided the gradient, and the tunnel has been abandoned. For a long while it was simply useless, or rather worse than useless to the Company, for it was alleged that disabled trucks, from the Scotland Street end, where the old station is now used as a coal depot, used to be shunted into the tunnel out of the way, and so lost to sight and forgotten. Two years back an ingenious person conceived the idea of leasing the tunnel and growing mushrooms. The company were not too exacting about terms. Any rent was better than no rent, and moreover they got the carriage of all the materials for forming hot-beds inwards, and all the mush-

rooms that were grown out again. And what with soil and manure, the grower declares that he uses up a train-load of stuff in a twelvemonth. Even the very spawn comes in, a truck-load at a time.

When I was there, one bitter cold day last March, I found a huge fire of anthracite burning just inside the mouth of the tunnel, which could not be closed except by a wooden screen, movable so as to permit the passage of railway trucks. In this way the chill was taken off the air as it entered. The upper end of the tunnel next the station is built up with brickwork. Throughout the entire length there runs a double line of rails. What used to be the up line is kept clear for use, as the beds have to be removed bodily and renewed about every six months. But between this line and the wall there is a small border carried along throughout, and the place of the down line is occupied by a series of beds running across at right angles. For a hundred yards one walks along a set of beds in full bearing. Then again a second set have just been made but are still too hot and rank for the spawn to be put into them. A little further one comes upon a gang of men, at work by the light of lanterns in making up a third set. I learnt that, at the time of my visit, the French growers had not yet got their products into the market, and that the Edinburgh Mushroom Company, Limited, could obtain from the salesmen from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 9*d.* a pound, and even at that price had more orders than they were able to execute.

With this, which is, I cannot but think, one of the strangest developments of railway working, we must leave our subject for the present. Next month we shall make a circuit through the less familiar regions of Aberdeenshire and the Highlands.

W. M. ACWORTH.

P.S.—I have to express my regret that the table of distances *viâ* the Forth Bridge, given last month, was not quite accurate. A further deduction of 3 miles should have been made for the Dalmeny and Corstorphine curve on the south side of the bridge. This leaves the total superiority of East Coast over West Coast as 11½ to Perth and 17 to Aberdeen.

W. M. A.

Parsifal at Baireuth.

LITTLE was known, until a few years ago, of the primitive old-fashioned German town lying in a sleepy hollow of the Franconian hills. The world was satisfied to let the dust of ages rest undisturbed on its houses and streets, and on the castle, where the Markgrävine Sophie Wilhelmine had once held but sorry state, in a court which to modern notions sounds uncourtly in many of its ways. Who cared to turn aside from Nürnberg, from its towers and walls, its gabled roofs and grand old churches, its memories of Albert Dürer, Hans Sachs, and that brotherhood of artists and sculptors who shared their friendship, to visit Baireuth? In Nürnberg the past still lives and speaks eloquently, testifying to the simple, stately, burgher life of the German Middle Ages, and to the strong, artistic impulse, which was the richest fruit of that life. But in Baireuth there was nothing to see, nothing to interest. The great stream of life swept past the town, and scarcely did a side eddy reach it—a town, truly of which travellers might feel, till within a few years,

> "There are a thousand such elsewhere
> As worthy of your wonder."

How changed all this is now! A great magician has stretched his wand above the town, and on the green hill-side a building has arisen, whence sounds issue like a trumpet-call to the nations, proclaiming a new dawn in the world of Art and Beauty. And so during a few weeks in summer, crowds of people from all parts of Europe and America stream into Baireuth. The echoes of the drowsy streets are awakened by the sound of many voices. What a strange blending of languages as one passes along the Maximilian Strasse! yet all this diversity of tongues really harmonizes in the common chord of a universally felt enthusiasm. Whatever the language, the feeling it expresses is the same. From near and far, we

have all come together, lured by the distant sounds of siren music, which, once heard, has held us spell-bound ever since, and now claims our allegiance here, where alone we can hear the strains aright. On other subjects, in other places, our power of cold, dispassionate criticism may return to us; but for the time being we forfeited it, when we yielded to our impulse to hear Wagner's operas performed in the Festspielhaus of his own designing at Baireuth.

There is something unique and delightful about the sense of fellowship and good-will that is born of this mutual sympathy. Whatever part of the world we come from, to whatever part we may be going, for the present we have but one interest, one idea. In the joyful anticipation of the coming days, hearts overflow, and tongues are loosened. Reckless of idiom, and strangely unhampered by the exigencies of a foreign tongue, (the result of superabundant feeling rather than knowledge), a flood of polyglot enthusiasm and ungrammatical emotion flows down the *table d'hôte;* eagerly, questions are asked; credulously, information is received, which the after event generally proves to be wrong. "How at the last moment are the parts cast?" "Will Materna or Malten sing Kundry?" "Does Levi or Richter direct?" Finally we separate with glad "Auf Wiedersehen," "Au revoir," and other genial greetings, the growth of a foreign soil, and of the magnetic sympathy of the moment.

It is impossible, even if you would, to escape from the thraldom of one idea at Baireuth. The shop-windows are full of busts and photographs of the "Meister." At the booksellers I doubt if it would be possible to buy any literature that did not bear directly or indirectly on the all-absorbing subject; the very street-boys whistle or hum snatches from some familiar stirring chorus; post-cards and letter-paper bear in the corner the impress of notes—"mystic, wonderful." Even the damasked linen (the one industry of Baireuth) is embroidered with the bars of some *motif.* The coachman whom you hail from the market-place scarcely thinks it worth while to ask where he shall take you. He assumes as a matter of course that you are going to the Villa Wahnfried to visit Wagner's grave (on this first evening, when there is no opera), and to see the outside of the house where the Poet-Musician at last found rest and peace, after a life of struggle and disappointment, and years of exile from the land that he loved so passionately, and for whose glory he has done so much.

Next afternoon we started at three o'clock to walk up to the Theatre. How unlike it all was to everything we had hitherto associated with opera-going! Instead of the drive through garish, gas-lit streets, we walked out into the country, past summer fields, sweet with the scent of new-mown grass, up an ascending road to the Festspielhaus, Wagner's Ideal realized. All that he suffered of failure and disappointment in seeing his works partially understood and inadequately represented on other stages is now a twice-told tale. At last, when hope was all but dead, deliverance came. A kingly nature, quick to recognize and do homage to the sovereignty of genius, stretched out from high places the hand of sympathy and help; and it was in chief measure due to the princely generosity and the unfailing friendship of King Ludwig II. of Bavaria, that Wagner at length saw the dream of his life about to be fulfilled, and was enabled in 1873 to lay the foundation-stone of his theatre at Baireuth. His experience of the deeply-rooted prejudices of theatre-directors, and of the inflexible nature of stage traditions, had led him purposely to select a town lying aside from the great highways of public life and commerce. Only amid silence from the disturbing sounds of a busy world could his music be heard aright; only in the absence of other distracting sights could the meaning of the great spectacle of human life which he presents to us be truly understood.

It is no "stately pleasure-dome" that stands out against a background of dark pine-trees on the hill above the town, but a plain unadorned building of vast proportions, and a certain imposing simplicity—built to embody a National Ideal of Art, the life-work of one man. This is not the place to speak of Wagner's new conception of Art, of his theories and methods. True, we had steeped our minds for days past in literature on the subject, but now that the living spirit was about to be manifested to us, we did not think of the letter. As we stood on the fringe of the woods, and watched the international stream of people winding up the road, and gathering together under the large porticos, strangely enough it was no music of Wagner's, but those joyous, haunting notes from Beethoven's choral symphony that by a freak of memory and association seemed to ring in our ears,

> "Seid umschlungen Millionen
> Diesen Gruss der ganzen Welt."

Ignorance and prejudice may delay the final triumph, but the

day must surely come when by "millions" Wagner's music will be recognized as a "greeting to the whole world."

At last came the sound for which we had all been waiting, the solemn notes of the *Communion motif*, given out by trumpets from the centre portico, the first signal to take our seats. The interior of the building is an amphitheatre of noble dimensions and simple classic lines. Tier upon tier of seats of equal value stretch up to the back, where there is one row of boxes. Corinthian pillars support the building on each side ; there is no glitter, no gilding, all is plain and unadorned, neutral in tone, simple in form—built with a view to concentrate the whole attention of the audience on the stage. No drop-scene, but a massive curtain of Indian red with deep gold border, the only colour in the whole place, separates the stage from the theatre. The orchestra is hidden in some subterranean region out of sight, the director being visible to the stage alone. At the end of every act the audience scatters for an hour, an arrangement which prevents any feeling of over-fatigue or strain. During the first interval tea or coffee, during the second, dinner can be had in the restaurant close to the theatre.

Again the trumpets sound outside, and in a few minutes every one is seated ; the ladies have taken off their hats (according to rule), the lights are lowered, and a hush of expectation falls on the audience. Then, without any warning, there steals up from the hidden orchestra in the depth below, like a message of peace and holiness, the notes of the *Communion motif*. Slowly the long tremulous tones of the violin melt into silence ; then we hear the majestic chords of the *Grail motif* in gathering power, and gradually the whole pageant of music is unrolled in waves of sound, now swelling in full exultant chords, now trembling in the air, like the sound of faintly-heard spirit-voices. Again, what an accent of pain strikes on our ears and reaches our hearts, the sense of a whole world groaning and travailing in anguish, the mystery and pathos of life, the capacity for suffering, the yearning towards something outside ourselves—we hear and feel it all ! Finally, rising above the pain, in sounds of solemn, certain comfort, the notes of the *Communion motif* once again. Is it from within or from without, this sense of the Unknown revealed, the Inexpressible uttered, deep calling unto deep, without feeling of limitation or "sad satiety," that possesses our whole being as the music swells and dies away into silence ? The curtain draws aside, and we are on the domain of the holy

Grail, among the sorrow-stricken knighthood, suffering through the fall of their King Amfortas. Even on this consecrated ground sin has crept in with its inevitable weight of woe and responsibility. This is the scene upon which Parsifal enters, a being of a primeval world—young, beautiful, innocent, ignorant of sin, ignorant of suffering, exultant in the sense of youth and strength, "the guileless fool," who, through pity learnt in the divine school of suffering, is to redeem the brotherhood, and heal the wound of Amfortas. For to this king, bowed down by the consciousness of sin, comfort has been vouchsafed and redemption promised in words of mysterious prophecy:

"Durch Mitleid wissend
Der reine Thor,
Harre sein
Den ich erkor." *

This then, in Wagner's philosophy, as revealed to us in his last and greatest work, is the answer to the problems that perplex our life, herein lies the meaning of the mystery of pain,—Pity and Renunciation. It is something more than the beautiful old legend of the Grail that we are looking on at, it is a whole philosophy of life, noble and deeply religious in feeling, that is proclaimed to us, with the threefold power of music, poetry and action. It is this manifold side of Wagner's art that makes it at once so inexhaustible in its interest, so ideal in its representation of complex human life, so utterly impossible to describe. Not only do the characters of the drama reveal themselves to us by words and in their actions, but by the music we are taken into worlds not realized, into spiritual regions of which deeds are but the dim shadows. Each *motif* is weighted with significance, and, either heard singly or in connection with other *motifs*, has its meaning and bearing on the development of the story and of the characters. As we listen, we feel that the inmost depths of being are made known to us, of which the words and actions of the drama are but the show and semblance. Thus, on Parsival's entrance among the knights, our ears are arrested and our hearts moved by the chivalrous exultant chords of his *motif*, the certain indication of his coming triumph over the powers of sin and worldliness; but the triumph has yet to be won, by knowledge born of suffering.

* "By pity 'lightened
A guileless fool,
Wait for him
My chosen tool."

It is this gradual awakening, through pain, from unconscious happiness to conscious blessedness that we see worked out in Parsifal. When he comes among the knights, we feel that he belongs to another world than theirs, and at first it would seem as if between him and them there could be no common meeting-ground. They have felt the weight of the world lie heavy on their hearts, have experienced the pain of failure and remorse. What can Parsifal, a child of nature, brought up by his mother Herzeleid in the woods far from the haunts of men, know or understand of their feelings or fears, their sufferings and aspirations? It all lies outside his experience, and his very ideality makes him powerless in this world of said realities. He has but one answer to all their questions, "I know not." He gazes in child-like wonder and bewilderment on a scene which he cannot understand, when the knights break out in lamentation over the dead swan that Parsifal has killed. He does not comprehend their sorrow, but with the blind impulse of a generous nature, he breaks his bow and arrows in two, and thus takes the first step that separates him from a life of instinctive, unquestioning happiness. When Kundry looks up from her lair in the thicket, and tells him that his mother Herzeleid is dead, he gives way to a fierce burst of anger and passion, the natural rebellion of the human heart, that claims happiness as its right, before it has learnt that pain is its heritage. To the knights, Parsifal's guilelessness and ignorance is foolishness, only Gurnemanz, the oldest of the brotherhood, recognizes, with the quick instinct of a noble nature, the purity of heart and single-mindedness of aim that have led him to the domain of the Grail. He sees in him the possible saviour of their order, for whom they have hitherto watched in vain, and straightway leads him to the sanctuary where the Holy vessel has been preserved since the days when angels' hands delivered it to Titanel.

It is difficult to give any idea of the grandeur and impressiveness of this scene. The stately Byzantine columns and arches of the temple; the slow procession of the knights entering two by two, and ranging themselves at long covered tables; the sound of church bells, and the choir of boy voices from the cupola; the solemnity and sense of reality of the whole scene make us forget that we are in a theatre. We feel that we are looking on at a solemn act of devotion, that we are realizing the life of faith, of another age and world than ours. The wounded king is brought in on a litter, and placed in front of the covered

Grail. Most striking and dramatic is the contrast of his intense spiritual anguish and Parsifal's unconsciousness. In Amfortas's pain it is no morbid, selfish remorse that we see, but a nobler sorrow; the consciousness of personal unworthiness in the presence of the highest duties, the passionate longing to regain the holiness that has been lost. To Parsifal, ignorant of sin and its consequences, the tragedy before him is full of a mystery that he cannot understand. Throughout the act he stands on one side, silent and unmoved. Only once does a dim instinct of another's pain seem to reach him. When the Grail is uncovered, Amfortas gives a loud cry of agony, and the wound breaks forth afresh. Almost unconsciously Parsifal clasps his own heart; but to Gurnemanz's question, "Weisst du was du sah'st?"* he shakes his head. He is still the "guileless fool," and has to gain the knowledge by which he shall save others, by the divine teaching of suffering. Disappointed, Gurnemanz casts him forth from the sanctuary, back into the world, and the curtain closes.

This, very imperfectly described, is the scene, but how in words tell of the glamour and mystery of music, by which we have been possessed? In the wailing chords of the Amfortas music, in the wild restlessness of the Kundry *motif*, we seem to have sounded the depths of despair, to have heard the passionate cry of human pain and longing. We have gone down into the dark places of suffering, into the chaos and discord of unredeemed agony, and then we have been led by the notes of the *prophecy motif* from darkness into light, and have ascended the heights where pain loses its character and becomes redemption, and where Love and Faith peal forth their certain victory in the notes of the *Communion* and *Grail motifs*.

Parsifal's initiation into suffering is magnificently worked out in the second Act, the scene of the temptation in the garden of Klingsor, enemy of the Grail, who by his evil works has become possessed of the holy spear through which alone Amfortas's wound can be closed. Here again we find Kundry one of the most interesting and complex of Wagner's creations. In her twofold character of servant of the Grail knighthood and agent of Klingsor, she seems to typify human nature, with its aspirations to good, its proneness to evil. Restless and longing to rest, driven hither and thither by wild impulses, now at the mercy of Klingsor, now finding peace in deeds of service, she is

* "Wist you what you saw."

a being made up of contradictions, the antitype of Parsifal. In a scene of demonic energy Klingsor summons her up from the centre of the earth, to send her forth on a mission of evil. Most haunting and pathetic are the long wailing accents in which she resists him, but she is powerless. We feel that some force, as yet unknown to her, is needed to free her from the dominion of evil, and then suddenly, like a trumpet-call of hope, the exultant notes of the Parsifal *motif* break on our ear. The magician's castle disappears, and we are in an enchanted land, among flowers and flower-girls, scents and sounds, the show and splendour of earthliness. The melody of the flower-girls falls on our ears, perilously sweet and enervating. All around is a glow and glitter of colour, and far in the distance a background of snowy peaks and mountains, against which stands out the figure of Parsifal, leaning on his sword, chivalrous, ideal, innocent, gazing with eyes of frank wonder upon this world of which he knows nothing. In childlike bewilderment he steps down among the singing, dancing girls, but the might of worldliness is powerless against a nature like his. He is untouched, unmoved by all he sees, and is about to go, when he is stopped by the irresistibly beautiful notes of a woman's voice calling him by name "Parsifal." With the music of the Herzeleid *motif* she arrests him, and taking him in memory by the association of sounds and words back to the days of his childhood, she gradually tells him how his mother died of a broken heart, when he, her only child, left her. The words, uttered with slow tragic expressiveness,

"Und—Herzeleid—starb,"*

enter Parsifal's heart like a sword. Overcome with grief he falls at Kundry's feet. A sorrow for which he is responsible has struck him at his life's core. Consciousness has come to him, and when "la belle dame sans merci" bends over him and kisses him, in a moment he awakens fully to a sense of life's meaning, to a realization of the conflict between the world and the spirit, to a knowledge of the soul's needs. With a loud shout of "Amfortas!" he springs to his feet. Now, he knows the meaning of the suffering he gazed on unconsciously; a world of pain and restless unsatisfied longing has been revealed to him, and with the revelation has come the feeling of infinite pity. His instinctive holiness and innocence are no longer a mere shield for himself, they have become a weapon to be used in the service of others.

* "And—Herzeleid—died."

His one longing now is to reach Amfortas. He breaks away from his surroundings, and repels Kundry, who, in fierce passionate declamation, condemns him to a life of wandering. Suddenly Klingsor appears on the battlements and hurls the holy spear at Parsifal. With calm majestic mien and folded arms he waits the charge, and lo! the spear hangs motionless above his head. He clutches it, and makes with it the sign of the cross. In a moment castle and garden are shattered, and with a wailing sob Kundry falls to the ground. It is a magnificently dramatic and significant moment, when Parsifal, at the sound of her cry, turns round from the distant battlements, and waving the holy spear aloft, calls back to her in notes in which we feel the solemnity of his divine mission of pity,

"Du weisst—wo einzig du mich wiedersiehest." *

In the third Act we are again on the Grail's domain, with Gurnemanz, an aged hermit in whom hope of deliverance is all but dead, and Kundry, penitent and dead to the world, craving only to be allowed to serve in atonement for the past. The sound of the Parsifal *motif* in a minor key (how mournful and changed from the old, glad, triumphant strain!) strikes on our ear, and he enters with slow steps in black armour, bearing in his hand the holy spear. After long wandering (to which Kundry's curses had condemned him), he has at length reached the place which his soul has sought unceasingly through much combat and conflict. No longer ignorant of sorrow, he has become

"Durch Mitleid wissend;"

and as he recognizes the ground on which he stands, the full meaning of his divine mission bursts upon him, and he realizes that the hour of deliverance is near.

In holy penitence Kundry removes his armour, and washes the stains of travel from his feet.

It is impossible to more than indicate the deep symbolic meaning of all this scene, or to give any idea of the impressive solemnity of every note, word, and act. Our hearts are penetrated by the mystic beauty of the Good Friday music, and our spirits stirred by the pæan-like strains with which Gurnemanz recognizes the holy spear, when, having anointed Parsifal King of the Grail, he leads him once more to the sanctuary. The scene here is much the same as in the first Act, but the spirit is

* "Thou know'st when only we shall meet again."

changed. Amfortas, hopeless and worn out by long suffering, has refused to fulfil his holy office, and in consequence the faith of the brotherhood has dimmed, their strength has waned. Despair and death have entered among them. In anger they implore the King to uncover the Grail; in anguish he refuses, and tearing open his mantle, demands death at their hands. Suddenly Parsifal stands among them. Stretching out the holy spear, he heals Amfortas's wound, while in words of noble significance he blesses the power of suffering that has brought knowledge to the "guileless fool." Amfortas sinks in holy ecstasy before him, as Parsifal steps up to the altar. The lights are gradually lowered, and the knights fall prostrate in attitudes of deep devotion. Then to a glorious burst of music, the sound of many voices proclaiming redemption and peace from pain, Parsifal uncovers the Grail. Light falls on him from above, as he stands holding the holy vessel aloft, the saviour of the order, spiritualized by Renunciation, alike redeemed and redeeming by the divine power of Pity.

As the curtain closed on the night of that first performance, a solemn hush fell on the whole audience, as quietly and reverently we passed out into the still night-air. Feelings had been too deeply stirred to find expression in applause; silence seemed the fitting tribute to the ideality and religious nature of the drama we had been witnessing. Only later, as the mystic glamour passed off under the influence of every-day surroundings, did we realize and speak of the perfectness of the performance in its details; of the whole-hearted earnest devotion of each and all the actors, of the beauty and seeming reality of the scenery and stage-setting, of the supreme achievement of the orchestra under Herr Levi's direction.

It would be difficult to imagine a finer impersonation of "Parsifal" than Herr Van Dyck's. Heart and soul he has thrown himself into the part and made it his own. Equally in the childish innocence and simplicity of the "guileless fool," and in the kingly nature of the hero sanctified by suffering, he has realized the Poet-Musician's ideal. Never for a moment did he seem conscious of self, audience, or surroundings. The Opera-singer was forgotten—the Knight of the Grail was realized.

Very fine too in its different way was Herr Reichmann's rendering of Amfortas. He seemed to go up the whole scale of human suffering, from pathetic hopelessness to passionate despair, and made us realize by voice and gesture the greatness

of the loss of holiness, the pain to a noble nature of conscious failure. Kundry we saw that first evening impersonated by Frau Materna, later in the week by Fräulein Malten. Frau Materna's voice is of unequalled beauty and fulness, powerful to move to tears, and to stir to enthusiasm; but in Fräulein Malten's conception of the part there was a poetry, a depth of comprehension, and a dramatic realization of the two conflicting elements in the nature, which one missed in the older singer; but where both were so fine, it is invidious and ungrateful to draw comparisons.

The two other operas given this year were "Tristan und Isolde," and "the Meistersinger of Nürnberg." Unlike Parsifal, both have been given at various times in all the best theatres in Europe, and most of the audience assembled at Baireuth had had opportunities of seeing them performed on other stages. But from the first notes of the Tristan overture to the last grand chorus of the "Meistersinger" they were aware of a *something* they had always missed before. Here, where the spirit of the "Meister" still breathes, and speaks from every stock and stone; where his living presence and influence worked among singers, directors, and musicians, teaching and training them to his own standard; there is a sustained perfection, a restrained enthusiasm in every part of the performance that can be met with nowhere else. Probably in no other two operas could the sense of the universal grasp of Wagner's mind, and of the vast range of his creative genius, have been brought home to us with more convincing force. In Lohengrin we should still have been on the territory of the Grail; in Tannhäuser we are ever conscious of the conflict between the powers of good and of evil; in the Nibelungenring, though the setting is different, the inner significance, the ethical teaching is the direct precursor of Parsifal. From Brunhilde's sacrifice and renunciation to Parsifal, the man who "can best tell how to suffer," and is thus "conqueror of himself and lord of the world," is a direct step. But in "Tristan und Isolde" we are in another world. In the tender lyric grace, and sonorous ring of this love-poem, we seem to hear language other than we listened to in Parsifal. Our spirits are possessed by the mystic dreamy beauty, the passionate yearning of the music, and we are held chained by a spell that would be almost pain, but for the satisfying element inseparable from great beauty. There is no relief of dramatic action, little variety from the one unending theme of love and love-longing, of

passionate pain at the limitations of mortality, of impassioned yearning for a fuller, freer existence.

In striking contrast to the poetic fervour and ideality—the pure white flame of passion of "Tristan und Isolde," is the naturalism, the humour, the simple noble humanity of the "Meistersinger of Nürnberg." With a sound, a word, the mist of centuries is dispelled, and German life in the Middle Ages is before us. Here they come—the laughing, dancing apprentices; here are the various burgher guilds, with their picturesque trappings, and characteristic music; here are the worthy Meistersingers, with their formal, stereotyped theories of Art; and here, towering above them all, as the distant "Burg" in the background towers above his own beautiful Nürnberg, is the grand genial figure of Hans Sachs—noblest of friends, most unselfish of lovers. There is a stately measured tread about the music of his part, a depth of manliness, a wistful tenderness, and a strong simple piety, which makes us realize the man as no mere words could. In him we have as ruling motive the same spirit of selfless renunciation, which we find in King Marke ("Tristan und Isolde") and in Brunhilde, and which has its final ideal expression in Parsifal.

Parsifal—for that after all is the idea to which we always come back, the figure that stands out prominently against the background of our consciousness, whenever we think or speak of Baireuth. What the Sistine Madonna is to other pictures, what the Venus of Milo to other statues, that is Parsifal to other music-dramas. There is a lonely splendour about the conception, a unique feeling of consecration about the performance which is indescribable, incommunicable.

E. C. SELLAR.

A Visit to the "Institute Pasteur."

WHILE the Pasteur controversy is still occupying the public mind, and every country is busily engaged in discussing the pros and cons of hydrophobia and inoculation, a few particulars regarding the present aspect of the Pasteur Institution may perhaps be of some public interest.

When in Paris lately, I had the good fortune to be introduced to M. Pasteur, and permitted personally to inspect his Institution. The building, which is situated far from the fashionable world in the Rue Dutot, resembles in appearance a new and well-appointed hospital, being clean, light, and airy, with wide passages and large windows. One portion is set apart for the dwelling of this man of science, so that he literally lives in the midst of his work. The edifice was built for M. Pasteur by international public subscription, England being one of the few countries that did not subscribe.

The French State, which has always been noted for its generosity to science, in the case of M. Pasteur held out an unusually generous hand, otherwise probably inoculation for hydrophobia might never have been discovered, for experiments are costly, and necessarily numerous, and M. Pasteur not being a man of large means, if he had been hampered by the worry of expense at every turn, could never have accomplished such an enormous amount of research with such satisfactory results. So anxious is he for others to benefit by his experience, that his large laboratory contains fourteen tables, at which are found students of all nationalities and ages, from 25 to 50, some of them men who have already made their mark in science. To these students no charge is made beyond the price of materials they use; and every facility for scientific research is provided.

The laboratory is beautifully clean and well arranged, each worker having a large table fitted up with gas-jets, washing, carbolic apparatus, chemical stands, cupboards, &c. While every kind of heating, freezing, water, or disinfecting machine is ready for use.

My brother, Vaughan Harley, being lucky enough to be working at one of these tables, I had the advantage of his explanations of the *modus operandi*, as well as the more scientific descriptions of M. Pasteur and Dr. Roux.

When one speaks of the "Institute Pasteur," it is a mistake to imagine that it is an institution limited to the consideration of the rabies question alone, for, on the contrary, although the cure of rabies and cattle-plague may be said to be the chief objects of study, the bacteriology of every febrile disease affecting the animal kingdom forms a part of the investigations conducted in the laboratory. Consequently it appeals to our wider sympathies, in so far as the welfare of all our domestic animals is also considered.

As rabies and cattle-plague are, at present, of most public interest, I will limit my remarks to them, and give a few statistics regarding the fatality of these diseases, with and without inoculation, which may surprise some of my readers.

M. Pasteur, after his marvellous discoveries of germs of ferments and chicken cholera, turned his attention to the saving of human life; and as hydrophobia was not only a terrible disease, but one for which no remedy was known, he naturally set himself to work to discover its origin and cure. By stamping out or curing the disease in dogs, he hoped to be able to lessen the danger to human life.

Many years of labour proved to him that by inoculation he could give the disease, or cure it, in a dog; but it was not until July 1885 that the experiment was tried on a human being.

The first patient, a small lad, having been severely bitten in some dozen places, on the hands, arms, and legs, his mother, a simple peasant, brought him from Alsace and asked M. Pasteur to do the same to her son she heard he "did to dogs to prevent their getting hydrophobia." Pasteur hesitated; but having procured medical advice, all of which concurred as to the impossibility of the child's recovery, he (not being himself a doctor) let his surgeons inoculate the boy, which operation was repeated fourteen times—on two occasions twice in twenty-four

hours, to accomplish the task as quickly as possible. The child has not only never showed symptoms of hydrophobia, though it is now over four years since he was treated, but is fast growing to manhood.

During the four years that have elapsed since M. Pasteur inoculated his first patient, no fewer than seven thousand persons have been treated in the Paris Institution alone, of whom seventy-three have died, that is to say, about one per cent., while before he commenced his inoculation treatment, from fifteen to twenty per cent. invariably succumbed.

Pasteur has now made the interesting discovery that the nearer the part bitten is to the brain, the shorter is the period of incubation, and the more virulent the attack of the disease produced. While the ordinary mortality in such cases is eighty per cent., M. Pasteur by his treatment has reduced it to four per cent. Surely these facts speak for themselves!

I will now give a short description of the *modus operandi* of the inoculation itself as I saw it.

The large outer hall of the Institution by eleven o'clock contained eighty-nine persons composed of all classes, all nationalities, and all ages, who had come to be inoculated (free of charge), having previously had the misfortune to have been bitten by some rabid animal. On the right hand of the hall is a regular office, in which every case, with all particulars, is most carefully registered.

The cases are divided into three distinct groups:—

1st. Patients bitten by dogs supposed to be mad.
2nd. „ „ „ certified to be mad.
3rd. „ „ „ proved to have been mad by subsequent inoculation.

After the patient has furnished every possible particular, he crosses the passage to a small room on the left, where the inoculation is performed. There sits the operator, who is assisted by a doctor, a nurse, and a clerk, furnished with full particulars, and the number of each case.

The process is a remarkably simple one. A small hypodermic syringe, filled with the preparation, is injected under the skin, the point of the instrument being no bigger than a wool needle; the operation is as trifling as it is painless, and occupies about five seconds. It is repeated on fourteen successive days; the dose being made slightly stronger each time.

So quickly is the inoculation accomplished, and with such system, that the eighty-nine patients on this occasion were all attended to in forty minutes, and had all left the hall in less than an hour, although several cases of bad bites required surgical dressing before being sent away.

That waiting-room had indeed presented a curious spectacle, as may be judged from the fact that, among the anxious-faced group, I had noticed a little English girl (the first to be sent over by the Lord Mayor's Mansion House Fund), a French soldier, a Belgian fisherman, a German governess, a stately Arab in his flowing burnouse, together with some fifteen children, two or three of whom were almost babies.

While I was in the hall, an Anglo-Indian gentleman arrived. As he was unable to speak French, M. Pasteur called upon my brother to act as interpreter.

The poor man explained he had been badly bitten by a rabid animal in India a month ago. The local doctor amputated his mutilated finger as quickly as possible, notwithstanding which, a large abscess formed on the back of his hand, extending to the wrist; whereupon the doctor persuaded him to quit India at once, and put himself under treatment at the Institute Pasteur.

He landed at Marseilles, and came straight to Paris, where he only arrived the previous evening. Besides having an abscess on the hand, the whole of his arm was enormously swollen, and most painful. The description the poor man gave of his mental and physical sufferings during the voyage home was pitiable, his one hope being that he might arrive in time, although from the nature of his wound he felt there must be very great danger.

The range of incubating periods, in persons known to have been bitten by really rabid animals, according to M. Pasteur, are as follows:—

20	per cent.	manifest the disease	in	30 days.
50	„	„	„	60 days.
70	„	„	„	90 days.
90	„	„	„	120 days.

The longest incubation period as yet authentically known is one solitary case, where the symptoms did not appear till fifteen months after the person was bitten, thus showing the incubating period of rabies may be from thirty days to fifteen months, a very much longer period than is usual in other germ diseases,

such as scarlet-fever, whooping-cough, typhus, typhoid, cholera, measles, or small-pox.

It may be as well for me to add that, in spite of assertions to the contrary, Dr. Ruffer, one of M. Pasteur's chief assistants, mentioned at the recent meeting of the British Medical Association at Leeds (August 16, 1889), that there was no proof whatever that any kind of disease had ever been given to a patient through being subjected to inoculation. So safe was it considered, that not only all the assistants, but even the mere servants employed in the Pasteur Institution had been subjected to the inoculation treatment, in order to avoid the risk that might occur from their being bitten by any of the rabid animals about the establishment.

I may here mention that the kennels and hutches are all arranged on the most modern principles, beautifully clean, and splendidly kept. In the case of the kennels occupied by the rabid dogs, the walls are all ironwork, and the doors, of which there are always two and sometimes three, draw up with pulleys from above, in order to avoid any possible danger to human life.

After the death of any rabid animal, it is cremated in a proper cremating furnace, that the germs which have done so much harm during life, may do no further damage after death.

It is quite wrong to suppose that the "Dog-days" are the most favourable to canine madness. Rabies occurs among dogs in the Arctic regions, as well as in the torrid zones—indeed sixty-five of Kane's sledge-dogs died of rabies—and at M. Pasteur's Institution the largest number of patients are treated in the cold month of February, and the smallest number in the hot month of August, entirely disproving our notion of the dog-days of summer.

The term "mad dog" is a misnomer, since the word "mad" is now used to denote insanity, which is a non-febrile disease, while rabies is a febrile disease, the delirium of which is analogous to the delirium present in all bad kinds of fever, having the peculiarity that it assumes the form of irritability of temper, and hence the victims manifest it by biting, while lunatics do not bite at all, or at least very rarely.

Some dogs howl, others have a curious sharp and incessant bark; most are dejected and sullen at first, and all are more or less violent in the later stages of the disease.

Most dogs, as well as human beings, have a horror of water in every form, either the sight, sound, or feeling of it throwing them into convulsions. This fear of water never manifests itself in the rabbit.

Some dogs die of paralysis without dread of water; but with an inability to swallow it—the mere effort to do so always bringing on a spasm of the gullet.

Paralysis is in general the last act in the drama of rabies.

Paralysis stands in an inverse ratio to that of the dread of water, in relation to the rabbit, dog, and man. In man, paralysis is rare; in the dog occasional, and common in the rabbit—which is exactly the reverse order of things in the case of the fear of water.

So beneficial has vaccination against anthrax proved, that in France the insurance companies insist on all cattle and sheep being vaccinated before they will undertake their insurance; this seems quite reasonable, considering that formerly ten per cent. of all sheep died of the disease, and now less than one per cent. lose their lives; whilst amongst cattle the mortality has decreased in much the same ratio. Last year 269,599 sheep and 34,464 cattle were vaccinated in France alone.

M. Pasteur's object at the present moment is to find some means of procuring virus to use in inoculation, without having to employ rabbits for its production.

For anthrax he has already found a way of procuring virus of the right strength when wanted, without sacrificing animal life; but in the case of rabies all attempt to save the poor rabbit has as yet been futile. Such, however, are the marvellous powers of science, that it is not likely to be long ere some mode of procuring a rabic virus will be discovered.

The reason a Pasteur Institute could not be started in London was the impossibility of sacrificing one rabbit daily for inoculation, consequently a fund was raised to send our poor to Paris to be treated by M. Pasteur—eleven cases being sent by these means in the first month. He makes no charge to any one, but requires the patient to stay somewhere in Paris for a fortnight, and appear daily at his Institution for inoculation, where the virus of the different strength required is always kept ready in a special chamber, and placed in small glass cups before use, sealed over at the top with paper to prevent any particle of dust from entering. The strength, and date are written on the paper, through which the point of the syringe enters.

At the time of the operation there are about a dozen of these cups in use, and it is quite marvellous to see the dexterity with which the well-cleaned syringe is plunged into the right virus, for each particular patient.

Any mistake of course might cause a most serious accident; but none such ever occurs.

M. Pasteur has treated hundreds of English generously, and yet in this country more abuse is poured upon his head than gratitude—by those who have not thoroughly understood the subject.

Notwithstanding, anti-vivisectionists turn up their eyes in disgust and wring their hands in horror, at the idea of a Pasteur Institution being started in London, preferring to see their fellow-beings lose their lives rather than that one rabbit should die to save ten or fifteen living persons; other countries think differently, there being already nineteen anti-rabic Institutions in working order, while two more are in preparation. Russia heads the list with six; Italy follows with five; while others are to be found in Constantinople, Bucharest, Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Havannah, Chicago and Malta.

M. Pasteur, the originator of all this system, is a man of some seventy years, short in stature, with grey hair, and a short beard encircling a kind and genial face, warm-hearted to a degree, and possessing all the charm of French manner. He does very little personal work or research now-a-days, but carefully superintends everything done under his roof, a large portion of the work being accomplished from his own personal instructions.

M. le docteur Roux at present delivers the lectures and superintends generally under M. Pasteur, relieving his chief in every possible way from overwork.

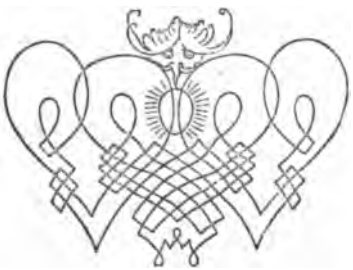
The day we were there, Dr. Roux himself did the operations, and afterwards kindly showed us over the place. Although quite a young man, he seems to be M. Pasteur's right hand.

The army of anti-vivisectionists (amongst whom are generally to be found the long-haired class of men, and the short-haired class of women!) are the true cruelists, inasmuch as they impede experimental research, the quickest and surest way of discovering the secrets of life, which enable us to solve the dark problems of disease.

I only wish a few of these prejudiced beings, who flourish on our English soil, would go over to Paris, and see for themselves

this wonderful Institution and its workings, or gain a few minutes' conversation with its originator, when I feel sure all their cries would be silenced, and they would see how much more cruelty is done in our own country under the head of sport, or in the brutal treatment of dumb animals in our streets, than is ever perpetrated in the field of science, for the safety of human lives—no animal being ever touched except under the influence of chloroform, no animal being ever sacrificed except in the interests of science, and that naturally means the interests of all animal life as well.

ETHEL B. TWEEDIE.



Licymnia.

HOR. Od. ii. 12.

SAVAGE Numantia's years of war,
Obdurate Hannibal. Sicily sea,
Curdled to crimson with Punic gore,
These be no themes for my lyre and me.

Lapithæ brawling, Hylæus in revel.
Tumult of giants by Hercules quelled.
Lustihead earthborn that thought to level
Adamant castles by Saturn held.

Leave them, Mæcenas, 'twere better to tramp,
Timing your facts to thebeat of prose,
Following Cæsar from camp to camp,
Dressing the pageant of manacled foes.

Me the Muse summons to make thy maid,
Pretty Licymnia, duly renowned,
How her song flowed, how her love-looks played;
How she and you were in troth-plight bound,

How it beseemed her to dance and sport,
Paying the forfeit or taking the prize,
Linking with lasses in Dian's court,
Watched by the town with its numberless eyes.

Would you for wealth, by the Persian stored,
Would you for tribute that Phrygians bear,
Would you for Araby's fabulous hoard,
Give up a lock of Licymnia's hair?

When to hot kisses she turns at her leisure,
Whispers a No, which her face belies,
Glad to be robbed of what you will treasure
Apt to forestall you with gay surprise.

OFELLA.

A Turkish Landgrabber.*

IT is just nine years—it seems only yesterday—since I first saw his tall athletic figure, his piercing eyes, like jewels set in bronze glittering in the sunlight, glancing full at me from the sun-tanned face—a noble face with proud aquiline features framed in grey locks which peeped forth like a silver rim, from under the crimson fez which he wore and which seemed to be part of himself, to have grown to him, so inseparable was it from the head which it covered. Stepan Boda, such was my friend's name, lived in a good-sized farm, his own property, in the outskirts of Antivari, a little town reduced to ruin in the last war and then ceded to Montenegro. But the Angel of War had been kind to Stepan, and had not overshadowed his house; there were nothing but signs of peace. It stood in a homely farm-yard, where I loved to saunter in the caressing rays of the sun, full of those sounds and objects sweet to the soul of a country-bred man. There was a great stack of dried maize-stocks against which I used to nestle and sketch, and under which the fowls would congregate in clucking harmony to scratch up treasures from the earth; and I used to watch them lazily for more hours than I like to confess, giving sudden digs with an air of dubious expectancy, exploring the result with looks of pleased surprise, darting pecks at their discoveries in victorious satisfaction, until I almost felt my soul transmigrating into them, and myself their sympathetic companion with no ogreish suspicion of the future meals they would provide. Then a fierce old watch-dog, who abominated strangers and who at first regarded me with keen suspicion, would come and poke his friendly nose under my indolently dropped hand, and

* The chief incidents of this attempt at "landgrabbing" are related in as nearly as possible the same terms as they were to the writer by the principal actor in them. It will be observed that they took place some forty years ago, and it should be added that of recent years no similar occurrences, so far as the writer is aware, have taken place in Turkey.

press his head upwards for a caress, whilst the tip of his tail, slowly wagging, made tiny regular beats on the ground and set fragments of straw in little puffs of dust dancing in the sunlight, so many atoms of gold shining through ruddy mist until, his suspicions aroused by some sight or sound without the range of my dull human sense, he would dart away and round the other side of the house, furiously awaking the echoes with his deep bass bark. Straightway I would forget him and watch with sleepy approbation the gambolling of the calves in the meadow beyond, where their mothers lay reflectively chewing the cud, from time to time lazily whisking tails against aggressive flies, or giving a faint grumbling low of disapproval at the outrageous activity of their offspring despite the hot summer sun; or would let my eyes wander slowly along the deep-eaved wall with the ladder leaning up against it where the olive-press was, and further on to the wooden stair-way leading up from the yard to the loft, until they rested finally on the grey olive trees through which from afar off shone patches of the blue Adriatic. A sleepy, happy, lotus-eating kind of being I was at such times, the monotonous murmur of the summer insects in the scented air and lazy chirping of birds, and distant tinkling of sheep-bells, lulling me to greater repose, with only a distant consciousness that I ought to be sketching and not idle to make the repose all the more delicious.

"Heugh!" I am woken up one afternoon, as indeed I was on many, from some such delicious excursion into the Land of Forgetfulness, by the curious throat whistle of my friend Boda, the sound with which Albanian shepherds call the attention of their sheep. I watched him from under half-closed eyelids—his tall commanding figure, his noble features, and his curious, feeble, tottering gait. I had frequently wondered at the contrast presented by this gait—the gait of a broken-down old man—to the rest of his demeanour and apparent strength, but had never forgotten politeness so far as to show my curiosity.

"Well, Sir," said Boda (I may here mention that we conversed either in Italian, which is spoken all down that coast, or Turkish, in both of which tongues I was pretty proficient), "I hope the cock did not annoy you again last night, and that Maria is learning how to attend upon you."

"Maria," I answered, "is most attentive. I could not ask to be better waited upon. The cock" (I should here mention that the fowl-house was underneath my bed-room) "began to crow

at about half-past one in the morning and continued until day-break when I arose."

"I shall slay the cock," said Boda impressively.

"Can I help you to catch him?" I asked.

"No, he is a tame bird and will come at my call," he replied, tottering away to put his decision into execution; "you shall have him for supper. I am coming back—I wish to speak to you."

Whilst he is slaying the cock, I will state for my readers' information that the rest of the household consisted of Boda's wife, an energetic grey-haired woman, with bright, piercing eyes, completely devoted to her husband; and Maria, a woman of say between forty-five and fifty, active, and having the remains of what had evidently been remarkable beauty, but very nervous and shy, who helped in the cooking and cleaning, and the small amount of waiting that I required. She spoke to me as little as possible, indeed she scarcely ever spoke to any one, though quiet and firm affection seemed to dwell in the little household. In a few minutes Boda returned.

"He will trouble you no more unless he gives you evil dreams to-night," said he, smiling. "It is a pity; he was a fine bird, and I loved him, but you know the Turkish proverb, 'The untimely crowing cock has his head cut off.' Well! Well! he must have died some time or other. And now permit me to ask you, my Effendi,—will you pardon me if I change some of the furniture in your room? You shall be incommoded as little as possible, and——"

"The furniture is yours, my dear Boda," I interrupted, "pray make no ceremony; I have my camp equipment with me, and could really do without furniture as long as you leave me the room."

"I am ashamed to ask you this," said Boda; "it is utterly against my desire. The fact is"—here he blushed and stammered,—"the fact is, that my eldest son has asked for his portion, and to-morrow I must divide my goods, and give him his share."

I began to think that I was still dozing, and that my dreams had taken the shape of the "Prodigal Son," with Boda acting the part of the father. I watched Arslan, the dog, gathering himself together for a mighty bark, in the expectation that he would act like the ordinary dream animal and turn into something else, or that instead of barking he would speak. But he gave vent to so uncompromising a wide-awake bark that the cows, startled,

slowly got up and looked round to see what was the matter, and a cat, creeping cautiously along the eaves on its way to the loft, stopped, wagged its tail, stealthily seated itself, and smiled down defiance.

"But what do you do that for?" I enquired. "Surely you are not bound to split up your property during your lifetime unless you desire?"

Boda looked at me with quiet surprise. "Of course my son has a right to his portion," he said; "it is the same in your country."

My contradiction of this statement was met by Boda with polite disbelief, and an evident impression that I was sadly ignorant.

"It is the same," said Boda, extending his remark, "in all countries."

I must say that I looked forward to the partition with much interest, and my curiosity was rewarded by my being the witness of an unexpected and to me, at the time, inexplicable scene. The two sons of Boda arrived with their wives on the morrow, both fine-looking young men, and apparently a little ashamed of their position. It did not require five minutes for me to perceive that it was the wife of the eldest son who was at the bottom of it all, and who was egging him on. This lady quickly let down her yashmak (I have forgotten to say that the Boda family was Catholic, but the Albanian Catholic ladies are quite as particular about their yashmaks as their Mussulman country-women), and, with great shrillness of voice and volubility of tongue, set about claiming half of everything of value in the house—everything. There were two brass candlesticks in my room: she took one; there was a large mirror: she said she must have half; it could be divided into frame and glass—the frame she would leave to the father, the glass she would take. This caused a most excited discussion, at the end of which she relinquished her claim on condition of receiving ample compensation in some other form. There were two iron bedsteads in the house, one used by old Boda and one by me; she wanted mine. After more wrangling, old Boda went and whispered in her ear, but she was not to be lulled into such weakness as a whisper.

"Then give the Effendi your own," she bawled; "he is not my guest, and can't lie on my bed."

Gradually her husband—the other son stood quite aloof, and accepted shamefacedly what had been allotted as his portion—got dragged into the quarrelling, at first half-heartedly, but

finally to quite as thorough an extent as his wife could wish. The climax was reached when the discussion turned upon the kitchen utensils. So far as I could make out, young Boda and his wife claimed them all: their claim was indignantly repulsed. Old Boda at last began to grow really angry; he turned a deaf ear to his daughter-in-law, and bitterly reproached his son with his undutiful behaviour. The latter answered scornfully, and tempers were running dangerously high, when suddenly, to my intense surprise, Maria—the quiet Maria, who hardly ever addressed a word to any one, and who till that moment had seemed to stand an indifferent spectator of the scene—stepped forward with eyes and face aflame, and addressed to the younger Boda an apostrophe of startling energy and violence. She upbraided him and scolded at him with increasing fury, whilst all of us, as well as himself, stood looking at her in silent wonder, until her rage seemed to outdo her power of speech and she came to a full stop. Then she gathered herself together as if for a final effort, and deliberately spat in his face. For a moment surprise continued to hold every one still, and then young Boda, with a kind of angry growl, advanced upon her with arm upraised, as if to strike her to the ground. At once, with dramatic rapidity, the scene changed. Old Boda, seeming for an instant to regain his strength, was at one stride between the man and the woman, faced his son, and raised his arm as if he too were about to strike. His wife and other son rushed forward to prevent the unnatural collision, whilst Maria, white as a sheet, her eyes still aflame, clenched her hands and seemed to be preparing to make a spring, like some wild animal, upon the young man the moment the first blow was struck, and the other two women cowered in a corner, frightened at the result which the rapacity of one of them had produced. But young Boda had half crouched down, and stretched out his hand as if to deprecate the blow which his father seemed ready to deal him. Thus for a moment they all stood; and never to my dying day shall I forget the extraordinarily dramatic picture they formed.

"Strike her not," said old Boda at last, in a commanding tone; "whoever strikes her, strikes me."

"Quite right," said his wife.

I can remember no more of what passed about the partition, I could pay it no more attention; I kept on going over this scene in my mind, and endeavouring to explain it. I am ashamed to say that I arrived at conclusions concerning the relations

between old Boda and Maria not flattering to either of them, and only remained puzzled by the attitude of his wife. This I at last put down to "customs of the country," and felt satisfied.

A few days later, Boda approached me with the subject upon which I had always been so curious.

"Have you," he asked, "never considered it curious that a man of my build should be so crippled in his walk?"

"Well," I replied, "yes, I have."

"Ah!" said Boda. "Well, my Effendi, after what you witnessed here the other day, I should like to tell you the story, if it will not tire you."

"Not at all," I answered; "I should of all things like to hear it."

My story (said Boda, after a short pause and with an evident effort to begin) is a sad one, and I fear it will not amuse you. About thirty years ago, I was a young man; I feared nobody; I was rich and influential; I wanted nothing. I was strong and active, no one could wrestle with me. At the time I am speaking of I had been married about three years; both my sons were already born. Now it happened that at about that time a new Mütessarif* had come to Antivari, who was, even for their way, more greedy and rapacious than usual. I was in the Council of Notables, and had more than once endeavoured to stop some cruel injustice being done to the poor and powerless. Thus it came to be that the Mütessarif conceived a great enmity and dislike for me, and no doubt promised himself that he would be revenged. Now turning over in his mind how he could best strike me, it must have occurred to him that he would begin by ruining me; and one day he sent me a message, saying that he required a piece of my land, and would pay me fair and full price for it. You will understand, my Effendi, that for a Mütessarif a fair and full price is not the hundredth part of the real value of the property; moreover, even that price which he binds himself to pay, he never pays. The piece of land which he chose of mine was about the third of my property, and the richest which I had. I accordingly sent back word to say that I required no money, that my land was not more than I could work, and that I respectfully declined his kind offer. I heard that the Mütessarif was incensed at what he called my insolence, and that he made a vow that if the dog (meaning me) would not give up peaceably what was required of him, it should

* District governor.

be wrested from him by force. Not a day then passed that the Mütessarif did not send me up a messenger to urge me to sell my land; he even increased his price, though, as he never would have paid anything, that made but little difference. I, however, remained unmoved, and determined that not one arschin of ground should he have. He even took to openly threatening me when he by chance met me; but I laughed at his threats, for I was powerful, and had many friends who, if he had tried to use force, would have stood together and supported me. At last he seemed to grow tired before my obstinacy, and for some time I heard nothing from him; I began to hope that he had been conquered by my many refusals, and would thenceforward leave me in peace. But one day I again saw a messenger coming to me from the Mütessarif, and though I felt angry at his persistence, I could not but laugh within myself at the fresh refusal he would receive, and the rage he would be in. To my surprise the messenger brought nothing but words of peace and friendship. The Mütessarif, he said, was sorry that unfriendliness should have grown between us on account of a piece of land; he valued my good-will more than a few deunums, which God would provide for him elsewhere; he begged me to forget all that had passed, and to mark our reconciliation by coming that day to dine with him, bringing my wife also that she might receive hospitality in his harem. Now I knew the Mütessarif to be an evil man, and I conceived suspicions that under these smooth words there lurked some base treachery; therefore, after careful consideration, I replied, also with honeyed words, saying that I was just gathering in my wine harvest, and that I begged he would have me excused. In less than an hour the messenger returned; the Mütessarif, he said, was grieved at my refusal, it seemed that I was of an unforgiving heart and determined to be at enmity with him; moreover a refusal to such an invitation looked as if I doubted his, the Mütessarif's, honour and feared that his hospitality covered evil designs; he could not, said the messenger, doubt my courage, which was widely famed abroad, but nevertheless, in order to reassure me, he gave me his word of honour that no harm should come to me or mine, and he begged therefore that I would no longer refuse, but would, with my wife, honour his invitation. I still suspected him, but the allusion to my courage was too much for me, and I gave way. "Take many salutes to the Mütessarif from me," I said; "tell him that I fear nothing; that I will leave my work for to-day and

will be with him in an hour, and my wife shall come with me to pass on and pay her respects to the hannum." Then I turned and went to prepare myself. My wife was much frightened, and tried hard to dissuade me. But I would not listen to her; I bade her hold her peace, and not bother me with her woman's fears, but make herself ready to come with me. And so I walked forth with her from my home and went to the Konak. As we passed through the gates, and my wife left my side to turn to the door of the harem, I saw the Mütessarif seated under a big tree which was there, smoking a *narghilé*. He rose when he saw me, and advanced smiling towards me as if graciously to receive me. And even as I was bowing to make my first salaam to him, I was seized suddenly from behind and thrown on my back, and so was held by two men whilst a third bound my hands and feet. So suddenly was this done, and so completely was I taken by surprise that I had no time to resist. Within a minute after I had passed the gate I was lying a helpless log on the ground. I had heard my wife give a shriek, and could see from where I lay that she had been roughly stopped by two men, and forced to stay where she was. Then I heard the gates shut.

"Bring him here," said the Mütessarif. And they dragged me to him.

"Now, you dog," cried the Mütessarif, "will you give me that land or not?" I heard my wife crying to me not to be obstinate, but to bow before the will of the Mütessarif, and so obtain mercy, and go in peace and safety.

"Silence, woman!" I called to her. "You make me fear that you are the mother of cowards. Cease your crying, for I will not let my courage ooze through your eyes." But she stopped me again with her wailing. "Yield, Stepan, yield," she sobbed; "they will kill you; I shall have you no more, and your children will be fatherless. Yield! am not I and your children better than all your land?"

Then I paid her no more attention, and looking at the Mütessarif, I said, "This, Effendi, is no doubt a joke you are playing upon me, but you have frightened my wife too much. Tell these fellows to unbind me, and let me go, for we have had enough of this play."

The Mütessarif was smoking his *narghilé*, and evilly smiling to himself as he heard my wife's mourning. "Will you give me the land?" he said.

"No," I said; "I have told you I will not. But do you forget your message to me—your word of honour that if I came to you now no harm should come to me or mine?"

"Empty words," he answered, disdainfully; "what have such dogs as you to do with honour? If I want to kill an obstinate beast, do not I hold him out a tempting morsel in one hand and plunge my knife into him with the other? Is there any necessity that I should feel my honour hurt because he believes in the pleasant meal, and knows not of the knife? Honour!" said he, laughing bitterly, "what an insolent knave this is, to be sure! Will you give up your land, fellow?" he concluded, furiously.

For an instant my heart fell, as I heard my dear young wife weeping and moaning to herself; but when I saw the Mütessarif smiling evilly again at her sobs, and smoking quietly the while, my rage knew no bounds. "No!" I shouted, "I would sooner die first! Do your worst, hound, and may the curse of God be upon you and your children for ever!"

"Then go on," said the Mütessarif, in a quiet voice, and settling himself back to smoke more comfortably.

At these words two men, who till then had been hidden behind the tree, came forth dragging between them two upright posts, with a horizontal plank fixed between them about three feet from the ground, in the centre of which were scooped two semicircular notches. They brought this up to me, then raising my feet from the ground, they bared them, whilst I did not struggle, for I saw that it was useless, and scorned to show fear, and bound my ankles tightly into the notches, my feet projecting over the other side. Then they went behind the tree again, and brought forth each a bundle of long heavy sticks, every stick as thick as three fingers. They each selected a stick, and went and stood on each side of me behind the posts.

"Will you give me the land?" said the Mütessarif.

"No," I replied through my set teeth.

"Then go on," said the Mütessarif in the same voice as before.

I saw the sticks go up and descend with all the force the men could command upon the soles of my feet. The pain was such that it seemed to me as if a mountain of agony had risen up from each foot, and was reaching up to the blue sky above me. At each blow the mountains sprang up higher, until they seemed to fill all space; they seemed to crush me under their weight, and their bases were lakes of living fire. I heard my wife

shrieking, but it seemed as if the shrieks were an immeasurable distance off. My ears were full of confused sound, and the sky seemed to come down and meet my eyes; I saw the branches of the tree between me and it, but they seemed to be part of my brain, and the leaves tortured me by their shivering. Yet the men had only struck me five times. Then there was a pause, and I heard the voice of the Mütessarif, mingled with my wife's screams, coming to me as if from far away, "Will you give me the land?"

"No," I panted, but my voice was as the voice of another, I knew it not.

"Then go on." I thought it was the voice of the devil wafted to me from hell.

My legs seemed to have grown to two huge pillars upon which those fearful burning mountains were set; the burning mountains seemed to be so full of raging fire that they were stretched beyond the strength of their sides; when the blows recommenced the mountains burst and fell in rivers of fiery torment down the pillars, but new mountains sprung up at once and took their place: heavy crushing mountains of ice at first, but changing at once to the fires of hell again. The sky grew black, the leaves shook my brain with agony, my head burst, and I knew no more. My wife has told me the rest. After twenty strokes the Mütessarif stopped them and addressed the same question as before—"Will you give me the land?" But this time he got no answer. He asked louder, but I made no sign nor sound. Then he rose and came and looked at me, puffing smoke in my face; after which he went and sat down again comfortably by his *narghilé* and said, "Go on." One hundred blows they struck me on each foot; they had to continually take fresh sticks, for the force of the blows soon shivered them to pieces. At the end, my feet were shapeless lumps of mutilated bleeding flesh, my legs swollen to twice their natural size, the nails had fallen from my toes and lay in pools of blood upon the ground. When the Mütessarif gave the final signal for them to stop, he had my wife brought up to me and told her brutally that she might walk back with me now, that the dinner was finished and he had no more to say; then he rose and sauntered off into the Konak. She told me that even my executioners seemed to take some pity on her then, for they procured a litter and carriers for her, and bid her hasten to take me away lest the Mütessarif should change his mind.

For six months afterwards I lay near death; many times they

thought that my legs would have to be cut off; but in the end my strength triumphed and I recovered my health. But two things I lost. I have never since been able to walk except with the tottering gait of a feeble old man. I have walked like that (said Boda, sighing) for thirty years. And I lost my spirit; it was broken. My friends came in and offered revenge, but I would not listen to them; only I had made up my mind obstinately that I would never give up my land, and it is mine still."

Here Boda paused, and thinking that his story was finished, I said, "What a horrible story, my poor friend! I feel myself that I would like to take vengeance for you on that cruel devil of a Mütessarif. What became of him? Surely such an act was not allowed to pass unpunished?"

"Wait, my Effendi!" replied Boda. "I have more to say." He paused for a moment, evidently under the effect of strong emotion; then he continued:

I had a younger brother called Agostin, a splendid young fellow, beloved by every one, but by me as if he were another self. When I got well again, he came to me and said, "Stepan, you must revenge yourself; no Skipetar can remain under such insult and offence as you have suffered at the hands of that dog of a Mütessarif unavenged. I would have shot him myself long ago, but whilst there was hope that you would live, I would not step in your place and take that pleasure away from you. Now you are well, you must lie in wait for him and shoot him. Fear no consequences; I and many other lusty friends are here to protect you." But, as I told you, my spirit was broken, and though before I would never have refused a *vendetta*, I could not now bring myself to contemplate doing as my brother urged me. I knew he thought me a coward; but he was generous, and knowing the suffering I had been through, he never reproached me with my want of courage, though he did not cease to endeavour to persuade me. At last, seeing that he could not rouse my spirit, he told me he should kill the Mütessarif himself. I strove hard to dissuade him, but for all answer he swore the *vendetta* against the Mütessarif, and with a laugh bid me hold my peace. The time of Agostin's wedding was then drawing nigh; he was engaged to a lovely girl, the only child of a widow in Antivari. It is not the custom amongst us, as you know, to

see courtship or love before marriage; the match is arranged by the parents of the young couple, and the bridegroom buys his wife at the price of a cow or two, or other valuables. But Agostin was an exception; he had fallen in love with the girl and longed for the day of wedding her. She could bring him no property; but he had his portion of land and his dwelling, and desired her only. He grew happier and happier as the day came closer, and I was glad not only for that, but because he seemed to have forgotten the *vendetta*, and I hoped that his marriage would make him change his mind, for I feared the Mütessarif in spite of my resolution to keep my land, and foresaw some evil to my dear Agostin, should he endeavour to execute his oath. On the eve of his wedding-day he came and sat with me for a long time; he spoke of his happiness, and of how he loved his bride, and of his impatience at the length of the hours which separated her from him, and of how he would have her mother to dwell with them. "And you, my poor Stepan," he said affectionately; "I know you cannot leap and dance like the others." I saw his face darken as he remembered why, and the fear came over my heart again. "But," he continued, "you must nevertheless be one of my bride's escort, and be a witness of my carrying her across my threshold. I cannot do without you at the happiest occasion of my life." I promised I would come, and we kissed each other lovingly, and then he went out from my house, singing a Turkish love-song, as happy as any man the sun shone upon.

The next day I went to the house of the bride to join in the escort which was to accompany her to my brother's house. You know that our custom is that the bride, veiled head to foot and mounted on a horse, should be taken by her own friends and those of the bridegroom to the bridegroom's house; there he lifts her from the horse, carries her into his house, bids her welcome, and unveils her. Afterwards is the marriage-feast. So the procession started; on my account it advanced at a slow pace; but it was none the less merry and joyous for that. At the head was an *improvvisatore*, playing wild and happy music on his clarionet, and the men were dancing and leaping round the bride's horse, firing their pistols into the air and shouting her praises aloud for all passers-by to hear, whilst the summer sun shone down upon us to gladden our hearts. When we neared my brother's house, and I saw the door wide open, and I thought of my brother waiting inside in rich happiness, his heart beating as he heard the bridal noise drawing close, I felt my own

heart beat in sympathy with his, and I was happier than I ever thought I could have been after the wreck of me by the bastinado; I loved my brother so dearly. I looked for him when we were quite close, but he did not show himself. When we stopped at the door, the firing and the playing ceased, and we waited for him to appear. "Come out, thou sluggard, Agostin!" called out one, "art thou afraid of our firing at thee?" Then there was a laugh, and another shouted, "Nay, he is shy, and is hiding from the eyes of his wife," and they laughed again. Still Agostin came not. "We must go in and drag him forth," called a third, and indeed, as Agostin gave no answer, two or three of his most intimate friends entered the house, and I tottered after them. But before I had reached the door they came out again with surprised faces; he was not there. The clarionet played joyfully again, and the firing of the pistols recommenced in order to call him. For more than an hour we waited, and the wedding-guests began to ask me impatiently what we were to do, when two mounted Zaptiehs suddenly rode up to the house.

"What's all this?" said one. "Go away all of you, whilst we seal up the house."

"You are mistaken," I said, with a great fear at my heart; "this is Agostin Boda's house, and his wedding-day, and we are waiting for him to come and take his bride."

"There will be no wedding to-day," said the Zaptieh, not roughly; he seemed a good fellow enough and sorry, "Agostin Boda is in prison at the Konak."

"In the name of God, what for?" I cried.

"He has killed the Mütessarif, and is in prison," said the Zaptieh; "it is no use your waiting here; you had better all go away."

The wedding-party had commenced rapidly to break up in dismay, when I heard a sobbing sigh and a heavy fall. We had forgotten the bride; she had fallen from the horse in a dead faint. Poor child! it was a sad unveiling; instead of the loving bridegroom proudly unveiling her, whilst she blushed and smiled and thrilled under his touch, it was I, with heavy fear and bitter sadness at my heart, who, hastily enough indeed, tore the veil from her to give her water and restore her, and saw her there with her face deathly white, and the long lines of tears wet upon her face. When she came to herself again she got up and, sobbing the while as if her heart would break, she disposed her

dress to look as little bridal as possible. Then she said to me through her tears, "Stepan Boda, take me home." So I seated her on her horse and we set our faces homewards. We passed over the ground which only two hours before we had trodden with joyful hearts, surrounded by the merry noisy wedding-party; now we were alone, I tottering painfully and leaning heavily on her horse for support, she riding by my side, her face hidden in her hands, shaking with sobs. Well! my Effendi, I tried hard to see my brother in prison, but they would not let me; so I have never been able to find out for certain by what evil chance it happened that he met his opportunity for vengeance on his wedding-morning. From what the Zaptiehs, whom my friends and I questioned continually afterwards, let drop, I believe that he had seen the Mütessarif pass his house apparently alone, that he had seized his rifle on the spot and shot him dead there and then. But there was an escort, which my brother had not seen because it was hidden by a rise in the ground, oniy a hundred paces or so behind, so that he was taken red-handed. I say I believe that to be true, though nothing is certain, because Agostin was a hot-headed youth, and would not have waited to consider, if he thought he saw his chance.

"And what became of him?" I asked.

"God knows only," replied Stepan; "from that time to this I have never seen him, nor even been able to obtain any news of his fate. He may be living still; he may have died then. The Turkish authorities here would never tell me anything or give me any clue. I even went to Stamboul, and after much time and great difficulty my whole story and Agostin's were laid before the Padischah. They told me that the Padischah was furious, and declared that the Mütessarif richly deserved to be killed, and that Agostin had done no more than was right. They bid me return to Antivari happy, for the Padischah would give the order that Agostin should at once be restored to me. And I did return happy with the hope in my heart. But either the Padischah forgot me, for I am humble, or else the order was given and they could not restore me Agostin and were ashamed to tell me. It is nearly thirty years since I saw him walking away from my house in the light of the setting sun, joyfully singing his Turkish love-song, his heart full of his beloved and the morrow which would give her to him. I long clung to the hope that one day I should see him return to us, but now that hope has quite died away. Only the priest says that I shall

meet him again in the Afterwards, and I try to content myself with the thought of our joy, his and mine, and hers who was to have been his wife, at meeting."

Stepan's voice trembled as he concluded his story, and the big tears stood in his eyes. Far away behind the blue Adriatic the setting sun was sinking, and the plain below us was glowing in the mellow golden light, the warm shadows growing longer and longer as if they were striving to carry a message of hope for the morrow to the East. From a distant Khan the wild music of an *improvvisatore's* clarionet faintly reached my ears; it seemed like the echo of Stepan's story, and I fancied I could almost see the happy wedding-party dancing their way to Agostin's house, and then the lonely, mournful couple, the sorrowful and enfeebled man and the broken-hearted weeping woman, returning from it. I felt a sob rising to my throat and my voice was thick as I asked my last question.

"And what of the bride?" I said.

"Very shortly after what should have been her wedding-day her mother died," replied Stepan, "and she was left alone, ill with grief. I sent my wife to her to tell her to come to us and make our home hers; she came, and we have loved her always, and love her as a most dear sister. Poor child! she never could become happy again, but like me she has faith in the Afterwards. You know her," added Stepan after a slight pause and with a queer sad smile on his face—"she is Maria."

And then I understood the scene I had witnessed at the partition of the Boda property.

VINCENT CAILLARD.

Rabelais.

In the debt which the nineteenth century owes to the sixteenth there are some outstanding accounts which do not seem as yet to have been precisely stated. And assuredly one of the largest of these is that under the name of Francis Rabelais. He is one of a trio of men who, born within a year or two of each other, not only moulded their own century, but live in every pulse of ours. With two of these we have no great difficulty as to the appraisement. Luther stands in our minds for Protestantism and all that it contains. Ignatius Loyola represents the genius of Catholicism and the reassertion of the principle of authority in religion. But the third of our trio, the Frenchman, can we fit him into a formula as easily as the German and the Spaniard? And yet he is to be reckoned with. He is one of the creators of the modern spirit, and his force, so far from being spent, is a tide steadily rising. Any one who considers the present free-trade in literature and ideas, the way in which the inner life and thought of different peoples is mingling and inter-penetrating, and who then studies the influence which Rabelais has exerted on one of the most important of these peoples and literatures, will recognize in him a power for good or ill not inferior to that of the commanding spirits whose names we have placed beside his own. No man, it is safe to affirm, is more distinctly responsible for the France of to-day. Not only may we say, with Châteaubriand, that he is the father of French literature, but that he is, in a way, the father of the French character. For the makers of France who have come after him, both the thinkers and the actors, have all worked with the consciousness of this man behind them. It is not the extent to which succeeding writers have quoted him or drawn on his materials. It is that he created for his countrymen an atmosphere, a medium through which they saw things. At a critical period in the history of

civilization, when men's views and feelings on the most vital subjects were in a state of fusion, waiting for fresh moulds in which to run, Rabelais struck in and made one. It was not Calvin's or Luther's or Loyola's. That it was so far away from theirs has made all the difference to the modern world. We propose in this sketch to try and find out what kind of a mould it was—in other words, to trace out some of the bearings of Rabelais' influence on the life of to-day.

What is known of his career is an oft-told story and need not detain us here. How he was born at Chinon in Touraine somewhere about 1490; how, entering the monastery of Fontenoy-le-Comte at an early age, he spent fifteen years there amassing the learning which made him one of the prodigies of his time; how he finally left the monastery, disgusted with the monkish system, and took to wandering; how, in the service of the Cardinal de Bellay, he made successive visits to Rome, studied and practised medicine at Montpellier, Lyons, and elsewhere, moved in the society of the most eminent men of his time, was protected by Francis I. and Henry II. from the fury of his ecclesiastical adversaries; how he obtained by the favour of his patrons various pieces of ecclesiastical preferment, and died in peace in 1553:—is not all this written at large in many histories?

The origin of his great work is, perhaps, not so well known. The five books containing the "famous history of Gargantua and Pantagruel" which are his legacy to the world, arose out of an ordinary Middle-Age giant story which Rabelais wrote or rather re-edited, as a "pot boiler," for a Lyons bookseller. It was entitled "The great and inestimable Chronicle of the enormous Giant Gargantua." Though a collection of puerile stories, without merit, it had immense vogue, there being, to quote Rabelais himself, "more sold in two months than of Bibles in nine years." This remarkable success appears to have determined him to write a continuation. It was when he took pen in hand to really create something of his own that his genius declared itself, and the giant story became henceforth a bare outline, into the filling up of which he poured, in successive volumes, the inestimable treasures of his learning, of his imagination, his philosophy, and humour.

It is to-day almost universally admitted that the history of Pantagruel which forms Book 2 of the Rabelaisian series is really the first in the order of production. The "Gargantua," which now stands first, has for its title "The inestimable Life of

the Giant Gargantua, the father of Pantagruel, a Book full of Pantagruelism:" a description which supposes already a knowledge of Pantagruel in the reader. These two first books contain many incidents of the original giant story.

The remaining three were published at long intervals, the fifth appearing after his death. The authenticity, indeed, of this latter has been the occasion of much controversy; but it is now generally accepted by criticism as being substantially the work of our author.

The leading personages in the story are Grandgousier, Gargantua, and Pantagruel, respectively grandfather, father, and son, all giants and all kings, Panurge, a clever rascal whom Pantagruel picks up in Paris, and the jovial monk, Friar Jean, who represents the better side of monachism. Innumerable other personages crowd the vast canvas, some allegorical, others thinly veiled caricatures of persons living at the time.

He tells us himself that he wrote at haphazard during meal-times, and that one of his primary objects was to cheer by his merry stories the invalids whom his medical practice brought him in contact with. No one, probably, was further than himself from imagining, when he began the work, the scope it would take, and the influence it would exert in the world.

It is time now to study more closely that scope and that influence. But it is here precisely that our difficulties begin. Rabelais is, *par excellence*, the stone of stumbling for hasty generalisers. How tempting, for instance, for the phrase-monger to sum him up as representing the pagan side of the Renaissance! The definition will do provided you keep your eye turned steadily away from one whole half of the man. He has been compared with Lucian; and it is easy, if we want to, to multiply resemblances between them. Like the great second-century writer, Rabelais had absorbed all the learning of his time. Like him he made the object of his raillery not only the established religion, but also the philosophies most in vogue. And the dubious attitude of Lucian towards Christianity, the new religion which was replacing the official paganism of the empire, might be compared with Rabelais' relation to the reformed faith. But we should utterly mistake the author of Pantagruel if we simply made him a second edition of the old world Pyrrhonist who wrote the "Hermotimus" and "Dialogues of the Gods." A still greater blunder would be to take him, as some of the older commentators have done, altogether *au sérieux:* to regard him as

"a man with a mission," who had set himself definitely to destroy certain things in the world, and to build up others, whose "Contes gras" and wild buffooneries concealed grave meanings which it behoved the critic to search out and expound. It is, in fact, no use approaching him with hypotheses or endeavouring to fit him into definitions. He is his own definition: Rabelais is Rabelais. He has put his whole self into his work, and that self is a marvellously mixed one. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde are both there. "He will be the enigma of posterity," wrote Pierre Boulanger of him after his death, and the prediction has been verified. A book could be filled with the contradictory opinions formed of him by the ablest men from Montaigne downwards. Victor Hugo's line is hardly an exaggeration:

"Rabelais qui nul ne comprit."

Instead, then, of beginning by labelling him with a phrase, let us rather study some of his many sides and allow our theory of him, if theory there must be, to grow, instead of being made.

First, what does he count for in the purely intellectual side of the sixteenth-century movement?

There is one thing in which all who have studied him are agreed and that is the encyclopædic character of his attainments. When Panurge was first encountered by Pantagruel he replied to his enquiries in thirteen different languages. They were all of them tongues with which the author was conversant. He was a master of Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, German. The Greek and Latin literatures were at his fingers' ends. He was profoundly versed in law and in philosophy. Though he despised astrology and the black arts, no man was more familiar with their lore. He was acknowledged as one of the first authorities of his day in medicine and in botany. In his quotations and allusions, whether it be a question of the Hebrew casuists, or of some obscure commentator on Aristotle, of Arab doctors, of Neoplatonist speculation, or of the disputed questions of the Schools, he is never caught tripping. The enormous range of his learning is only equalled by its exactness. And this strikes us the more when we remember the state of letters in France in the earlier part of his career. She was at least fifty years behind Italy in the Renaissance. While Italy had Greek professors in the time of Petrarch and Boccaccio, the University of Paris was still in the bog of Scholasticism. Greek and Hebrew were ignored; Homer,

Pindar and Thucydides were almost unknown names. Before his career was over Rabelais saw an immense change in this respect. "The world," says he, "is full of learned men, of ample libraries, of excellent teachers, so that I hardly think in the times of Plato or of Cicero there was greater commodity of study than one sees now." But this state of things was largely his victory.

Perhaps one of the most striking signs of his presence in the sixteenth century as an intellectual force is the mark he has left on the French language. He may be said to have presided at the birth of his native tongue as an instrument of literature. Up to his day the learned world everywhere regarded Latin as the only respectable medium of ideas. Rabelais showed to Europe what could be done with his native French. But he dealt with it not as its servant, but as its master. In order that its previously somewhat thin stream might carry the deeply laden bark of his learning and imagination he found he must both broaden and deepen it. And he plies his task like one of those steam navvies which now-a-days cut through isthmuses and hew out ship-canals. We doubt if a writer could be named in any literature who wrought such structural changes and introduced such quantities of new elements into a language as did he. The Rabelaisian vocabulary is unique. It contains spoil from all the great literary languages, as well as from all the dialects of his own. A glossary of Rabelais contains 952 Latin and 547 Greek words introduced by him. To make him easily comprehensible to the nineteenth century he needs three distinct orders of commentator: first, a classic, for his innumerable allusions to antiquity; secondly, a competent mediævalist; and thirdly, an intelligent provincial, for the local references and patois.

A writer of the first rank, who appears in literature at a time when his native language is a finished instrument, enjoys the advantage of its richness and adaptability to all the shades of his thought. But he pays for his privilege. He is the servant of his language, and not its master. There are times when he will envy in this respect the position of a Rabelais, standing like a giant forger as the molten stream of the new tongue flows hissing past him, and moulding it as he lists.

Coming from the language to the matter of his works, it is impossible to pass their threshold without noticing the extraordinary license he permits himself, a license frequently amounting to an obscenity which repels and disgusts. "You

may wash him," says Thackeray somewhere, "and scrub him to your heart's content, but you will never get him clean." It is true. His work is certainly not *virginibus puerisque.* A Bowdlerised Rabelais would be no Rabelais at all. That he had any idea himself of outraging decency or morality in this is not in the least probable. It was the manner of his age. It was a time which saw no irregularity in a Margaret of Navarre writing books of mystical devotion and the Heptameron. Hutten's 'Litteræ Obscurorum Virorum,' the book which has been called the egg out of which Luther hatched the Reformation, contains stories as gross as any which Panurge recounts. The fiercest opponents of Rabelais in his own day did not fasten on these things as the objectionable matter. Had he not attacked the Sorbonne and the Papacy, his Catholic readers would have found here no ground of offence. Calvin only began to denounce him when his earlier leanings to Protestantism had disappeared.

It seems to us an outrage on the religious sentiment for Friar Jean to cry "Venite Apotemus" as a jovial invitation to the wine cup, travestying thus the *Venite Adoremus* of the Breviary; and a monstrous blasphemy to put into a rollicking apology for drinking, the word of Christ upon the Cross: "Sitio—I thirst."

But his readers of the sixteenth century would find nothing in this particularly shocking. The mystery plays of the Middle Ages, produced under the direct sanction of the Church, went far beyond this. What should we say, for instance, to the following passage, which we find in the mystery of "The Three Kings"? The angel Gabriel, after Christ has died upon the cross, wakes up God the Father, who is fast asleep, in these terms:—

> "Père éternel, vous avez tort
> Et devriez avoir vergogne;
> Votre fils bien-aimé est mort
> Et vous ronflez comme un ivrogne!"

To which the Father replies:—

> "Il est mort!
> Le diable m'emporte si je le savais!"

It was an age of giants, of rude, boisterous strength in all departments. But our canons of good taste, our ideas of the becoming, were as foreign to it as universal suffrage or the electric light.

To reach the summit to which the Rabelaisian pathway leads

means, then, a good deal of wading through the mire. We have, as Saint-Beuve says, to take long leaps if we would avoid the muddy places. But when there, the outlook is marvellously extensive, and across some of the richest tracts of country. Let us take a glance or two.

No question touches the modern world more closely than that of education. We are eager for light not only in schools and colleges, but also as to private culture. We have lists drawn out of "The hundred best books," and we read eagerly what distinguished men have to say on "Books that have influenced me."

Our author had his ideas on education, which the nineteenth century may still have something to learn from. He had for one thing a sense quite remarkable for his age of how not to do it. His account of the early training of Gargantua, his description of the library of Saint Victor, and, above all, the celebrated oration of Master Janotus, Dr. of the Sorbonne, apropos of the bells of Notre Dame, covered with merciless ridicule the old scholastic method, and may be said to have been its death-blow. On the other hand, let us see what he regarded as the true idea of a liberal education. We get a good specimen of it in the letter of Gargantua to his son Pantagruel, in Book 2: "I desire that you learn the languages perfectly. First the Greek, as Quintilian advises, and then the Latin. After that, Hebrew, for the Holy Scripture, as well as Chaldee and Arabic. In Greek, form your style on Plato; in Latin, on Cicero. Of the liberal arts, as geometry, arithmetic and music, I gave you some taste while you were young, five or six years ago. Follow them up and especially astronomy. Let astrology alone, as vain and useless. Of civil law I want you to learn by heart the best texts, and to compare them with philosophy. I want you also to give yourself specially to the study of the facts of nature, so that there be no sea, river, fountain, of which you do not know the fishes, and that you may know also the birds of the air, all trees . . . . all the metals and precious stones. Study carefully the medical works of the Greeks, Romans, and Arabs, without despising the Talmudists and Cabalists; and by frequent anatomical practice acquire knowledge of that other world, viz. man. And for a certain time each day study the Holy Scriptures, first, in Greek, the New Testament and epistles of the Apostles, and then, in Hebrew, the Old Testament." This programme represents, we imagine, pretty accurately the line of study pursued by Rabelais himself in the fifteen years he spent

as a Cordelier at Fontenoy. Lest, however, we should suppose that our philosopher regarded a limitless course of reading as comprehending the whole of education, we may turn to his history of Gargantua in Book 1, and study the plan laid down for him by his tutor Ponocrates. We find there seven pages out of ten taken up with a description of his gymnastic exercises, and the general training and care of the body. It is singular that his countrymen have in this respect so egregiously failed to catch the spirit of their master. The French youth at school and college knows next to nothing of out-door sports as we understand them. Education with him is a constant drive of the brain. What exercise he gets is grudgingly allowed in just sufficient quantity to keep his body going. If in this respect they had taken to heart the lessons of their mentor, and had taught their young people, as Gargantua was taught, to swim, to run, to ride, to hunt, to handle arms, and to live in the open, we should not now be hearing so many complaints of their physical degeneracy. But Rabelais has not finished when he has drilled body and brain. At the end of the letter from Gargantua, from which we have already quoted, we have his view of the moral side of the question. "But since, as Solomon says, wisdom enters not into an evil mind, and knowledge without conscience is only the ruin of the soul; therefore serve, love, and fear God, and in Him place all thy thoughts and all thy hope; and be joined to Him by faith which works by love. . . . Give not thy heart to vanity, for this life is transitory, but the Word of God abideth for ever. Be serviceable to thy neighbours, and love them as thyself. Revere thy teachers, flee the company of men whom you do not wish to resemble, and receive not the grace of God in vain."

After three centuries of theory and experiment in education it is to be doubted if we have got hold of anything better than this.

If these were his intellectual ideals, what were his political and social ones? In politics it is not surprising to find him a royalist, when we remember that it was to Francis I. and his successor Henry II. that he owed his security in the midst of the fierce hatreds which his writings produced. But his loyalty was a very different thing from the prostrate homage which a Boileau or a Molière offered to Louis XIV. It never prevented him from speaking out all his mind, and his mind at times was in anything but a respectful mood. In the 30th chapter of Book 2

Epistemon visits the lower regions and brings back marvellous news. He finds that the great ones of the earth have in that quarter their positions reversed. Alexander the Great gains his living by mending old clothes and Nero by playing the fiddle. The philosophers, on the contrary, are in great honour. Cyrus, who was in dire distress, begged a crown piece of Epictetus; "but the other scoundrelly kings down there, such as Darius, Alexander, and others, stole it from him during the night." In his second Book he gives us his opinion of kings who are conquerors and nothing else. "They are men who know nothing and care for nothing, except to do harm to their poor subjects and to trouble the whole world by war, for their sole and detestable pleasure."

His ideal of government was evidently that which Lord Beaconsfield more than once hinted at—that of a sage and capable monarch who sums up in himself, and gives expression to, the collective opinion and feeling of his people. His three gaints, Grandgousier, Gargantua, and Pantagruel, are all model kings, wise, affable, peaceful, detesting war for its own sake, but capable when attacked of defending themselves and their subjects.

Could anything be more admirable as a picture of the attitude of a true governor under difficult circumstances than that of Grandgousier when attacked by the fire-eating Picrochole? Though conscious of vastly superior strength, yet, hating the ravages of war, he sends embassy after embassy to his hostile neighbour in order to bring him to reason and to keep the peace. He drops sentences here worthy to be written in letters of gold in the cabinets of kings: "We call that brigandage and wickedness which the Saracens and barbarians of former days called prowess." "The imitation of the Alexanders, the Hercules, the Hannibals, the Scipios, the Cæsars, and such like we regard as contrary to the profession of the Gospel, by which we are commanded to keep, rule and administer each one his country and territory and not hostilely to invade those of others."

The same excellent temper governs Pantagruel, who in Book 3 gives us his ideas on the proper way of treating a conquered country. "The true method," says he, "is not, as has been the maxim of certain tyrannical spirits, to their damn and dishonour," (the allusion here is to Machiavel) "to pillage, force, anger, ruin, and rule them with a rod of iron; but, on the contrary, as with an infant newly born, to nurse, cradle and cherish them. . . . . As a

person recovering from a long illness they should be nourished, spared and built up. Good treatments, gracious gifts. . . . . laws which suit the special habitudes of the country:—here are the philtres and the charms of love by means of which one will peacefully retain what one has with difficulty conquered." It would be well for modern Europe if it had assimilated these maxims.

It is impossible in fact to study Rabelais anywhere in his views on government and political policy without recognizing a spirit truly generous and humane, a man who hated oppression, and who believed that power was a trust to be employed in making one's fellow-men happier and better.

At the same time his instincts were aristocratic. He believed in an aristos of position and ability. On the subject of a representative government he makes Pantagruel express himself thus. It is in his adjudication on the famous case of Baisecul *v.* Homvesne. "In all companies there are more fools than wise men, and it is the majority usually that carries the day." The sentence itself is a quotation from Livy, but it would have been beautifully appropriate in the mouth of Thomas Carlyle. The Curé of Meudon and the Sage of Chelsea were very much at one, methinks, on the subject of the democracy.

The aristocratic feeling runs through his dainty conception of the Abbey of Thelema, the main lines of which Mrs. Besant has so pleasantly reproduced. Intended in the first place as a set-off against the ordinary monastic idea, to which it is in almost every respect a contradiction, that in it which chiefly impresses us is something which probably never presented itself directly to the mind of the author. The gay and elegant society which he there imagines is a society built upon the labours and sacrifices of the many. These dames and cavaliers occupy themselves at no time in tasks that are useful. They live on revenues which are not the fruit of their industry. They are patterns of chivalry, of politeness, of grace. They are *bon compagnons*, accomplished, altogether charming; but the nineteenth-century man cannot easily get out of his head the condition of the helots who, perforce, must carry on their weary shoulders the burden of this privileged existence. It is a "far cry" from the Abbey of Thelema to the Phalanstery of Fourier. Both these social theorists house their community in a palace. *Fais ce que voudras* is over the lintel of the two alike. But the

sixteenth-century scholar opens his doors only to the privileged few, while the reformer of the nineteenth includes in his scheme every human being.

Perhaps the one other thing which will most strike a modern observer in his study of the Utopia of Thelema is the position assigned in it to woman.

In the description of the gorgeous costumes in which they array themselves, we are told that the style of dress for each day for both sexes is to be of the ladies' ordering. *Car le tout estoit fait selon l'arbitre des dames.* This piece of gallantry on the part of Rabelais is the more remarkable as it is so entirely contrary to his usual style of thinking on this subject. The want of respect for woman is indeed a radical defect of his work. He is false here to the Renaissance spirit. In Italy it had idolised woman. Dante and Petrarch consecrated to her their loftiest poetry, while Raphael and Michel Angelo made her features shine with a mystic, celestial beauty. In the sphere of Protestantism Luther in his public teaching and in his own home treated woman with serious and Christian respect: a sentiment echoed by Erasmus in his treatise on Christian marriage. Rabelais' heresy in this particular must be ascribed to his early associations and to his monkish training. We never hear of his mother, and she probably had died before exercising any influence over him. To the monkish orders, with their vows of celibacy and chastity, woman represented the greatest of temptations, the shortest road, in fact, to the bottomless pit. And when, as in the time of Rabelais, these strict rules had produced a reaction in favour of unbridled license, the conception of woman remained the same. The demoralised monk in pursuit of sensual enjoyment thought of his partner only as an instrument of his pleasures, and, when conscience pricked him, as the occasion of his downfall.

To one who, like Rabelais, had passed through such a training it would have been like jumping off his own shadow to have thought of woman as a teacher and an inspirer, as one who could be intellectually or spiritually a helper to man. Hence all through his work, knowledge, virtue, nobleness of character, are embodied in his men. Woman is the butt of his ridicule, the object of his "Contes gras." It is a capital fault, the influence of which has been disastrous on his countrymen. Had France possessed from the beginning of her literature, instead of the Rabelaisian idea, the image of a noble womanhood, helping man

towards his loftiest ideals, the history of her literature and of her people might have been different.

The attitude of Rabelais towards the great religious questions of his day is an interesting study. We see clearly that his differences with the leaders in the mighty strife that was then being waged were not so much an affair of doctrines as of temperament. And his temperament was one which, while sufficiently comprehensible to the nineteenth century, was absolutely unintelligible to the sixteenth. The chiefs of the Reformation, as well as the Catholic doctors of the Sorbonne, alike regarded him as a deadly enemy. Neither party could understand a man who refused to take sides, who, while merciless to the abuses and weak points of Romanist theory and practice, was equally unsparing to the party of Geneva. Both, in their fierce resentment and despair of making the man out, took refuge in what seemed to them the only remaining hypothesis, viz. that he was an atheist and an enemy of all religion.

No conclusion could be more absurd. It would be difficult to point to any works of our own time in the department of imaginative literature so saturated as are those of Rabelais with religious principle, so definitely recognising the presence of the living God in human affairs. In Books 1 and 2 there is manifestly a strong bias towards Protestantism. Gargantua, when being educated as a youth under the old Sorbonne masters, who are described as ridiculous old addlepates, gets nothing in the way of religious teaching except endless masses and paternosters.

When, however, he comes under the tutorship of the wise Ponocrates, he has the Bible in Hebrew and Greek daily read and expounded to him. Here was a double heresy in the view of Catholics. Ponocrates is a layman, and he brings his pupil directly, without any priestly mediation, into contact with the Scriptures! In the philippic against the monks in chapter 40 of Gargantua we find, as an illustration of their uselessness, that "they do not teach or indoctrinate the world as does a good evangelical doctor and teacher." Quotations, in fact, of this kind might be multiplied to any extent. In the fourth and fifth Books he wages open war against the papal pretensions. The description of the Isle of Papemanies, whose people believe the Pope to be God upon earth, and whose fanatical bishop, Homenaz, would "deliver to fire and sword all kings, emperors, dukes, princes, and damn their souls to the hottest cauldron in hell, if they should transgress one iota of his commands," and who goes

into rhapsodies over the virtues of the false Decretals, is throughout a withering satire on Ultramontanism. And if the Papacy itself receives these hard blows, its great supports, the monkish orders, fare no better. Not Luther, nor Erasmus, nor Ulrich von Hutten was more merciless. Throughout the whole of his works they are the butt of his raillery. Sick people he recommends to become monks for three months. If they do not then become fat as dormice, nothing will help them. In the celebrated fortieth chapter of Book I, he smites them with sledgehammer blows. "They neither plough, these monks, like the peasant, nor guard the country, like the warrior, nor tend the sick, like the doctor. They repeat a tremendous number of paternosters and Ave Marias, without any idea of understanding them. And this I call mocking God, not prayer."

To abuse the Pope, to trounce the monks, to pour ridicule on the Sorbonne and all its works, while at the same time testifying everywhere, as he does, to a hearty belief in God, to a reverence for Scripture and especially for the New Testament and the writings of St. Paul, all this one would think would be enough to stamp him as a good Protestant. And yet he was no Protestant. Between him and the Reformation leaders was a great gulf fixed. Calvin and he were at open war. In his fourth Book he denounces the "demoniacal Calvin" "the impostor of Geneva;" while, on his side, the Reformer expressed himself with equal bitterness.

It was impossible for two men so profoundly different in temper to appreciate or even understand each other. Calvin was a man who knew nothing of compromises, who believed that truth, purity, salvation, were on the side he fought for, and that on the other were only superstition, errors, and corruption.

It is the heroic temper which makes history; but the equilibrium of things seems to demand also spirits of a different mould. Rabelais had in him nothing of the partisan. He was gifted with the embarrassing faculty of seeing two sides of a question. For one thing, the austerity of Geneva revolted his joyous temper; and for another, he had no desire to share the fate of his friend Etienne Dolet and get burned as a heretic. But that is not all. When we talk of the Reformation we must never forget the great Reform movement which took place in Catholicism itself in the sixteenth century.

In fact from the beginning of the Renaissance, up to and beyond Luther's time, the abuses of Rome had been as fiercely

attacked by Catholics who lived and died within her pale as by the leaders of Protestantism. That party of Reform had Dante as its poet, Erasmus for its scholar, Gerson for its theologian and mystic, Michel Angelo for its artist, and Catherine of Sienna for its saint. The Cardinals who surrounded Paul III., such as Contarini and Caraffa, had elaborated a doctrine of justification by faith which it is difficult to distinguish from that of Luther, and which was preached with passionate fervour throughout the length and breadth of Italy. Rabelais defies classification; but, if he is to be put anywhere in the matter of ecclesiastical relations, it is by the side of this party. His contention, so far as he entered into controversy, was not so much against the Catholic Church as against Ultramontanism. He was in this respect an ancestor of Bossuet and one of the founders of Gallicanism.

But we should not understand Rabelais or his influence if we discussed him simply in relation to controversies of this kind. It is as a great humanist, with an outlook and a philosophy of life all his own, that he counts as so unique a force in literature and in the evolution of modern life. No man, at least no modern man, has been so startlingly frank. He has no concealments, no reserves. He has no closet in which to lock up his skeletons. He lets all his nature speak. There are aspects and functions of life on its animal side which cultivated men regard as inferior, requiring a veil and silence. In Rabelais they find a voice which never stammers or drops a word, a voice as clear and ringing as that in which he discusses the loftiest themes. Herbert Spencer tells us that a primary condition of success in life is to be a good animal. This condition Rabelais possessed in an unusual degree. The animal in him was strong and masterful. All through his pages rings the note of a rude physical force which has no notion of being repressed or put down. His characteristic may in fact be said to be an enormous appetite in all directions. His intellect was voracious and so was his stomach. To feed his mind the whole world of knowledge was not too much. But he wanted a larder and a wine-cellar on the same scale as the library. To the ascetic doctrine he replied by a "no" so mighty that its echoes have been ringing through literature ever since.

His ultimate views of life may perhaps be described as a fusion of the Greek idea with Christianity. To understand him we need certainly to take note of the pagan side of the Re-

naissance. In Italy especially, with which Rabelais was so well acquainted, it had produced as its first effect a profound scepticism and an utter license of manners. Not only had Scholasticism been cast aside, but practically Christianity also. Aristophanes and Anacreon, rather than Paul and the Fathers, supplied the Italy of the latter half of the fifteenth century with its views of life. It was beyond the Alps, with Reuchlin, Melancthon and Luther, that the revival of letters resulted in a purified Christianity.

The peculiarity of Rabelais' position is that he drank deeply of the two streams and that his temperament tended to assimilate them both. His was a nature gifted with a "rire enorme," to use Victor Hugo's phrase, and his whole conception of the universe had to fit in to that. He could not understand Christianity as the Reformers understood it, simply because he had no capacity for the serious or the awful. That side of religion which appealed to his sense of justice, to his sympathy, to his generosity, he freely accepted. The rest passed over him. God was to him a benevolent and gracious Providence, to whom he owed the blessings he enjoyed. He bowed reverently before Christ as the expression of suffering and self-sacrificing love.

But he must have room for his laugh. What could Geneva do with a man who treated hell, in the manner of Lucian, as a place where the actors play parts as ridiculous as those of a Christmas pantomime?

His summing up of life is that all is vanity, but that the mistake is to groan about it. Life is a burlesque. We are all fools and the solemn fool is the biggest of all. Pantagruelism is a "certaine gayeté d'esprit conficte en mepris des choses fortuites." The sentence he puts into the mouth of his ideal character Pantagruel expresses perhaps better than any other his habitual attitude of mind: "For all the goods which the sky covers and that earth contains. . . . are not worthy to move our affections or to trouble our mind and spirit."

This bold eclecticism of culture, this easy mixture of inspiration from Palestine and from Greece is the special note of Rabelais, and it is the note of the modern world.

F. BRIERLEY.

Jools on London.*

JOOLS has been amongst us once more, and once more he has torn the mask from the face of perfidious Albion. Too long have a generous but misguided public in France been deceived by the imaginative pictures of a Taine, the amiable criticisms of a not wholly disinterested O'Rell. So Jools has determined to cross the Channel, and, sacred name of a penny-a-liner, "Delenda est Carthago!" It is not in this case our former guest and acquaintance, Monsieur Jools de Chacabac, whose experiences and opinions were so graphically recorded by Mr. Jeames Plush; but one Jules Degrégny, a writer whose opportunities of judgment would seem to have been as exceptional, whose observation is as accurate, and whose freedom from prejudice is no less striking than that of his more famous compatriot.

The book is apparently serious, and not, as after a perusal of the first few pages we might be inclined to think, an elaborate joke. For, besides many other internal evidences, who with any sense of humour would, in these much travelled days, devote half-a-dozen pages at the outset to a grave consideration of the precautions to be taken to secure the necessary comforts on a Channel packet, and to combating the terrors of sea-sickness? Moreover, there is a self-complacency about Jools which runs through the whole volume, and reveals him in the character of a patriot who has undertaken an arduous and responsible duty; and it is not without a quiet vain-gloriousness that in his concluding pages he sums up the chimæras he has slain. Chauvinism, he admits in his preface, he esteems a noble passion; 'tis a *frank* admission, which his subsequent observations most amply corroborate. He crossed the Channel, he states in the same place, with his head full of the charming things his fellow-

* Londres, Croquis Réalistes, par Jules Degrégny. Paris: Librairie Moderne.

countrymen had written about England: far otherwise was his own experience. There are English, he says—and it is one of his few concessions—English one is bound to like; Englishmen of broad minds and loyal hearts, Englishmen who have done service to France—these will not resent his criticism.

The first page of the text well illustrates the spirit in which this remarkable volume is written. We French, he says, do not care to leave our own country. "France is of all lands the most highly favoured. Say what they may at Berlin, our country shelters the most amiable, the most courteous, the most highly civilized of peoples. Our very peasants are more agreeable company than many who are personages in great foreign cities. Why then should we leave our country, though it be but for a week or two?" Why, indeed! Hard to bear are the trials of the French patriot who is forced to travel now-a-days; he must be for ever stopping his ears (should he happen to understand any language but his own), in order not to hear the everlasting voice of envy—gnashing the teeth in hopeless jealousy of his great country!

Poor Jools' sufferings were unusually severe in his arduous and adventurous journey; his constitution, we are led to infer, was far from robust, for the speed of our trains exhausted a delicate frame, which, as he admits elsewhere, he could never trust to a boat upon the Thames without the certainty of fever, and the short distance traversed between Dover and London proved more tiring than a journey of four hours' duration would have been on his own country's railways.

But the fatal step is taken; he has left "this Paris, so loyal, so generous, so hospitable, which welcomes all foreign talent with so much enthusiasm," to arrive in the city of hypocrisy and vanity, where the loathing of the French genius and tongue has penetrated into the very bowels of the libraries, and classified Gil Blas among "*Spanish Authores.*" Do not hurry on your journey, is his advice, you will get there soon enough. A halt may be made at Amiens, or again at Calais, where, with the dread of impending doom upon you, you may cast a last lingering look upon the two railway stations, in order to retain a lasting impression of the superiority of these things in France over what awaits you on the other side of the Channel. In any case be sure to arrive at Calais well before the last train, that you may be able to secure a seat on board without having to *boxer* for it with the unmannerly islanders. Then on with the

cadre-nez, and don't take cold; breathe rapidly to promote circulation, and look to your half-bottle of champagne and flask of brandy, taking care not to use them up too rashly before the worst spasm of the terrible hour be upon you. Jools does not suffer much from sea-sickness himself, he says, but he has evidently studied the question. At Dover he recommends a day or two's halt, that the traveller may learn to harden himself to the difficulties of English life. We will pass over his melancholy experiences at Dover — the dirty linen, and the absence of napkins in the humble hostel he selected, for his limited purse was scared from the imposing portals of the "Lord Warden."

A digression upon our army, suggested by a visit to Dover Castle, over which, strange to say, he was allowed to stroll unmolested, is not unamusing. In the course of it we learn that the Tower of London is still considered, though erroneously, to be the supreme defence of London and the Thames. Jools has assisted at parades and drills with the intelligent interest natural to the scion of a great military nation, and has never failed to observe the men in the ranks breaking into explosions of laughter at the word of command, and winking grimaces at the crowd; neither sergeant nor officers protest, but what would you have, seeing that the troops are purchased by the Government for one livre sterling down, and ten sous a day pocket-money? The officers, he goes on to relate, though they no longer purchase their rank ostensibly, receive it by favour; a favour which has its reciprocal money equivalent, artfully concealed though it be under the cloak of an examination. His observations in this strain on matters military we warmly recommend to the attention of the War Office, seeing that they come from so competent a critic, for doubtless "Jools was a grannydear in his company of the Nashnal Gard, and as brayve as a lion."

The speed of the trains, as we have before mentioned, was a source of great terror and fatigue to Jools, who enlarges upon the number of accidents resulting therefrom, accidents so common that the daily papers have ceased to describe them, and confine themselves to a bald statement of the fact. The view from the carriage windows depressed him; he could not see here the happy peasant life, the bright villages of the pleasant land of France. From Dover to London all was parcelled out into great frowning feudal estates; it was a land

where one felt instinctively that men were no freer and no happier than the brutes. Of course he had heard of a London fog, and of course his worst anticipations were realized ; already at Rochester the air began to thicken, and as he approached the suburbs his lungs hesitated to absorb the air at all, so foul it grew ; indeed, for many a day after his arrival in London, his breath caught in his throat, his nose and chest were choked by the acrid and stinking atmosphere. His first recorded impression of London shows Jools to be an observant traveller. "How bad," he says, "must the teeth of this nation be, for what strikes one in every chemist's window are the number of preparations for relieving toothache, and in Leicester Square I noticed with profound astonishment, a vast edifice bearing the remarkable superscription, 'Dental Hospital'!"

The delightful thing about this book is the naïve manner in which Jools meets his inevitable doom ; all is so appropriate, so right, so much better than one even dares to anticipate. It will be remembered that the well-known Mr. Jeames Plush has placed on record that "Munseer Jules, of course, went and lodged in Lester Square, . . . which, as he was informed in the printed suckular presented to him by a very greasy but polite comishner at the Custumus Stares, was in the scenter of the town. . . . So he took a three-pair back in a French hotel, the Hotel de l'Ail, kep by M. Gigotot, Cranbourne Street, Lester Squarr, London." Of course then we learn from Jools II. that the real central point of London is Leicester Square, called by the English the French quarter, probably because it is a little less repellent than the rest of the City, and agreeably to anticipation he recommends the traveller to select an hotel in this desirable neighbourhood ; but do not go in search of an hotel in a cab, or the astute driver will soon run you up an account of 5 or 6 "schellings." Under these circumstances we are at once able to credit his statement that even in pretentious hotels you must look well to your sheets, the lower one you will generally find to have been used before ; the proprietor, when you send for him, will protest that it is a mistake, and that he will have it remedied, but all he will do is to have another dirty sheet ironed, and slip it into the bed. There are, he graciously concedes, hotels in London where one may be well lodged and fed, such as those in Northumberland Avenue, whose gloom he elsewhere bewails ; but then you must be prepared to pay 60 francs a day. So the hotels of the French quarter have it on the whole,

—those or the "*family-house*," if you have a stoical stomach that can resist the ravages of the English cuisine.

The first fraud exposed is the world-famed English bath. Poor Jools had to traverse vast distances in cabs before he could find means of plunging in water, for the houses are all deficient in bath-rooms, and even the "family-houses" are so badly off for *tubs*, that this word would seem to be English only in name. Dirt, is in fact, we had almost said the national vice, to follow Jools more closely we should say one of the national vices; neither in hotels nor in the "family-house" must you be too squeamish on that point. The condition of the servant class is one of the principal causes, for these are so idle and spoilt, that after 5 o'clock, when they have their tea, not one of them would think of getting up to answer the bell. This deplorable state of things is almost beyond remedy, for they have quite the whip-hand of their employers, being generally the accomplices of their masters' or mistresses' amours, in a country so morally degraded that people are not shocked or surprised to see a young "miss" at the theatre sending notes to individuals she does not know, and offering rendezvous to those who have never solicited them.

After certain strictures, perhaps not wholly undeserved, upon the unæsthetic appearance of our provision shops, and notably on the dirty state of our butchers' establishments, there follows this curious sentence: "It is true that in the other shops one is waited on by assistants in chimney-pot hats. This remarkable habit may perhaps flatter the eyes of their clients, but it affords the tourist a precious source of inextinguishable mirth." The universal dirt was apparently prevalent in the society with which Jools habitually mixed, the world, we presume, of the "*family-house;*" for the "*jeune miss*," he tells us, always comes to table in fresh muslin gowns; but, should she chance to cross her legs in the drawing-room afterwards, the observant eye detects a dirty petticoat below. The men are also whited sepulchres. Their collars and cuffs are beyond reproach, their clothes still show the tailor's fold, they wear a flower in their button-hole and rich rings on their fingers,—but their nails are very black, and if their necktie should slip from its place it reveals a shirt that should long have been with the washerwoman. The great nation, he would have us know, are less particular about externals, but they more often renew the garments which come into contact with the skin.

The London policeman is another fraud which Jools feels it his duty to expose. He is decorative, and that is all. He will insist on accompanying the stranger who enquires his way for any distance to secure the *pourboire;* but, should there be a row in the street, he is careful to look the other way. True it is, that in the city of pick-pockets Jools was never robbed himself, even though one day, bracing his courage up, he walked alone from one end to the other of Wardour Street, that well-known haunt of desperadoes. He is inclined to attribute his immunity from the treatment to which an Englishman resents that a foreigner should not be subjected, partially to the fact that his clothes had not just come from the tailor, and that he wore neither watch-chain, rings nor scarf-pin. If, he adds, I owe my security to my modest toilette, I recommend my fellow-countrymen to adopt a similar one.

How much there is to unlearn! The Roast beef of old England is a fraud, a hopeless greasy fraud; one tries to fall back upon the mutton, but that is no less repugnant to the palate accustomed to the dainties of the Palais Royal; the fish is neither fresh nor abundant, except the salmon, and that, though preferable to the meat, Jools found both tasteless and indigestible. And then the prices of Nicholl and Monico! But that he forgave them, because the linen was clean. In the restaurants of the Strand there are no napkins, and the phlegmatic islanders suck their fingers instead; in the restaurants of the Haymarket (!) the napkin offered to the guest has been used at least once before; further a-field than this, hunger does not appear to have driven him from the sheltering arms of Leicester Square.

Above all, he says, avoid the daily papers! Although the prejudice of Englishmen, and the war that is waged against French enlightenment, preclude the taking in of any French papers in hotels and restaurants, he advises no one to plunge into the ponderous sheets of the *Times*, the *Daily News* and their contemporaries. Systemless and not up to date, they can only interest those who are curious to study how "puritanical Jesuitism" can disguise, under the simple appearance of a statement of fact, perfidious criticism of French diplomacy. The bulk of the contents is paid for by those who insert them, which accounts for the cheapness of the paper. Often only the telegrams are genuine matter, the articles being merely artfully concealed advertisements of Madame Tussaud's or the Crystal

Palace. The illustrated papers are vastly inferior to the French ones. The comic papers are what the Englishman dearly loves; 'le Punch' is the least English and provincial, and is consequently less appreciated; the real quintessence of insular humour will be found in 'le Scraps,' 'le Scloper's Half Holiday,' and 'le Ching Ching's Own.'

The currency was a great puzzle to Jools, and he makes it a real grievance that French money is not accepted, the Government having even interfered with the substitution of French *sous* for English pence. The pretended difference of value is a mere pretext for this arbitrary measure, the real reason being the desire of the English aristocracy, which has absolute control of the Government, to diminish all points of contact with the Continent and discourage any relations with the freer nations of Europe. The same spirit which has thwarted the accomplishment of the Channel Tunnel, has prevented the introduction of foreign money. But to return to the English currency. The impossibility even for natives to appreciate the difference between the piece of "two schellings" and the piece of "2 schellings 6 pences" leads to perpetual altercations; and as you cannot reckon money on the decimal system, it becomes indeed a labour to verify your bill at the restaurant. The great nation count by "sous," the English by "pences;" a Frenchman must therefore always double the price to get an idea of the value: so inconsiderate of mannerless Albion.

But we cannot follow Jools through all his cruel experiences; suffice it to quote a few of his most remarkable conclusions and observations. His remarks upon the hypocrisy of our national modesty, that modesty compels us to pass over; nor is there anything particularly new in his exposure of the hollowness of English Puritanism. More original are his views upon the language, the difficulty and fatigue of pronouncing which he is inclined to consider the real cause of English taciturnity. What are you to do, he says, for instance, with a word like *Marble Arch*, which according to all we ever learned at school should of course be pronounced *merbl' ertch*, but which a close attention to the cry of the 'bus-conductor has convinced him can only be represented in letters by *m'rbl' 'rch*. And, while speaking of 'bus-conductors, it is pleasant to take small consolation in the fact that he has a good word for at least one London institution—the 'bus—and he has admired the agility with which ladies ascend to the knife-board without betraying

"*la moindre partie de leur chaste personne.*" It is perhaps, he holds, this constant climbing up and down the narrow 'bus-stairs which brought in the fashion of tight and clinging skirts, which Frenchwomen have also ended by adopting.

Space would fail to enumerate his criticisms of our public buildings, their poverty, meanness or vulgarity, their absolute lack of interest, ancient or modern. He finds a want of movement and traffic in the streets, and opines that in all parts of the City, save the docks and those abandoned to the thieves, you may walk abroad far more at your ease than in Paris. He takes us round the parks, the churches, and the Houses of Parliament, to compare them, one after another, to their eminent disadvantage with similar institutions in his own country. Alas for the sums that we have squandered on Art! our National Gallery Jools considers "*d'une pauvreté navrante.*" The arrangement which was our especial pride, the hanging of all the pictures in the more important rooms on the line, that all may be equally well seen, shows that we do not even care to dissemble our poverty. You would think, he concludes, you were in a shop, and not in a gallery, for all the pictures of one hand are placed side by side like onions. The British Museum contains nothing of artistic interest except the Elgin marbles. Its arrangement, including ethnographical collections and stuffed animals, Jools considers excellent for the English, who only visit their museums to obtain warmth and shelter. Specializing museums are all very well in France, where they are used for study, but they would be quite out of place here.

All trials, however, have their term. The pleasant part of a journey to London is the return home. Arrived at Calais, Jools felt as if he had escaped from prison. He breathed the air of France. He tasted the joy of existence. The first douanier, he says, that you meet upon the quay at Calais seems to you like a guardian angel pointing to the gate of the Promised Land. Turning once more to the distant cliffs of Dover, he was tempted to exclaim, "*Que diable suis-je allé faire dans cette galère?*" *Que diable?* indeed! Well, the secret, concealed from us in the preface, where he said he went across the Channel prepared to find all *couleur de rose*, leaks out in the final pages. Here it is.

"It is enough for us to wish it, for us to be first in the world's market; we have only to cease from allowing our action to be paralysed by idle legends. I do not know whether I have

succeeded in destroying some of these legends; but I have done my best to." That he admits was his principal object, and he then proceeds to enumerate the ghosts he has laid.

"I have often," says Mr. Plush, "listened to Jools and his friends inwaying against Hingland and boasting of their own immortial country . . . how they used to prove that France was the Light and the Scenter-pint, the Igsample and the Hadmiration of the whole world! . . . And they talked about the grandjer of France and the perfidyusness of England!"

Falsely True.

"Oh, well for him whose will is strong."

I.

"HAVEN'T you had enough of pictures now, Kemp?" asked the younger of two men who were wandering about the Academy one warm afternoon in June.

"Wait a moment," replied his companion, a broad-shouldered, brown-faced man of five-and-thirty. "I was told to look specially at one of Floyd's in this room—'Moonlight' I think it was called. Yes, here it is. Have you seen it?"

"Yes, I've seen it," said Hugh Julian, rather shortly. "It was a good deal talked about at the beginning of the season."

The elder man retired a few steps to get a better view of the picture, and then stood still, studying it.

The painter had not chosen to represent the most vivid effects of moonlight—dense shadow against brilliant relief: on the contrary, only the faintest gleam of silver had touched the veil of blue-grey twilight, the first suggestion of moonlight at the close of a long autumn afternoon. A girl in a neutral-tinted dress was sitting in the foreground upon the trunk of a fallen tree, and the strongest light in the picture lay across her face and hair. It was a pale, wistful, little face, not in any way remarkable for beauty, and the abundant fair hair was so faint in colour, that at a first glance the moonlight alone seemed to make the silken halo round the girl's head. Her eyes were of a pale, misty blue, and to the big, warm-hearted man now gazing up at them they seemed to look back, and to plead piteously, as a spirit from another world, with another language than that of earth, might have looked and pleaded. The expression fascinated his attention. There was reproach in it as well as

entreaty, and something too of despair, as though the pale gir sitting there knew all the while that the appeal was being made in vain.

"I suppose every one feels the same," he thought, "but somehow it seems to me as if she were asking something of me personally, and that I, not understanding, were withholding it from her."

A loud cheerful voice, addressing him, suddenly startled him from his meditations. "I can't be mistaken!" the voice said. "It *is* my old friend Mr. Kemp, is it not?"

He looked round hastily. A very fashionably-dressed, middle-aged lady, to whom one felt instinctively inclined to apply the term "iron-grey," was holding out a hard-looking, well-gloved hand for him to shake, and was making laudable attempts to force her hard features into a benignant smile. Kemp recognized her in a moment, and the recollection of some very unequivocal snubs administered by this same Lady Fielding in the days before he went to India, and was still a nobody, rushed into his mind. Forgetting that since then he had attained the reputation, if not the actual felicity, of being a millionaire, he allowed an unfeigned surprise to show itself in his face as he replied: "Oh, how do you do, Lady Fielding? How good of you to remember me!"

"Oh no, not at all!" said Lady Fielding, with flattering condescension. "I had heard of your return, and was meaning to send you a line. Let me introduce you to my youngest daughter. She was in the nursery when you went away, I suppose. Daisy, you have often heard me speak of my old friend Mr. Kemp?"

The young girl, who had been standing silent by her mother's side, passively acquiesced in this enormous mis-statement by a dutiful smile, as she came forward and held out her hand.

If Lady Fielding's original intention had been to make the rich coffee-planter take special notice of her daughter, she must have felt her heart thrill with triumph at the extraordinary good luck which had brought about a meeting under these particular circumstances and in this particular place. For, to Kemp's unmitigated amazement, Miss Fielding raised as she smiled the very face with its wistful eyes and masses of fair hair that he had been gazing at a moment ago on the wall in front of him!

"Do you think it a good portrait?" said the mother, smiling blandly.

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed Kemp. "I never saw anything

so like in my life!" Then, as Miss Fielding's pale face began to colour with confusion under his stare, he added hastily, "I—I fancied it was quite an imaginary figure, you know—" and was relieved to see that his friend was approaching.

He was just going to introduce him, when Hugh raised his hat and addressed the ladies of his own accord, in his own imperturbable fashion. Kemp glanced at him rather sharply, wondering why he had not mentioned before that he knew the original of the picture which he professed only to have heard about. He was a very well-made young man, rather short than tall, and rather fair than dark, with unnoticeably irregular features, and ordinary grey eyes. "I can't help looking at him, because he is startlingly like any one else!" a lady once remarked, without realizing that the peculiarity lay not so much in the likeness itself as in the fact that she found it startling. He did not talk much, was always exquisitely dressed, and never by chance looked ill at ease or discomposed; yet, in spite of these negative qualities, the person who addressed him under the impression that the young man might as well be any other young man, soon felt uncomfortably conscious that he was making a mistake.

"Oh, it's Mr. Julian!" said Lady Fielding, with a quick change of voice as she recognized the addition to their party—to her, Hugh was merely "somebody's secretary," and a person to be snubbed—"a friend of yours, Mr. Kemp? Really? I didn't know—However, when are you coming to see us? Are you engaged this evening, or will you come to dinner?"

"I'm engaged to Mr. Julian," said Kemp, rather awkwardly. "We're going to dine somewhere and then go on to the theatre."

"Oh, no, no; you really can't let an informal arrangement like that stand in the way of an invitation from an old friend!" replied her ladyship, resuming her grim playfulness. "We shall expect you, then; we dine at half-past seven. I dare say Mr. Julian will join us too." This last remark was added, after a slight pause, with such calm impertinence of tone, that Kemp wondered his friend did not instantly and resentfully decline.

But, whatever Mr. Julian's private feelings may have been, he answered with exquisite politeness, "Thank you very much, I shall be delighted," without the slightest change of countenance.

"At half-past seven, then," repeated Lady Fielding, as she shook out her silk skirts and made a motion to her daughter.

"We must hurry away now. You remember the house, Mr. Kemp? Come, Daisy!"

Miss Fielding, who had been looking down at the floor and playing with her parasol, started slightly, bowed to the two men, and turned away obediently. She had not opened her lips during the interview, and there was a sort of weary resignation in her whole bearing which filled Kemp's soft heart with a feeling of swift compassion.

"I wouldn't be that old woman's daughter for something!" he said to his friend when they were out of hearing.

"It can't be very pleasant," admitted Hugh. "But I suppose Miss Fielding is used to it."

"Do you know them well?" demanded Kemp rather abruptly. "Why didn't you tell me just now that Miss Fielding sat for the girl in 'Moonlight'?"

"I really didn't remember that you knew them, or think that the fact would interest you," said Hugh. "Do you consider it a good likeness of her?"

"Strikingly good. Don't you?"

"Fair. The features are like enough." For the first time since they had entered the room he turned to the picture, and looked hard at it, half closing his eyes. But, though some secret impulse made Kemp study his face the while, it betrayed no shadow of expression, except that of cool scrutiny. After a moment the younger man turned round and remarked, "I wonder whether you will mind bearing my humblest apologies to Lady Fielding this evening? I really have a tremendous lot to do at present, and want some time to myself to get through it all."

"Oh, but she expects you," said Kemp, rather awkwardly. "And I shall feel such a brute to have spoilt your evening, because I've thrown over my engagement to you."

"We can carry out that plan to-morrow," replied Julian easily. "Tell Lady Fielding that I was absolutely desolated, but that a business telegram compelled me to rush off to the other end of London. I'll send her a note in the morning to apologize for not turning up."

"I suppose you don't care to go, after that off-hand invitation?" said Kemp.

"I'm not keen about it," admitted Hugh briefly.

"I don't know that I myself particularly want to go," returned his friend. "The old woman's a tremendous bore. But doesn't

Miss Fielding do anything to make the house more attractive? or don't you care about going, even to see her?"

"I'm not keen about it," repeated Hugh.

II.

Neither Lady Fielding nor her daughter looked surprised when Kemp delivered Hugh's polite message and apologies. The former, indeed, appeared to be decidedly relieved, and it was easy to see that Miss Daisy seldom permitted herself any freedom of expression or utterance which she was not certain would receive parental sanction. She was more than ever like the picture, now that her hat was removed; though her strangely fair hair was arranged with more regard for the prevailing fashion than it had been when she sat for her portrait. She was very silent, and Kemp thought the dinner the slowest and longest he had ever tried to sit through. There was another man present, with his wife; but they had evidently only been asked for the look of the thing, and seemed too much in awe of their hostess to talk.

However, after dinner Lady Fielding called her daughter to her side, and bade her "take Mr. Kemp round the conservatory"; and, though Kemp felt that the girl would rather not, he still hailed the suggestion as a relief.

"Can't we sit down and stay here a little while?" he ventured to ask, when they came suddenly upon two inviting-looking arm-chairs at the end of the little hot-house. He really saw no reason why he should not avail himself of a few of the good things in the net spread so plainly in his sight.

"Oh yes, if you like," said Daisy, colouring painfully, but seating herself on the nearest chair.

"You gave me quite a shock to-day," he began. "I had been looking at your face on the wall, and then turned round suddenly and saw it at my side!"

"Yes, you must have been surprised," she answered. Her voice was low and gentle, and, like her eyes, had a touch of wistfulness in it; but her manner, in spite of an evident effort, was tinged with indifference.

"How do you like being hung up there and gazed at all day long?" he asked. He had somehow conceived a deep pity and interest for this little pale, shrinking girl.

"I don't mind," said Daisy in the same tone. "I dare say a

good many people don't see the likeness, and most of them don't know me ; so it doesn't matter."

"Who first thought of the idea?" Kemp asked.

"Mr. Floyd himself. We met him somewhere, and he asked mamma whether he might paint me. She said yes, and so he did."

"Didn't you have anything to say in the matter?" said Kemp, smiling a little.

Daisy gave him a quick glance. "No," she said, "I didn't care."

"I'm afraid you're ungrateful!" said Kemp. "Most ladies would be flattered to be the centre of so much admiration."

"I didn't mean to be ungrateful!" replied the girl rather eagerly. "I mean,—I thought it very kind of him ; but I don't think I care very much about that sort of thing."

"What do you care about?" Kemp couldn't help asking, rather boldly.

But Daisy hardly seemed to notice the boldness. It struck him that she regarded him as a comparatively old man in whom it would be quite safe to confide. She turned to him with a sudden movement of childish abandonment.

"*I don't know!*" she said impulsively ; "I don't believe I care for anything."

A woman might have felt impatient at such a confession, and would very likely have expressed her opinion in terse emphatic language to the effect that Miss Fielding wanted "a good shaking," or "something to cry for." A man of the world would have concluded instantly that the child imagined that she cared for nothing, because she really cared very much for something which she could not get. But Kemp was not a woman, and had had very little experience of women, and the childish plaint found its way straight to his heart.

"But that's a very wrong state of things!" he said kindly. "What is the matter? What makes you so indifferent? You are too young to say that, you know ; and much too young to feel it."

"But I *do* feel it," said the girl, turning away her head and speaking less distinctly.

He was silent for a moment, hardly liking to take advantage of her confidence to ask further questions. He could well imagine that Lady Fielding's daughter might not have a particularly happy life ; but he could not expect her to admit the fact in so many words.

"I used to have fancies of that sort," he said at last.

"Did you?" said Daisy quickly, looking at him with a more personal interest than she had yet displayed. "And did you lose them? Did they pass?"

"Of course they did!" cried Kemp, deeply touched at her pathetic eagerness. "You didn't fancy that you would be unhappy all your life because you feel miserable at—at eighteen; did you?"

She was silent; her sensitive little mouth quivered slightly.

"Did you?" he repeated as gently as possible.

"Sometimes," she answered at last, sadly enough.

"Indeed you won't," he assured her earnestly. "It will all pass, and you will wonder that you ever cared at all. Things *do* come right, even in real life."

It seemed to him that she started slightly at his words, and the look which she wore as their eyes met was so exactly that of the picture, that he almost fancied she would put her appeal into words and ask something of him. Instead, however, she said after a little pause, "Was Mr. Julian really obliged to go to the other end of London this evening?"

Kemp felt so confused and surprised at the sudden question that he stammered hopelessly over his answer; but Miss Fielding, though she could no longer doubt that the excuse was made up, did not make any further remark on it. She played with the feathers of her fan for a moment in a hesitating sort of manner, and then got up and said that they must go back to the drawing-room.

"I haven't said anything that you mind, have I?" he could not help asking as they walked back.

"Oh *no!*" she cried eagerly. "You've been very kind. I don't know how to thank you."

"You needn't thank me," said Kemp. "If you think me 'kind,' that's all I want."

III.

"Tell me how much you know about the Fieldings," he said to Hugh next evening as soon as he decently could. "I feel rather interested in them somehow. Miss Fielding, for instance; have you ever had much conversation with her?"

"I've hardly ever spoken to her since she came out," said Hugh. "I met them in the country last autumn, and saw something of them because we were staying in the same house.

But Miss Fielding seemed a mere child then, and seldom opened her lips."

"Still if you were staying in the same house," said Kemp, rather irritated at this bald statement, "you must occasionally have had opportunities of judging what she was like. Had you never the curiosity to address a word to her?"

"Oh yes, of course I have spoken to her. I only meant to say that our acquaintance with one another is very slight. She always seemed very much in awe of her mother and her governess; but of course it was not supposed to be the thing for her to speak much to young men while she was in that transition period."

"Did you think her interesting?" asked Kemp.

"I don't know that I thought so," replied his friend with a considering air; "but she may be, all the same."

"Did you like her?" persisted the other rather sharply; for it had occasionally struck him that the young man wore his imperturbability as a kind of useful mask to conceal all emotions.

Hugh looked up in some surprise. "Yes, I liked her very much," he said; and Kemp felt just as wise as he had been before. "I liked her," he remarked after a pause, "better than any girl I have met since I came back to England. And I can't help pitying her for being tied to that awful old mother of hers. I am sure she is made miserable from morning to night—in fact she almost admitted as much to me; though of course she could not tell me that that was the reason."

"She never looks particularly cheerful," admitted Hugh. He became silent for some minutes after this remark, and Kemp thought that the matter had passed out of his head; but presently he looked up and said meditatively, "If you feel attracted, Kemp, it would be an act of Christian charity to go in and rescue her from that brute, Lord George Felton. Every one knows that Lady Fielding has been doing all she can to bring on the match, and they say that he shows no objection."

"And the girl herself?" asked Kemp.

Hugh was silent for a moment; then said, in the hesitating tone of a man who always speaks courteously of ladies, "I don't know much about Miss Fielding, but wouldn't you imagine that she would do what she was told to do?"

"Then what's the use of my taking any step in the matter?" said Kemp, a little nettled.

"You might tell her to marry you," said Hugh. "If you are

emphatic enough, I dare say, since she must yield to some one, that she will yield to you."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Kemp, "considering how little you know of her, you seem very confident about predicting what she will do under given circumstances."

"Not confident," replied his friend. "I did not mean to make any impertinent suggestions. Very likely she would refuse."

In spite of some inward irritation at this way of stating the case, the idea of rescuing the poor child from an unhappy marriage was not displeasing to Kemp. When he thought it over it seemed natural enough that the dread of such an event should make Miss Fielding pale and timid. And somehow he fancied that if he could remove her into an atmosphere of tenderness and indulgence it would not be so very difficult to win her love. But about this last point he had some doubts as time passed on. It was very difficult to tell from Daisy's manner what she really felt. There were times when he was convinced that she did not regard him merely as one of the "catches" of the season for whom her mother spread so many nets; but there were other times when he was not so sure of this fact. For instance, when she saw him enter a crowded drawing-room in which they were both guests, she would look up with a slight start, and a strangely expectant expression in her eyes—sometimes with a swift blush. But by the time he reached her side she often seemed paler and more pre-occupied than ever; and though these, in turn, were not signs which absolutely forbade a flattering interpretation, he was completely nonplussed by the passive acquiescence, almost indifference, with which she received any but the most platonic attentions. In her mother's presence she treated him exactly as she treated Lord George Felton—with forced smiles and studied politeness; but when they were alone she was friendly, confidential—and no more.

What surprised him more than anything else was the surprise that she sometimes displayed when he tried to put himself upon a more intimate footing with her. It was as though she had said, "This from *you!* I didn't think *you* would have said or done such a thing!" And, as he could form no sort of conjecture why she should have such a feeling, he had to give up the puzzle in despair, and trust to a happy combination of circumstances to make matters clear between them.

One hot day in July found a large party of fashionably dressed people trying to make believe that they were enjoying one of

Lady Fielding's annual water-parties, and amongst them were Kemp and his friend. The former was thoroughly out of temper for once; for Lady Fielding, perhaps distrustful of his extreme willingness to walk into all her traps, saw fit to encourage Lord George Felton exclusively on this particular day, and snubbed his rival unmercifully by way of a change. Daisy herself was looking flushed and excited, and her usual passive gentleness had given place to a sort of nervous restlessness.

"I declare I don't know what to make of her!" cried Kemp in despair to his friend.

Hugh, who had just been listening silently to a long string of complaints, raised his eyes from the water and threw a swift glance at Miss Fielding.

"I believe she'd just as soon marry Felton as not," added the other bitterly. "Don't you think she would?"

"It would be a pity if she married a scamp like that," said Hugh slowly.

"Not if she cared for him!" muttered Kemp sulkily.

The younger man looked straight in front of him at the clouds about the horizon. It struck Kemp for perhaps the hundredth time how strangely expressionless his fair, clever face was. "What *are* you thinking about?" he exclaimed, laughing in spite of himself. "You might just as well have a set of features made out of wood!"

"I've often been told that," replied Hugh, with a short laugh. "I was thinking, however, that if you want my candid opinion about the case, I'll give it—though I haven't the least right to have an opinion at all, as you know."

"Never mind. Give it," replied Kemp.

"I've said before that I believe Miss Fielding will do whatever she is made to do. Very well. Make her marry you."

"But I don't want to marry her against her will!" cried Kemp indignantly.

Hugh made no rejoinder, but again fixed his eyes on the clouds.

"Surely you don't imagine that that *is* what I want?" persisted the other, still more hotly.

"No," said Hugh, biting his lip. Then he threw another glance at Miss Fielding. "What I meant was that it probably *would* be her will as soon as you had made her do it."

"And her will, too, if Felton made her marry him?" asked Kemp breathlessly.

"I've told you what I think," replied Hugh, rather abruptly, and he refused to answer another question on the subject.

At this moment Lord George, thinking that he had made his attentions sufficiently conspicuous, sauntered up to a group of people with Miss Fielding, and gradually detached himself from her. In a moment Kemp was at her side. "You haven't spoken to me all day!" he said reproachfully.

Daisy gave him a swift, surprised glance. She had lost her excited manner, and was looking rather depressed; in answer to his remark she only sighed.

"Has Felton been boring you?" Kemp asked daringly.

"A little," she replied, in a very low tone.

"I am going to row bow going home," he went on with nervous haste. "Do you care for sitting in the bows of a boat?"

"Yes," she answered indifferently, "I shall be very pleased."

"Let us come and get our seats, then," he said. They walked to the boat in silence. "Put this coat round you," he went on, handing her a light overcoat as she took her place.

Daisy accepted it in the same mechanical way and laid it on the cushions where she was going to sit. She seemed hardly to notice Kemp; but presently, feeling that there was a book in one of the coat-pockets, she drew it out. "Browning!" she said, and began to turn over the leaves at random.

Suddenly she looked up. "Did *you* underline that?" she asked quickly, pointing to a verse which was thickly scored under.

Kemp glanced over the page and read the lines from "A Pretty Woman"—

> "But for loving, why, you would not, Sweet,
> Though we prayed you,
> Paid you, brayed you
> In a mortar—for you could not, Sweet!"

"No, I certainly didn't!" he replied. "The book isn't mine—I don't read Browning. It belongs to Mr. Julian. Those must be his sentiments."

"Do you think that could be true of any one?" asked Daisy, not raising her eyes, and speaking in an almost imploring tone.

"I shouldn't *like* to think it could be," said Kemp, very low.

Daisy fell back upon the cushions, and hardly spoke another word during the homeward journey. She seemed to be intent upon the book, and kept her face hidden behind it all the time.

Afterwards, when he was alone, Kemp took up the Browning

with the intention of reading the poem through. As he glanced at the page he started violently and grew pale. It had been fair and smooth when she had called him to look at it, but now it was blistered and blotted with tears.

IV.

Three nights later Kemp and his friend pushed their way into a crowded drawing-room, and, after a seemingly hopeless glance amongst the throngs of dancers, the latter observed in his calm, imperturbable way, "There's Miss Fielding, Kemp, by the window."

Kemp looked across. Daisy was standing almost opposite to them, listening to the devoted whispers of Lord George, with whom it was evident that she had just been dancing. Even at this distance she looked pale and weary, and the smile on her lips was a very sad one. She looked—unhappy girl!—as though she had been crying.

Kemp pushed his way to her side, almost seized her programme as soon as he had greeted her, and began scribbling his initials upon it with feverish impetuosity.

"He may leave one for me, mayn't he, Miss Fielding?" said Hugh, glancing over his friend's shoulder.

"Oh, yes!" said Daisy, in rather a strange tone, and, taking the card, she handed it to him.

Their glances did not meet, and the young man wrote his name against only one waltz, then bowed and walked away.

"Do you like my friend Julian?" said Kemp suddenly, wondering why he had never thought of asking her the question before.

"It doesn't much matter whether we like him or not," said the girl. "He doesn't like us." She still spoke strangely and looked unlike herself.

"Oh, that's nonsense!" returned Kemp, more emphatically than politely.

"It may be," said Daisy. "But it's truthful nonsense. Mamma doesn't like him," she added irrelevantly.

"And you always follow her in your likes and dislikes?" ventured Kemp, not without intention.

"Why shouldn't I?" said Daisy recklessly, almost defiantly. "Since weak people must submit to some one, what does it matter to whom they submit?"

"Don't speak like that!" exclaimed Kemp entreatingly. "I am sure you don't feel that."

"I do feel it!" cried the child bitterly. "I feel that it doesn't matter what I want, since I haven't will enough to find out a way to get it."

Kemp felt unutterably puzzled and pained at her manner, her words, the strange despairing sadness of her face. They could not continue the discussion just then, however, so he made no answer. He did not want to dance with any one but her, and when their first dance was over he went and seated himself by Lady Fielding, and presently Daisy's partner brought her back to them.

"Daisy," said her mother, in a low voice, "come here. Did Mr. Julian ask you for a dance just now?"

"Yes, mamma," said the girl, colouring.

"Then I can't let you dance with him. If you can't get out of it in any other way, tell him plainly that I will not allow it." There was a hint of menace in the tone, though the elder lady tried to keep it calm. Daisy looked up imploringly. At this very moment Hugh made his way through the crowd and approached her, studying his programme all the while with a puzzled air.

"Miss Fielding," he said, in a deeply apologetic tone, "I've written some one's name so badly on my programme, that I can't possibly read it; it *looks* a little like yours. Would you think me very rude if I asked you to tell me whether I have the happiness to be your partner for this dance?"

There was the slightest possible pause before any one answered. Daisy stood like a statue, staring at her mother. Then Lady Fielding broke into a quick laugh. "I'm afraid not, Mr. Julian," she said, "for Daisy has just told me that she is engaged to some one else."

"How very stupid of me!" exclaimed Hugh. "I apologise most humbly. I see now that it is Miss Wilding to whom I am engaged. Please forgive me for troubling you."

He turned away. Kemp made a step forward. "Our dance, I think," he said to Daisy, considering that he might as well take advantage of this piece of by-play, as leave Miss Fielding partnerless. "Shall we go and sit out somewhere? You are looking tired."

The girl turned without a word; but when they got away from the room to a quiet little nook, where even the sound of

the music hardly reached them, she threw herself into a chair with a face fuller of misery than was warranted even by the worst construction that could be put upon her behaviour.

"Oh, how *hateful* everything is!" she cried passionately.

"My dear Miss Fielding!" said Kemp, shocked at her distress.

Daisy turned her head aside to hide the blinding tears in her eyes.

"Surely you don't mind so much about what happened just now?" he went on. "Why, I can explain that to Mr. Julian in five seconds, if you will allow me."

"No—no," she said, in a smothered tone; "you can't—and—and—I don't wish you to try."

"But you needn't mind so much," said Kemp eagerly; "you were almost forced into refusing the dance—he gave you very little choice. If he could make a mistake like that——"

"He made no mistake!" cried Daisy bitterly. "He didn't believe I would dance with him—he thinks I'm not to be trusted. Every one is hard on weak people; they have to suffer all through their lives, and no one pities them. Whatever happens, they go first to the wall and are trampled upon. The strong ones snatch their happiness, and think that, because others are not brave enough to do the same, they don't feel their loss. They feel *every* thing! Their lives are *spent* in feeling miserable because they are not stronger; and no one is sorry—no one tries to help them!"

"Daisy!" cried Kemp, seizing her hands. "Don't speak so wildly. Don't—don't *suggest* that you are speaking of yourself! You know that I would die to help you!"

"Oh!" cried the child, bursting into tears; but the rest of her sentence was incoherent.

"*Can* I help you?" he breathed.

She looked up at him with a wild throb of hope. The moment had come. The mute request which had lain in her eyes ever since he had seen her first, woke to intensest life. Through her tears he tried to read the meaning of it, and then seized her and drew her closer. "Answer me! answer me!" he implored. "Can I help you, and how?"

"Oh, don't make me tell you!" exclaimed the poor child in a voice pregnant with anguish. "If you know—have pity—I——"

"You will take my love," he whispered. "You will let me save you from that brute Felton?"

Daisy turned as pale as death, and made a convulsive effort to speak; then, finding that it was useless, she ceased to struggle, and dropped into his arms, shaken with passionate sobs.

V.

"Must you really go?" said Kemp ruefully enough, when his friend told him a fortnight later that he had accepted Lord Manton's offer and was going abroad with him, as his private secretary, for seven years. "Surely you don't care enough about it to make it worth your while. I wish you would give up the scheme."

"Oh nonsense! you'll get along well enough without me, now that you're going to be married," said the younger man. "You'll find seven years go like no time when you get to the 'happy ever after' stage."

"I shall miss you all the same," said Kemp in a rough voice.

"Well, that'll be uncommonly kind of you!" returned Hugh. "By the way, I took the liberty of getting my wedding present for you rather early, as I'm going away so soon. Come and tell me whether I've hit your taste." He led the way to the adjoining room. "There, I got Floyd's picture for you, as I couldn't think of anything else you would appreciate so much!"

From the wall, opposite them, Daisy's pale face and entreating eyes looked down at the two men.

"What made you run into such a piece of mad extravagance just for me?" cried Kemp, deeply touched.

"Pooh! it wasn't extravagance," said the other contemptuously. "It's rather rot to give it to you at all now; as I suppose Miss Fielding has never worn that expression since her engagement."

Kemp looked up at the picture in silence. That evening, when he had made his confession of love, Daisy had seemed too much agitated to answer him coherently; but when he called next morning she had been waiting to receive him, and had greeted him very prettily. Since then, their engagement had been publicly announced, and she had seemed happy and contented, if possibly rather pensive. But *had* he never caught that wistful, beseeching expression in her eyes since then?

"Haven't you ever seen her since?" he asked, turning away and addressing Hugh.

"No—I—I'm ashamed to say that I've been too frightfully

busy to call," replied the other. "I wrote to Lady Fielding to explain and to apologize for my apparent rudeness. Perhaps you'll express the same at greater length, with my warmest congratulations to Miss Daisy, and—and give her this trifle, which I took the liberty of buying for her." As he spoke, he snapped rather nervously the clasp of a little morocco box which he pushed towards Kemp.

The elder man opened the lid and looked down silently for a moment at a slender gold bracelet, studded with pearls and moonstones, which somehow suggested the thought of Daisy, as vividly as her picture on the wall.

We have most of us felt at times in our lives that we are on the verge of a great discovery—as though some wild suspicion had leapt up and shrieked a momentous suggestion in our ears. Such a moment came to Kemp now; he dropped the little case on the table and turned wildly to his friend.

"*Hugh!*" he cried breathlessly, seizing him by the shoulder.

The two men looked into one another's eyes in silence.

Kemp's face was working with emotion; he seemed as though he would tear the truth from the other. But Hugh Julian did not let his features betray him: he neither flinched nor stirred, nor showed surprise at Kemp's movement.

"Good Heaven!" cried Kemp, drawing a long breath, and turning away at last. "I thought—You would think me a madman if I told you what I thought!"

"Never mind," said Hugh smiling. "We expect every one in love to be a little mad! Well, you'll remember me in every possible way to Miss Fielding, won't you, and say how sorry I was not to see her again before I went?"

"I'll tell her," said Kemp, who had not yet recovered himself. "I haven't half thanked you, old fellow. I—I—hang it!—I *can't*. I'd better go. I'll write—You'll see me again before you start, of course?"

"Of course," replied Hugh heartily. "Good-bye, old fellow; take care of yourself!"

They did not meet again, however. A few days later the picture and the bracelet were sent to Kemp, with a note from his friend to say that, owing to a sudden change in their plans, he would have to start sooner than he had expected.

VI.

"I've still something to show you," said Kemp, as he led his little pale bride over their new home. "See what a devoted husband I'm going to be! I won't have you out of my sight for a moment!" He slipped his arm round her as he spoke, and opened the door of his dressing-room. They entered.

"My picture!" said Daisy, smiling as she looked up at it, hanging on the wall in front of her. "You never told me you had bought it."

"I didn't buy it. Julian gave it to me as a parting present. Wasn't it good of him? And he left an almost equally beautiful one for you. I kept it until now, because I thought I would like to write and tell him that we thought gratefully of him on our wedding-day."

Daisy drew herself from her husband's arm, and began to tremble violently. "What did he leave for me?" she asked in a low, frightened voice.

Kemp reached out his hand for the morocco case which lay on a little table below the picture. "But, my dear child, what is the matter?" he cried, for she had grown ashy white, and could hardly stand.

"*Parting* present!" she gasped. "Why *parting* present?"

"Didn't Lady Fielding tell you," said Kemp, with a sudden sickening pang, "that he had gone abroad with Lord Manton for six or seven years? I know he wrote to tell her about it."

"She wasn't *likely* to tell me!" said Daisy. "She always thought—she knew—— Gone!—Gone!—and not one word—not even Good-bye—only this. *Hugh!*" As the cry burst from her with an anguish which seemed to rend her very heart, the poor child turned wildly in her husband's arms, and then dropped like a stone at his feet.

In a moment the truth flashed into Kemp's mind. She had loved his friend!

Had he not been absolutely and selfishly blind, he might have known it long ago; but now, when it was too late, he had to face the miserable results of that blindness and of her fatal weakness of purpose. In trying to save her from one loveless marriage, he had dragged her into another. As he stooped over her now and lifted her up in his arms, he recalled the feeling which had come into his mind when first he had seen her face in

the picture now hanging above them. He looked up,—from henceforth, he thought, he should never see anything but misery and reproach in that look. She *had* appealed to him, and he had not understood.

And Hugh? Good Heavens! had he too loved her? If so, what ghastly impulse had made him urge on his friend's courtship of the girl he loved? Had he *known* what Daisy felt the while? or had he thought, as that underlined verse of Browning seemed to imply, that she was incapable of really loving at all? Why had he never made a single attempt to win her? Was it possible that he had given her up, avoided her, because he believed that Kemp would make her happier than he himself could? Did he think her to be so unfitted for the wife of a poor hard-working man that he would not even suggest that she should share such a lot? Had he mistrusted her power of being true to himself in the face of her mother's opposition? And, if he had acted in this way for any of these reasons, did his action betoken a cold cynicism almost inconceivable in so young a man; or did it betoken a power of pure self-sacrifice which was ready to suffer and endure all things without a hope of reward?

To these questions and to the hundreds of others which beset him, Kemp never found an answer. Hugh had gone; he had made no sign, and his name was never mentioned again between the husband and wife: nor did he ever come back to disturb them.

And, as the years passed and Daisy's clinging nature turned more and more to Kemp for support, he brought himself to admit at last that perhaps, after all, his friend had acted for the best.

Notes of the Month.

A CORRESPONDENT, whose authority is beyond question, assures us that our Note last month upon the position of Church matters at Oxford was very far from describing the actual situation. "St. Aloysius," he says, "is exactly where and what it has been for the last ten years. Its impact on the University is strangely slight and limited. It has been a daily subject of amazement that in a field so favourable, with hordes of young minds floating about vaguely in chaos, the influence of Rome should be so singularly confined. As to Anglicanism, far from its having been weakened by the withdrawal of its official position, it has gained immeasurably in force and authority since that withdrawal, above all, it has gained *men*. Those of us who, ten years ago, looked forward with dread to a probable period of 'denudation,' have been startled by the sudden swarm of younger Churchmen, who, after obtaining open Fellowship, are taking Orders. They are as surprised as Mark Pattison was at the vigour of the 'Catholic Reaction which has set in. Nor is Dr. Liddon absent; he is to be found at Christ Church just as much now as he has been for years; he is there for the chief part of all three terms. Nor has Mr. Gore's illness done more than reduce, for *one* brief term, his incessant activity. He and the Pusey House are felt more decidedly in Oxford every year. And, besides all the set of younger Fellows, why is no mention to be made of Dr. Paget, or of Canon Aubrey Moore?"

Dr. Liddon, in common with most men who occupy prominent stations in Church or State, is the recipient of a great number of anonymous letters. These are generally of what is termed an "improving" character, pointing out faults of omission or commission in the Doctor's public ministrations. An amusing instance of this officious tendency recently occurred. The academical hood belonging to the degree of D.D. at Oxford is a very heavy and cumbrous garment, compounded of scarlet cloth and black silk, and Dr. Liddon, whose action in the pulpit is very energetic, found that his hood pressed uncomfortably on his neck and shoulders, and materially increased the physical labour of preaching under the dome of St. Paul's on the hot Sunday afternoons of August. One day he unbuttoned the hood during his sermon, and let it fall off his shoulders; and, finding this a great relief, next time he preached he took the hood off as soon as he entered the pulpit, and resumed it when the sermon was

finished. A few days later he received a letter signed "An attached member of the Church of England," reproving him for having introduced into the pulpit of St. Paul's the new-fangled rite of ceremonially doffing and donning part of his vesture. The action, no doubt, had some superstitious meaning, although the author of the letter candidly admitted his inability to guess what the particular error was, which the preacher intended to convey. With characteristic tenderness to the conscience of the weak brother, Dr. Liddon, during the remainder of his period of residence, laid aside his hood before entering the pulpit.

A scene has just been enacted in a far-away mountain valley, that has stirred many a heart throughout the length and breadth of Europe, and yet, so wide is the world and so manifold its interests, that probably not one Englishman in a thousand has so much as heard of the centenary celebration of the return of the 800 Waldenses to their native valleys, under the leadership of the brave Henri Arnaud, 200 years ago. Nevertheless, a quotation from the words of an eye-witness may perhaps be of interest to our readers.

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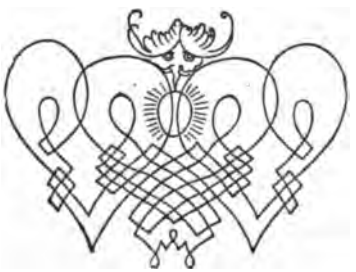

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the music hardly reached them, she threw herself into a chair with a face fuller of misery than was warranted even by the worst construction that could be put upon her behaviour.

"Oh, how *hateful* everything is!" she cried passionately.

"My dear Miss Fielding!" said Kemp, shocked at her distress.

Daisy turned her head aside to hide the blinding tears in her eyes.

"Surely you don't mind so much about what happened just now?" he went on. "Why, I can explain that to Mr. Julian in five seconds, if you will allow me."

"No—no," she said, in a smothered tone; "you can't—and—and—I don't wish you to try."

"But you needn't mind so much," said Kemp eagerly; "you were almost forced into refusing the dance—he gave you very little choice. If he could make a mistake like that——"

"He made no mistake!" cried Daisy bitterly. "He didn't believe I would dance with him—he thinks I'm not to be trusted. Every one is hard on weak people; they have to suffer all through their lives, and no one pities them. Whatever happens, they go first to the wall and are trampled upon. The strong ones snatch their happiness, and think that, because others are not brave enough to do the same, they don't feel their loss. They feel *every* thing! Their lives are *spent* in feeling miserable because they are not stronger; and no one is sorry—no one tries to help them!"

"Daisy!" cried Kemp, seizing her hands. "Don't speak so wildly. Don't—don't *suggest* that you are speaking of yourself! You know that I would die to help you!"

"Oh!" cried the child, bursting into tears; but the rest of her sentence was incoherent.

"*Can* I help you?" he breathed.

She looked up at him with a wild throb of hope. The moment had come. The mute request which had lain in her eyes ever since he had seen her first, woke to intensest life. Through her tears he tried to read the meaning of it, and then seized her and drew her closer. "Answer me! answer me!" he implored. "Can I help you, and how?"

"Oh, don't make me tell you!" exclaimed the poor child in a voice pregnant with anguish. "If you know—have pity—I——"

"You will take my love," he whispered. "You will let me save you from that brute Felton?"

Daisy turned as pale as death, and made a convulsive effort to speak; then, finding that it was useless, she ceased to struggle, and dropped into his arms, shaken with passionate sobs.

V.

"Must you really go?" said Kemp ruefully enough, when his friend told him a fortnight later that he had accepted Lord Manton's offer and was going abroad with him, as his private secretary, for seven years. "Surely you don't care enough about it to make it worth your while. I wish you would give up the scheme."

"Oh nonsense! you'll get along well enough without me, now that you're going to be married," said the younger man. "You'll find seven years go like no time when you get to the 'happy ever after' stage."

"I shall miss you all the same," said Kemp in a rough voice.

"Well, that'll be uncommonly kind of you!" returned Hugh. "By the way, I took the liberty of getting my wedding present for you rather early, as I'm going away so soon. Come and tell me whether I've hit your taste." He led the way to the adjoining room. "There, I got Floyd's picture for you, as I couldn't think of anything else you would appreciate so much!"

From the wall, opposite them, Daisy's pale face and entreating eyes looked down at the two men.

"What made you run into such a piece of mad extravagance just for me?" cried Kemp, deeply touched.

"Pooh! it wasn't extravagance," said the other contemptuously. "It's rather rot to give it to you at all now; as I suppose Miss Fielding has never worn that expression since her engagement."

Kemp looked up at the picture in silence. That evening, when he had made his confession of love, Daisy had seemed too much agitated to answer him coherently; but when he called next morning she had been waiting to receive him, and had greeted him very prettily. Since then, their engagement had been publicly announced, and she had seemed happy and contented, if possibly rather pensive. But *had* he never caught that wistful, beseeching expression in her eyes since then?

"Haven't you ever seen her since?" he asked, turning away and addressing Hugh.

"No—I—I'm ashamed to say that I've been too frightfully

busy to call," replied the other. "I wrote to Lady Fielding to explain and to apologize for my apparent rudeness. Perhaps you'll express the same at greater length, with my warmest congratulations to Miss Daisy, and—and give her this trifle, which I took the liberty of buying for her." As he spoke, he snapped rather nervously the clasp of a little morocco box which he pushed towards Kemp.

The elder man opened the lid and looked down silently for a moment at a slender gold bracelet, studded with pearls and moonstones, which somehow suggested the thought of Daisy, as vividly as her picture on the wall.

We have most of us felt at times in our lives that we are on the verge of a great discovery—as though some wild suspicion had leapt up and shrieked a momentous suggestion in our ears. Such a moment came to Kemp now; he dropped the little case on the table and turned wildly to his friend.

"*Hugh!*" he cried breathlessly, seizing him by the shoulder.

The two men looked into one another's eyes in silence.

Kemp's face was working with emotion; he seemed as though he would tear the truth from the other. But Hugh Julian did not let his features betray him: he neither flinched nor stirred, nor showed surprise at Kemp's movement.

"Good Heaven!" cried Kemp, drawing a long breath, and turning away at last. "I thought—You would think me a madman if I told you what I thought!"

"Never mind," said Hugh smiling. "We expect every one in love to be a little mad! Well, you'll remember me in every possible way to Miss Fielding, won't you, and say how sorry I was not to see her again before I went?"

"I'll tell her," said Kemp, who had not yet recovered himself. "I haven't half thanked you, old fellow. I—I—hang it!—I *can't*. I'd better go. I'll write—You'll see me again before you start, of course?"

"Of course," replied Hugh heartily. "Good-bye, old fellow; take care of yourself!"

They did not meet again, however. A few days later the picture and the bracelet were sent to Kemp, with a note from his friend to say that, owing to a sudden change in their plans, he would have to start sooner than he had expected.

VI.

"I've still something to show you," said Kemp, as he led his little pale bride over their new home. "See what a devoted husband I'm going to be! I won't have you out of my sight for a moment!" He slipped his arm round her as he spoke, and opened the door of his dressing-room. They entered.

"My picture!" said Daisy, smiling as she looked up at it, hanging on the wall in front of her. "You never told me you had bought it."

"I didn't buy it. Julian gave it to me as a parting present. Wasn't it good of him? And he left an almost equally beautiful one for you. I kept it until now, because I thought I would like to write and tell him that we thought gratefully of him on our wedding-day."

Daisy drew herself from her husband's arm, and began to tremble violently. "What did he leave for me?" she asked in a low, frightened voice.

Kemp reached out his hand for the morocco case which lay on a little table below the picture. "But, my dear child, what is the matter?" he cried, for she had grown ashy white, and could hardly stand.

"*Parting* present!" she gasped. "Why *parting* present?"

"Didn't Lady Fielding tell you," said Kemp, with a sudden sickening pang, "that he had gone abroad with Lord Manton for six or seven years? I know he wrote to tell her about it."

"She wasn't *likely* to tell me!" said Daisy. "She always thought—she knew—— Gone!—Gone!—and not one word—not even Good-bye—only this. *Hugh!*" As the cry burst from her with an anguish which seemed to rend her very heart, the poor child turned wildly in her husband's arms, and then dropped like a stone at his feet.

In a moment the truth flashed into Kemp's mind. She had loved his friend!

Had he not been absolutely and selfishly blind, he might have known it long ago; but now, when it was too late, he had to face the miserable results of that blindness and of her fatal weakness of purpose. In trying to save her from one loveless marriage, he had dragged her into another. As he stooped over her now and lifted her up in his arms, he recalled the feeling which had come into his mind when first he had seen her face in

the picture now hanging above them. He looked up,—from henceforth, he thought, he should never see anything but misery and reproach in that look. She *had* appealed to him, and he had not understood.

And Hugh? Good Heavens! had he too loved her? If so, what ghastly impulse had made him urge on his friend's courtship of the girl he loved? Had he *known* what Daisy felt the while? or had he thought, as that underlined verse of Browning seemed to imply, that she was incapable of really loving at all? Why had he never made a single attempt to win her? Was it possible that he had given her up, avoided her, because he believed that Kemp would make her happier than he himself could? Did he think her to be so unfitted for the wife of a poor hard-working man that he would not even suggest that she should share such a lot? Had he mistrusted her power of being true to himself in the face of her mother's opposition? And, if he had acted in this way for any of these reasons, did his action betoken a cold cynicism almost inconceivable in so young a man; or did it betoken a power of pure self-sacrifice which was ready to suffer and endure all things without a hope of reward?

To these questions and to the hundreds of others which beset him, Kemp never found an answer. Hugh had gone; he had made no sign, and his name was never mentioned again between the husband and wife: nor did he ever come back to disturb them.

And, as the years passed and Daisy's clinging nature turned more and more to Kemp for support, he brought himself to admit at last that perhaps, after all, his friend had acted for the best.

Notes of the Month.

A CORRESPONDENT, whose authority is beyond question, assures us that our Note last month upon the position of Church matters at Oxford was very far from describing the actual situation. "St. Aloysius," he says, "is exactly where and what it has been for the last ten years. Its impact on the University is strangely slight and limited. It has been a daily subject of amazement that in a field so favourable, with hordes of young minds floating about vaguely in chaos, the influence of Rome should be so singularly confined. As to Anglicanism, far from its having been weakened by the withdrawal of its official position, it has gained immeasurably in force and authority since that withdrawal, above all, it has gained *men*. Those of us who, ten years ago, looked forward with dread to a probable period of 'denudation,' have been startled by the sudden swarm of younger Churchmen, who, after obtaining open Fellowship, are taking Orders. They are as surprised as Mark Pattison was at the vigour of the 'Catholic Reaction which has set in. Nor is Dr. Liddon absent; he is to be found at Christ Church just as much now as he has been for years; he is there for the chief part of all three terms. Nor has Mr. Gore's illness done more than reduce, for *one* brief term, his incessant activity. He and the Pusey House are felt more decidedly in Oxford every year. And, besides all the set of younger Fellows, why is no mention to be made of Dr. Paget, or of Canon Aubrey Moore?"

Dr. Liddon, in common with most men who occupy prominent stations in Church or State, is the recipient of a great number of anonymous letters. These are generally of what is termed an "improving" character, pointing out faults of omission or commission in the Doctor's public ministrations. An amusing instance of this officious tendency recently occurred. The academical hood belonging to the degree of D.D. at Oxford is a very heavy and cumbrous garment, compounded of scarlet cloth and black silk, and Dr. Liddon, whose action in the pulpit is very energetic, found that his hood pressed uncomfortably on his neck and shoulders, and materially increased the physical labour of preaching under the dome of St. Paul's on the hot Sunday afternoons of August. One day he unbuttoned the hood during his sermon, and let it fall off his shoulders; and, finding this a great relief, next time he preached he took the hood off as soon as he entered the pulpit, and resumed it when the sermon was

finished. A few days later he received a letter signed "An attached member of the Church of England," reproving him for having introduced into the pulpit of St. Paul's the new-fangled rite of ceremonially doffing and donning part of his vesture. The action, no doubt, had some superstitious meaning, although the author of the letter candidly admitted his inability to guess what the particular error was, which the preacher intended to convey. With characteristic tenderness to the conscience of the weak brother, Dr. Liddon, during the remainder of his period of residence, laid aside his hood before entering the pulpit.

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and is therefore no novice in his subject. A very vivid account is quoted from the *North China News* of an American who had served in the Taeping rebellion, and afterwards taken a Chinese wife and become naturalized in the country of his adoption; such cases are apparently not uncommon:—

> "I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race:
> Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and they shall run,
> Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NURSE, by E. D. (*Macmillan*), is a small volume making no pretentions to literary style, but possessing the merit of a faithful transcript from real life. The author's heart is evidently in her profession, and her narrative should prove interesting to those ladies who, in accordance with the admirable custom which has sprung up of late years, intend to devote themselves to the care of the sick. It is now universally recognized that in such ministrations affection will not supply the place of training, and that patients are both more restful and more likely to recover when under the care of a skilled stranger. The benefit, therefore, which "Sister Emma" and others like her confer on their fellow-creatures is among the most valuable and the least alloyed that one human being can bestow on another. Nuns in the service of humanity, their work is unaffected by creed, or climate, or race. "Sister Emma" herself, after preliminary training, took charge of a hospital in Zanzibar; obliged, after eighteen months, to return to England by failing health, she again set out for South Africa as Superintendent of Lady Burdett-Coutts' hospital for sick and wounded soldiers; and, thirdly, volunteered in March 1885, as "cooking sister" among the nurses sent out by the National Aid Society to Suez in the Egyptian War. The book closes with a brief account of an expedition by boat to Assouan to bring back soldiers wounded in the Nile campaign.

SANT' ILARIO, by F. MARION CRAWFORD (3 vols. *Macmillan*) is a continuation of 'Sarracinesca,' and the reader, unless his memory be unusually tenacious, feels at first some difficulty in getting his bearings among the various personages. Mr. Crawford has withdrawn the veil with which novelists generally shroud the married life of their heroes and heroines, showing us an estrangement, happily only temporary, between the beautiful Corona, whilom Duchess of Astrardente, and her second husband and heart's-love, Giovanni di Sant' Ilario. The fault lies wholly with the man, whose frantic jealousy is excited on very flimsy grounds, and who ought to have read his wife's character more correctly. Perhaps the main current of the book is the mutual love between Anastase Gouache, a French soldier-painter, and Faustina di Montivarchi, daughter of a Roman Prince. A dark plot is formed for

depriving the Sarracinescas of their titles and most of their wealth. Whether it succeeds or not we leave readers to find out. There is the usual elaborate Italian setting, but Mr. Crawford makes less use than usual of historical personages mingling with the creations of his fancy, and conversing in a way which, whether characteristic or not, is very unlike their authentic recorded utterances. A forthcoming continuation is more than hinted at on the last page of the third volume.

THE FREAKS OF LADY FORTUNE. By MAY CROMMELIN (2 vols. *Hurst & Blackett*). Fortune, as we all know, is a fickle jade; but she does not riot in quite so unrestrained a fashion as this bright and lively story would represent. Guelda Seaton supports herself and her young brother by manual labour in a cottage in a wood; she is so radiantly fair that she smites with instantaneous ravishment a wandering Duke and his cousin with a face like St. Michael's; almost simultaneously she is recognized by an enormously rich Earl as his long-lost grandchild, is installed as his heiress, and shortly becomes a leader of London Society. Offers of marriage are showered upon her, but she refuses them all (including the Duke's) for the sake of the handsome cousin, variously styled Ronald and Roland Airlie. Meanwhile the Earl's disowned and supposed drowned eldest son turns up and obtains his father's recognition and pardon. The Earl dies intestate, whereupon the children of his second son are, in unexplained defiance of English law, left destitute. Guelda flies from her uncle's roof and endeavours to support herself as a singer at evening parties. Fortunately the uncle is discovered to be an impostor, Guelda marries her true love, the Duke beams a chastened approval, and we leave our heroine again at the top of Fortune's wheel.

WILD DARRIE, by DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY and HENRY HERMAN (*Longmans*), first appeared, if we mistake not, as a Summer Number of the *Graphic*, and of its kind is an excellent piece of work. The outlines are "blocked in" broadly, as in a bold and rapid sketch, and the colours are laid on bright and strong with a view to immediate striking effect. The reader's interest is kept alive by a succession of "strong" situations, and it is not till the last page is turned that he begins to ask himself whether such a character as the heroine is psychologically possible. By that time he will probably be setting about finding another novel, so the question remains unanswered. Wild Darrie, a beautiful circus-rider, marries an honest yeoman, but elopes with a scoundrel. She is then falsely accused of a theft and sent to penal servitude; shortly after her liberation she accidentally meets her husband just as his daughter is about to be married to a gallant navy lieutenant. The marriage is postponed, and Darrie goes with her husband and child to

America. The surprising adventures which befell her and her family there and on her return to England are best read in the book itself. Suffice it to say, that all the knots are not unravelled till the last page, and that the conclusion is in accordance with novelists' justice.

FROM THE GREEN BAG, by F. M. ALLEN (*Ward & Downey*), is another collection of those rollicking Irish stories whereby Mr. Allen, judging by the laudatory notices prefixed to the present volume, has taken the critics by storm. "Never—or, well, hardly ever," it appears, has a humorist so irresistibly comic, so innocently racy, so whimsically imaginative, bounded on to the stage of English or Irish literature. We confess that we cannot conscientiously echo these enthusiastic praises, but our sense of humour is probably defective, therefore we chronicle them and leave our readers to judge for themselves. The fun seems to consist in making St. Patrick, the Pope, Horatius Cocles, Cromwell, Ulysses, and other historical and quasi-historical characters, figure in wildly impossible "yarns," talking the language of Munster peasants, over-reaching each other with more or less cunning, and commenting on things in general with more or less shrewdness. Occasionally a remark is made which strikes even our Saxon obtuseness as mildly funny, and no doubt every page is redolent of the country of its birth. The book might safely be put into the hands of the most carefully educated girl. It could do her no harm—even if she read it.

MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1889.

Church Restoration Principles.

I AM invited to write a paper on this subject as one of wide public interest. I doubt if it is so, to anything like the extent it used to be during the early half of Her Majesty's reign, from causes not material to the present question. But as a matter of fact, nearly everything that has been published about the restoration of English Churches in the last ten years has been either directly or indirectly aimed at one cathedral, which was discovered to be on the verge of ruin exactly at the time when it became one. There was a little about the tower of Peterborough a few years after, and lately about St. Michael's Coventry, all involving the same fundamental question, what particular old work or period a restoration (beyond mere repairs) should imitate. But those later disputes, of which I will say a little farther on, were mild and short compared with the ten years of storms that have raged over our oldest great church, of the English Protomartyr, St. Alban.* They began with the antiquarian attack on the Committee which had received unlimited power in 1877 to "restore, repair and refit it for cathedral and parochial services," for resolving to do what Sir G. Scott's family and friends well knew that he wanted, if the money could be found, viz. to restore the original or Early English and Decorated roofs which had been destroyed by John of Wheathampstead, one of the last abbots, as the cheapest way of rebuilding them, by the common device of cutting off the rotten ends of the "principals." Unluckily Scott died just before the question had

* To save constant repetition of the name I shall use "here" and "this" for the cathedral and city of St. Albans.

to be decided, and his son's name carried little weight, while the malcontents were in various ways powerful, and their prejudices violent for keeping, or rather copying, the thing they had got used to beholding, ugly as some of them admitted it to be. But it was, in the usual phrase of the anti-restorationists, who prefer ruins to churches, and then exclaim against "Vandalism" —"interesting." No razor will cut such a block as that. Every possible thing was said about it at the time, and some of them are preserved in my handbook on the Cathedral, and I only use it now as a historical introduction of the questions of principle in such matters, which it is no use discussing in the abstract. Though the opposition included four earls and many other influential persons, and we were constantly told that all England was on their side, and certainly most of the newspapers were, thinking such opponents must win, they were beaten by 2 to 1 in a meeting called by themselves of the subscribers. Nothing is more delusive than the noise that a very few people can make in newspapers that help them.

The same spirit of cheap restoration in old times produced more mischief than any one would suppose. Here it was the natural consequence of the waste of their substance in riotous living for which this richest of the abbeys was proclaimed infamous even by the Pope's commissioners against Wheathampstead's successor;* and it led to the degradation and scamping of all the post-Norman work as it went upwards and more out of sight. I remember hearing Scott point that out in a lecture on the west front only; and I found it more and more true as I have had to work all through the building. I suppose we reached the climax of it over the Presbytery windows lately, where the wall consisted of a brick shell, filled not even with bad rubble, as most of the walls and piers of all ages were, but simply with clay. Therefore we need no longer wonder, as everybody did ever since I have been here, how such mean and miserable windows got in there, at the beginning of the best period of architecture, the geometrical Decorated, if the records are right. But as soon as they began to be removed, being utterly decayed also, the usual outcry was raised by men who take the Vandals to have been restorers of ruined buildings, about the "Vandalism of destroying those exquisite Early English windows to put in others of Lord Grimthorpe's invention." In a few years the architects will be declaring, as they lately began

* See Froude's 'Annals of an English Abbey' in his *Short Studies.*

doing about the West front and its great window, which had "only been fit for a Dissenting chapel" for ten years, that they are too good to have been invented by me, but were really designed by some dead man who can no longer contradict them. Only they had better find one next time who had not left the contradiction behind him in a lecture published long *ante litem motam.* I mean the late Clerk of the Works, who never professed to design anything, or did so. Now that these windows are nearly all done, I hear that they are more admired than any other of the "inventions" were so soon.

Not only had Wheathampstead pulled down all the early gables and the roofs, but he had stuck in the vilest Perpendicular specimens of mere window-grating in the west, north, and south fronts, of which one had been already renewed, first in wood and then in stone, and the other two were tumbling to pieces, as were the whole fronts which contained them. So there, as in the presbytery, the main question of principle, as the antiquaries call it, arose, whether I was to rebuild copies of them or to do something which the early builders might have done if they had had the opportunity. The first principle of restoration that I avow, is that evidently bad things ought never to be copied. It is a question of degree how far they ought to be repaired, and no rule worth a farthing can be laid down for that. Nor for the meaning of the term "evidently bad." And yet there is very seldom any doubt about that with competent judges, not besotted by prejudices or cant phrases which serve for artistic judgment with pretenders who know nothing more of architecture. Until the anti-restoration clamour began I never heard the smallest doubt about the utter badness and baseness of all the windows I have been speaking of.

The next question of principle in such cases is, who is to decide what is to be built instead of the ruinous and bad thing? and that settles itself if the only financial master of the position knows what he is about and is not silly enough to abdicate his own powers. Where there is a conflict between two plans, as there was about this west front, the persons in authority must decide it. They all decided in favour of mine, and as nobody offered to pay for the other, there was practically nothing for the diocesan Court to do, unless it meant the church to fall merely because three opponents (of whom two had no *locus standi*, and therefore there was only one) would rather it did fall than that I should save it. The Chancellor treated him as he

deserved. It has been no doing of mine, beyond refusing to let a few noisy and ignorant people have their own way and my money, that this work has been beset throughout with such an unparalleled flood of personality. On no occasion have I thrown the first stone—but only laid them, which seems worse. But I soon found that I and all who agreed with me would be overwhelmed and the public entirely deceived, if I did not, like Nehemiah, hold the trowel in one hand and the (feathered) sword in the other, against the Sanballats and Tobiahs, Arabians, Ammonites and Ashdodites, *i.e.* Antiquaries, Anti-restorationists, Architects and Archæologists; and I must add another A for Albanians, to their immortal disgrace, as most other people say. It is only a straw, but it shows the direction of the wind as well as larger weather-cocks, that not even the placing of a fine new "prayer-bell" in one of the turrets could be noticed in the local papers without the addition of a scurrilous little poem of manifestly architectural structure. The conspiracy naturally has its branches and architects here; and another similar straw out of a sheaf of them is the constant glorification for the last year or so of Mr. Gibbs, and his image-maker as a new Michael Angelo, and "his accomplished architect," who has had nothing to do yet that I can see—unless he is the Diocletian who ordered off the heads of some of these modern Albanian saints, which have happily come on again with variations; and so their necks will attest the miracle for ever.

The effect of long impunity has been nicely illustrated lately. I had allowed the slanderers to go on weekly for four months in their own and the local papers pouring out an ever-increasing torrent of what great statesmen find it necessary to designate by the proper and simple name. At last the *Guardian* thought fit to copy one of them; and that tempted the leader of the crew, an architect named Gough, of whom my only knowledge was that he had tried in vain to get me to support some scheme of his in Parliament, to write a letter there. Of that he soon had enough. But there came to his aid a brother giant, who confessed that he made himself as invisible as he could in the hope of escaping contradiction, "having understood that I do not answer anonymous letters," and stated with the utmost precision that "Lord Grimthorpe's faculty expressly provides that he shall make no alteration without consultation with a professional architect, and that (some) authorities ought to enforce that condition."

I answered, that in all my experience of controversial mendacity, I never before encountered downright forgery for public use of a registered legal document. The faculty does not contain a single word of the kind. So this imitator of the librarian in "S. Ilario" (except that he has not yet shot himself) did not escape as much exposure as his anonymous caution had left possible. He has had five weeks to apologise or invent an excuse in, and has done neither.

There is just one architect, and he is a grandee among them, with a strong professional interest in getting my faculty upset, and therefore in convincing the world that I have broken it. I will call him B., and the unknown forger X. B. was one of Street's R.I.B.A. party, who came here to prove that there never was an E.E. or Decorated high roof. B. also has reason to remember that he had several other conflicts with me, and I remember no other architect who had. But X. oddly says that he had. And what is still more odd, he uses almost the same words as B. did years ago about my shameful suspicion of his excellent motives. Can either of them explain all this?

It makes the case worse that all these five months' inventions of all sorts of facts had the avowed object of influencing a pending suit in the Ecclesiastical Court. If it were in a civil Court every one of them would have been punishable for contempt; and so would their absurd memorial started with the insane hope of thereby moving the Court to take the only undone part of the Church out of my hands to give it to an intruding stranger, a year after I had begun restoring it in a way which nobody pretends to complain of. Beyond this I say not a word about that suit, especially after what the late Chancellor said of the "unseemly interference of the R.I.B.A." against the granting of my faculty. But it is time the public should understand the kind of people these are who ask for their support.

Nevertheless, it is a fair general question, whether unlimited powers ought to be given to any volunteer, to restore a church, which nobody denies to need it for safety, without security for his ability or trustworthiness, either financial or architectural. Nothing of the kind was done here. For the basis of the whole case, besides the undenied "dilapidation" of the church all over, recited in both faculties, was that the volunteer had already made a design for the most urgent part of the church, which had been preferred by the existing authorities (viz. the Bishop and all the remaining members of the Committee) to the rival

one of their own previous architect, to whom I had sent mine with leave to suggest any improvements on it that he liked. I thought his all so bad that I refused to have anything to do with it, and nobody advocated it. So there was an end of the question of architectural capacity. Nor was there any objection on the other grounds, except an argumentative statement, which was only laughed at, that I might pull down any part of the church and not build it up again, as Deans and Chapters can, without any public remedy that I know of. It is odd that after all I was urged by several people here to pull down the building called the Slype; but I perversely restored it instead, from a dark and dirty hole, with a clay bottom, 4 feet below the transept floor, into a large and handsome porch, now used as the entrance to the church for visitors. That is also called Vandalism by the usual howlers, and they have published ever so many times that I have "destroyed the Slype."

It was impossible at the time of either faculty to know what would have to be done, or to ascertain it except as the work proceeded. If any one had had the least idea how ruinous the church was all over, I am sure no committee would have begun it, and I doubt very much if I should. A large new one could have been built for a quarter of the cost, when this should fall. The west front was found unsafe to touch, until a vast deal of unexpected work had been done behind it, including the rebuilding of 80 feet of wall which was too rotten even to bear new buttresses. And in the nave, which alone took the Committee and me eight years to finish, every window, and five falling pillars of 6 feet diameter, had to be almost rebuilt, on which no ordinary spectator guesses sixpence to have been spent, because the old work is so well imitated; which antiquaries call "falsification." The eight eastern bays of the south aisle, with all their vaulting, were preparing to fall, but were not too far gone to be saved by new buttresses; which nevertheless this crew of conspirators denounce more than anything, though good judges think them an architectural improvement, besides an absolute necessity, to the old flat wall which formerly had the cloisters for support; and the buttresses hide practically nothing of the old cloister-backs, which would soon have hidden themselves in ruin. And they are trifles compared with the clumsy monsters built by Scott farther west.

I wonder how many signers of this new memorial—the third or fourth of such things—know a word of all this, or have even

seen what they condemn. I have several times had to show up one of them, a cathedral dignitary elsewhere, for doing so, and have twice driven him to confess that he had not seen, but believed, though he frequently passes within ten minutes' distance of this place.

I will not go through the other parts of the church which required still more complete rebuilding to save them from clearly impending ruin. I was not very likely to rebuild a transept front 100 feet high and 6 feet thick, with foundations I forget how deep and covering at least 1200 square feet, besides the north and west ones, unless I was sure that it was necessary. But all these protesters know better, and are sure that an "accomplished architect" could have done all my work for a third of what it has cost me. They generally do. No doubt I could have patched instead of rebuilding, and built as thin as they do; and slit old mullions down the middle and stuck new fronts on, as I was told I ought. Scott did it, rightly enough, as a choice of difficulties, to the Lady Chapel mullions, which have statuettes inside such as no money can get done now. I would not give £1000 for all the modern Gothic statuary I have ever seen, including the little that I was persuaded to try here myself, and all in the restored High Altar screen, which is not mine, and all that has been put into the porches at Westminster.

The two Dublin cathedrals were handed over to individual restorers quite as absolutely as this. I am not concerned with the results, and have not seen them. There was a large book of pictures published of the one done by Street, but not even the R.I.B.A. library had it when I inquired a few years ago. I only mention them by way of answer to the absurd contention that nobody is to be allowed to rescue a great church from ruin and fit it for use all over without a series of faculties once a year or so for every new bit of work that is found necessary, with perhaps a new lawsuit taking nine months over every fresh conception.

The question is not likely to recur anywhere else, but no fair inference can be drawn from this case without adverting to the notorious cause of the continued architectural fury about it, of which no secret has been made of late. I mean the fall of the accomplished architects into the pit they had prepared for me. Though my design for the west front had been preferred by the Committee to their own architect's, and the same thing had happened in several other places, I had never quite dispensed with them, though I had always kept the control by making a

proper contract with the builder (the one given in my 'Book on Building,' which architects abhor); and I offered to let Mr. J. O. Scott act as such for the authorized design instead of his own. But I found, and heard from a man who never misled me that it had been settled at head-quarters, that he would only accept on the terms of his being master and I only paymaster; and everybody knows the result. No people are so certain to be furious as those who have conspired to commit murder and find that they have committed a lingering suicide instead. And they have gone on doing it ever since, having yet learned nothing, as some folks never do, but would make every mistake of their lives over again if they were re-started at 20 with the experience of 70. They do not seem to know how they are laughed at by most people, and their proceedings more politely "regretted" by others, who dissent from their criticisms, as a great majority of independent visitors do. A few very competent ones have taken the trouble to say so and to correct the mistakes of the others in their newspapers and elsewhere. They are immediately told by anonymous F.R.I.B.A.s, almost in these words, that they are fools and liars, and (literally) "toadies of Lord Grimthorpe, or most likely Lord G. himself."

It will not do for them to say that all the ten years' abuse of everything done here is only the work of inferior or anonymous members of their craft, and that the better are ashamed of it. It was not the doing of such members that their Council gave a special evening to a paper sent beforehand for their approval, abusing the west front. The author was nobody, as regards church architecture at least, and therefore the adoption of his paper was quite voluntary. He benevolently invited me to come and hear him, which I declined, but sent an answer, which they could not well refuse to print. You may search the whole mass of their Transactions, I believe—certainly all for many years past—without finding a single parallel case. Yet one would have thought that if there is any difference, the doings of those who are paid by the public were a fairer subject for that sort of criticism than those of a private person doing what the public had refused to undertake. Yet I remember one of their Presidents in his annual address declaring that whatever they might think individually of Mr. Street's design—for the worst great public building in the world—it was now the duty of the British public to accept it and be thankful. The British public see then what must be the value of criticism of either this or any

other works from critics of that kind. Artistic epithets admit of no refutation by either facts or logic, and depend entirely on the qualifications of the critics. Anonymous ones are obviously worth nothing so far as they are mere opinions ; and as the first condition for them is impartiality, the moment any set of critics is proved to have a motive their criticisms are worth less than nothing, especially when there is not the slightest evidence that the public agree with them.

Although in this case the antiquaries and architects concurred for different reasons, their real principles of restoration are diametrically opposite, and they soon fell out. Indeed, I cannot reckon as architects for this purpose men who merely take as much of their patrons' money as they can get for ordering a builder to copy everything he finds if it is too far gone to be patched up, and to patch it up if it is not, as Scott did here, and consequently I have had to do some of his work over again already. Architecture is the designing of the best building you can, and not deliberately copying what you know to be bad, and would not build yourself if the ground were clear. Such men, who are always puffing themselves as "artists," above all tradesmenlike and trades-union views, are therefore mere impostors and (in their own elegant language) commercial "toadies" of the dealers in antiquarian cant, who talk their nonsense about good building instead of bad being "falsification of history," and the like. A Gothic church that has been mutilated by post-Gothic architecture which is itself decayed, as every bit of it was here, must be rebuilt somehow, or fall. A modern copy of a late and bad interpolation combines all the faults of incongruity and badness and novelty, and is quite as glaring a falsehood as if it were the best possible imitation—or even a bad imitation—of what would have been or was done in the Gothic times. Sometimes we know pretty well what was done originally, and I have copied substantially all the traceable good Gothic work here. Wheathampstead's abominable spoliations can be called good by "no man with a competent faculty of thinking," as Newton said of a certain theory of gravity. In the most important places there were no traces of the early Gothic work to copy ; and then the only thing to do is to invent the best you can in that style, or to do what the E.E. and Decorated builders might have done if they had had the money. That is the positive principle of restoration that I avow, as the former one was the negative. Again the application of it to every case must

be a matter of individual judgment. When I see the mean and lean, shallow, pretentious, "fussy," and pettifogging kind of work which our present architects spoil everything with—and I think they get worse—I have no hesitation in rejecting their judgment. I have got infinitely better advice all along from friends, of whom some know more of the architecture of the world than any architects, and from clerks of the works, builders, and foremen, who not only know ten times as much about the mechanics of building, but often make good suggestions besides in matters of taste, and from models, which we always try here when it is possible; as the old builders must have done, for they could not draw decently, and models are infinitely better where they can be used. I never knew an architect try one, and Street boasted of having made an armful of working drawings in the hour that a builder was waiting for them. It is no wonder that their works are what they are. Most architects snub builders if they advise anything.

He had, however, the merit of never concurring with the antiquarian pretenders except while he had personal motives for it, and they very soon quarrelled again. He plainly meant to force himself upon us as Scott's successor. He and another of the aforesaid party had just before been imprudently airing in their newspapers some private grievances against the Chancellor of York. Very soon afterwards the people who call themselves "Preservers (!) of ancient buildings" were abusing them for restoring the original high roof at Southwell, without a pretence that the existing low one was rotten like this. Scott was simply frightened out of his senses, though he hated the anti-restorationists as much as Street or I; and about the last paper he read at the R.I.B.A. was against them. Just as he condescended to design a sham Italian Foreign Office, rather than quarrel with Palmerston in 1859, so he yielded to their cant here, and actually tried to prevent me from putting windows into the eight dark bays of the aisles because there had been none in those "iniquity corners," as they were still called (see Froude), while there could be none on account of other monastic buildings standing against them. And the howlers have been lately reproducing this in their catalogue of my iniquities. I could tell other like things of them, but this is the best specimen of what clever men may fall to when they adopt "antiquarian principles of restoration." I once prevented Street from revolutionizing a mainly E.E. church, which did not need it the least,

on what he called "Conservative restoration principles"—like his betters in much greater things.

I will now give two or three instances where the advocates of common-sense and real architecture were defeated: in one by their own folly in abdicating their power to an outside arbitrator—which the enemy tried here—and the others by the same local prejudices in favour of what they were used to that influenced the local opponents of our high roof and the new west window. Most of them have by this time changed their minds, and would be still more sorry to have the old rubbish back again. In 1883 the tower of Peterborough was evidently coming down if it was not taken down and rebuilt with new foundations, like the west and south fronts here. Of course omniscient antiquaries swore that it need not; but so far, nobody minded them. The upper part had been rebuilt (very poorly) in Decorated times; and they found it necessary to rebuild also the E. and W. arches, but not the N. and S.; and after the fashion of those days, instead of copying or rebuilding the Norman stones, they made two common-place pointed arches. As the whole had to come down, Mr. Pearson the architect, and the Dean, wanted to rebuild them as they were before the Decorated people made that mongrel mess of them; and with them concurred successive majorities of the Committee which had the power of the purse, by 3 to 1. But the Canons, mainly under the influence of one of them, resisted everything but pure and simple rebuilding of the latest state of things; though with beautiful consistency they have not replaced the four turrets which were later still, and have left the tower a mere stump. By the most childish impatience and mismanagement, though I told them their strength was to sit still, that powerful majority allowed themselves to be defeated and the tower spoilt by an accidental defect or blunder now perpetuated for ever.

The other recent case was still more absurd, because it involved a further waste of what is estimated at £20,000, and is sure to be a failure. Everybody who has an eye for proportions could see that the tower of St. Michael's Coventry was far too narrow for its height and for the general size of the church; and they were not coeval. If common-sense were not getting extinguished in these matters, everybody would have rejoiced that the time had come when the tower must be rebuilt, from its decay, and that proper proportions could be given to it. But no; nothing of the middle ages can possibly

be improved on. And so the architect was not even allowed to thicken the walls in refacing them, and much less to enlarge the buttresses; and when it was done a committee of architects, who had nearly all agreed to that stupid restoration, further agreed that it would still not be safe to ring the bells in it; and so if they want them they must build a new campanile. The same thing occurred at Manchester Cathedral a few years before. They persisted in building a copy of a mean old tower, and are already ashamed of it and want another. One of the many faults of the rival design for this west front was that it copied every bit of the old construction, which was radically wrong and had caused the thing to ruin itself twice over, as we found when we took the cracked later shell off. So much for that principle of restoration.

There is an amusing side too to the antiquarian theory. On one hand we are always told that we must not dare to alter an existing structure; and on the other, that copying old work so that it may pass for new, if possible—and lead criticising antiquaries into exposing themselves to derision, as they often do here—is the basest of impostures and "shams," a thing they are specially fond of denouncing, though the best Gothic architecture is full of them. Well, they need very seldom be afraid of that. Modern architects, and builders left to themselves, take very good care that their work shall not be mistakable for old. Even when old designs are copied, nothing requires so much and constant watching, besides original ordering, as to get the work done in the old style. Most architects, if they profess to believe in it at all, refuse to take the smallest trouble to secure it. The cast-iron and gas-pipe character of nearly all restorations and new buildings goes on in spite of all that has been written against it by plenty of people besides me. I don't know that Scott was worse than other architects therein, but as he did the most and was their leader, he has the most mischief to be answerable for to posterity. Here I have succeeded pretty well, through having a family of builders who soon learnt to appreciate the importance of rough but solid execution, and of leaving things alone as soon as they are brought to the proper shape, as the old masons always did; and my successive clerks of the works have done so too; though I well remember the astonishment of the very well-known one (Chapple) whom I found here, when I first said to him, before I was master, "All that thing is spoilt by being what you call

'finished.'" And when I asked old Mr. Longmire how he was going to work the 110 new shafts at the west front, he answered, "O, turn them, I suppose." I replied, "Do you? That may do for architects, but no turned shafts are going in here;" and being a very clever and observing man he soon saw that I was right.

There is a fact relating to it also worth special notice for those who want restoration or *bonâ-fide* imitation of Gothic, which is all I am discussing here. The earlier the style is, the ruder the work ought to be in execution, though by no means in design. It is hardly possible to get Norman stone-work imitated for that reason. Fortunately most of it here was composed of flints and large thin Roman bricks, which are very superior to ours. Nature has provided us with old flints, and I get "Roman bricks" made fairly well, at great cost (and even that is abused as a "sham"), though not so rough and picturesque as the old ones which came out of the walls of Verulamium. Consequently I can hardly tell myself from mere looking, which parts of our restored walls have been rebuilt and which only pointed, and other people make the wildest guesses. The new stone-work will necessarily tell its own tale for a time, but not for ever, as the architects' smooth stones and turned shafts do, in spite of all decay that leaves any of the surface. There is a remarkable piece of restoration here, of a beautiful Norman doorway of which we found a few pieces immured in the somewhat modern brick wall at the end of the Slype. It was enriched both with the geometrical or masonic * ornamentation which belongs to the Norman style alone, and with some unusually delicate carving for that style. I resolved to try whether I could get it continued so as to restore the whole doorway, and also add another "order" within to make it a better size for the new entrance to the S. transept. With considerable difficulty and the help of a very good master-carver (not an Englishman), I succeeded so well that very few visitors distinguish rightly between the new work and the old—and that all the architectural newspaper critics have preserved a dead silence about it. So far as I know, the door is quite unique. If you want to see the effect of executing Early English or Decorated work

* I do not use that word in its usual sense of belonging to that empty room with a secret lock called freemasonry, of which I am told that "St. Alban is the traditional founder in England," and we are indebted to that fact for the pulpit under the tower: a structure strongly confirming my definition, which I never found one of them deny.

in the cast-iron style, you have only to look at the west windows of the S. transept, and of the retro-choir (or Ante-chapel) and Lady Chapel, which were restored externally by Scott. With the always monotonous Perpendicular it is not of so much consequence, though certainly of some.

I am not going to assert the merits of anything I have built. They will be judged by posterity for ages to come, and in the present day by competent judges who care no more for my opinion than the architects'; and they would have abused everything just as much if I had pleased the antiquaries instead of the anti-antiquaries and myself. Having given up the west front, and pending the completion of the presbytery, they have devoted themselves lately to the transepts and their enlarged turrets of the same shape as all the best Norman ones, and the great windows, as the latest and worst specimens of what they flatter me by calling "Grimthorpism" in various parts of England. Here they had the advantage of no rival designs of their own. The "Five Sisters," as the new lancets in the south transept are called after the larger ones at York, are specially abominable because they are arched over, 38 feet high (York are 53) just under the flat ceiling (a repetition of the original) exactly as they would have been if their outsides went no higher. The atrocity of that is too horrible to explain; at least they never have, but keep screaming at it as if no more were needed. The outsides do go higher, and the middle one rises up to 60 feet, the tallest Sister in England; and there they light the great room over the ceiling, containing 33,000 cubic feet, which the architects think it witty to call "the cock loft." Of course there is a narrow zone of blackened wall behind the glass at ceiling level, of which they publish a picture veraciously showing it as white. It is quite invisible outside. One of those who dare to call it "a happy audacity" of mine, was himself audacious enough to tell these architects that they ought to know of at least four past and present precedents of the same kind in some of our best churches, of which one has four half-windows blank, or an entire sham, to match others. Forthwith they turned upon him with all those epithets which I related before, and upon another writer who said practically the same. With one of their dicta I thoroughly agree, that not an architect now living would have thought of doing such a thing—or building mullions weighing 32 tons each. They prefer gas-pipe shafts.

Their denunciations of the great Round opposite are still more

funny. "Why," they ask, "did he put that opposite to five tall lancets?" Well, I refer them to a better authority. When they meet Archbishop de Grey (if they ever do) they may ask him why he did so in his York transepts, the grandest in the world. They might have known at least that uniformity in the general character of corresponding great members of a church, and variety in details, make the best architecture and give the most pleasure, except to the tasteless admirers of monotonous Perpendicularity. But "the Round is too big and comes too near the walls." What does it want, but for its ornamental bands (100 feet long) to clear them, as they do? And how much more space do they think is left round the great Durham wheel-window, a little less than this (the space being narrower), Westminster ones rather bigger? I am glad Mr. Pearson is going to rebuild one of them, not copying the modern pattern, though I can give no opinion yet on his. One thing is quite certain, that this is the strongest round window ever built, and that the eye cannot divide it into a multitude of repeated sectors, which soon get to look monotonous. They must find some better faults than these.

As churches are not built or restored for architects, but for the public, who are always condemning their work, it is not immaterial that at least some men of what is called culture, not like the Philistines of the architectural press, differ from them, to put it mildly. An uncountable majority of my visitors do; indeed I don't know one that does not, and some persons, whose letters show their education, though unknown to me, have published their opinions, where they could, to that effect. Here are some Latin verses sent a few months ago, with initials which will be recognized as those of one of our most distinguished Latin scholars, on these very transepts. Many persons who have seen both wish to see the lines published. I wonder how many great—or small—scholars have written poems in praise of any product of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

GRIMTHORPE.

AFTER REVISITING ST. ALBAN'S CATHEDRAL.

Si fors Albani libeat tibi visere fanum,
  Sub mediâ turri sta, peregrine, precor.
In latere australi cernes ibi quinque Sorores;
  Parjete in opposito suspice deinde Rosam.
Sunt qui Germanas potius mirentur amentque,
  Quâ medium excepit longa fenestra jubar.

Ast alii dicunt, "Rosa quam formosa, quot orbes
Inclusos in se maximus orbis habet!"
Nonus ibi numerus multum valet, unde fenestrâ
Arcanum quiddam forsan inesse putes.
Deinde sub ingenti lustras dum singula templo,
Nil nimis excultum, nil puerile vides;
Bellula nec cernes oculos captantia vulgi:
Albanus nugas se tolerare negat:
Albanus majestatem sibi postulat amplam,
Et solidâ firmam simplicitate domum.
Albane, Edmundi somnis manifestus adesto!
En novus est templi conditor ille tui.
Henricus subduxit opes, solvitque vetustas
Mænia, at Edmundus jam nova cuncta dedit.
Sæcla futura hominum solvent ibi vota per annos,
Nec metuent ædes ne labefacta ruat.

J. G. L.

Dramatic Opinions.

By MRS. KENDAL.

Part III.

Every year we go on tour with our London Company. One year we took 'Impulse.' Another year we played 'Lady Clancarty.'

We always go to Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Birmingham; sometimes to Dublin. Bristol I have been to twice since I was a little girl. Travelling on Sunday is very hard work, but, like everything else, it has its compensating charms. You can make a great deal of money by touring about in the country. The public know that you will be there only for a week or a fortnight, and they naturally all come to see you, and if you take a London success, you do brilliantly, according to your popularity.

The work is more than amusing. It is the greatest teacher in the world, because you have a different sort of audience in nearly every town. What is successful at Bristol may be a failure at Bath. What is cheered to the echo in Liverpool may perhaps not be so successful in Manchester. It is very strange that audiences which are so closely connected, have such various opinions. Of course, Manchester is our great stronghold, because we were married there, and I think the people there have a sort of affection for us. So I cannot help speaking of Manchester first and foremost. Then, again, Glasgow is the town where my husband began his professional career, and there he is received with acclamation. I suppose seldom has such an uproar been heard as when he was discovered as Charles Surface in the 'School for Scandal,' on his return to Glasgow, as the leading man of the Haymarket Company. The applause was so long and so extraordinary that Mr. Buckstone had to come upon the stage and stop it. My

husband had begun his career at £1 a week, and had left, having gained his position, and then he came back as the leading man of what was at the time considered the greatest company that ever travelled in the provinces.

A Scotch audience likes quite a different sort of play to what a Yorkshire or Lancashire audience would like. If you say in Scotland that you have a play "from the French," they appear a little shocked. Why this should be I do not know. It was in Edinburgh, I am sorry to say, that a gentleman wrote, saying he thought it was such a pity that such and such a piece from the French should be played. Why did not we play that beautiful English comedy of the 'Queen's Shilling'? which, I need hardly repeat, is from the French—'Le Fils de Famille.' If in Scotland you put anything up by Sheridan, or Sheridan Knowles, or Shakspeare, or any well-known author within their circle of reading, they know the piece just as well as you do. They are a most marvellously well-read people. They are most enthusiastic if you "get" them. They are a long while taking to you, but if you have them once, you have them always. Look, for instance, at that great actress, Lady Martin—Miss Helen Faucit—who perhaps is an example that all the profession can follow, in every possible attribute of womanhood. Long after she was married she used, I believe, to visit Glasgow and Edinburgh, where her popularity was something unique, and there she would play for a month. They used to follow her more and more each time. Her art overpowered everything. They never thought of asking whether she looked King René's daughter, who is described in the first scene as "budding sixteen, with a bloom upon her cheek that childhood had only just parted from; with coral lips, and not a wrinkle on her brow." She came upon the stage to play King René's daughter long after she was sixteen. And the great Scotch multitudes rose at her, and their only regret was, as it must be the regret of all who have any knowledge of her, that she left the stage.

In Ireland things are quite different; there *c'est pour le jour.* That is exactly the difference between the Scotch and the Irish. I remember playing in 'Pygmalion and Galatea' in Ireland, and when at the end of the first act Galatea is going to throw herself into the arms of Pygmalion, telling him that she loves him, and that she is his for ever, a woman in the pit rose up and said, "Whisht! darlint! whisht! Don't kiss him, his wife has just gone out."

The Irish are delightful. Their enthusiasm is charming, but it is an enthusiasm that is awakened by the next comer the instant you have left. Poetical as the Irish are, there is a verse, written, I believe, by one of their countrymen, the sentiment of which does not seem to remain in the elements of their nature.

> " If the refrain of some song I sang you,
> Or the perfume of some flower or tree
> Steals across your senses, may it bring you
> Silent messages of love from me."

Now they do feel the refrain of the song; they do know the perfume of the flower and the tree, whilst you are there, and whilst you are singing the song, but it is " Sweet, not lasting." If another singer comes the following evening and sings that song again, they are equally delighted.

But I must say that I never received anything but the greatest kindness and warm-heartedness from Irish people, and their hospitality is world-renowned.

The Manchester audience is an extraordinary one. There are Russians, and Turks, and Germans, and French, and Greeks. It is quite cosmopolitan. If one part of the house does not take one line or sentiment, another does. It is the most pulsating, rapid, inspiring audience to act to, and I do not think there is any artist in the world who would not pay a tribute to the spontaneity and quickness of a Manchester audience. Give me the Theatre Royal, Manchester, and a house crammed to suffocation, and I feel I do my best. Somehow, I think it is because I feel they like me very much, that I am able to do my best. If an audience expects you at your best, and gives you an impetus to bring out the best in you, you wish to keep up their estimation of you, and you strive to do your very utmost.

Some actors are so sensitive that when they come on the stage, if they are not received well, down go their spirits, and they never rise again the whole evening. I know several instances of that, and on the contrary, if they are well received, up go their heart and spirits, and they really give the audience their best.

Birmingham is another place I love, and when, on Saturday nights, all the miners and work-people come from Wolverhampton and the surrounding districts, I think nothing is more exhilarating. They are so pleased with you and so delighted

with everything you do—and then you are pleased that they are pleased. The audience there is purely English.

Brighton is London in November, and a very delightful week we have there, too. We get pretty much the same people as in London.

I have sometimes been asked to give the history of a play from the MS. to the stage. I may begin by saying that very few plays indeed have ever been acted before the public in the state in which they were originally brought into the theatre. They undergo a thousand changes. It often happens that a MS. is submitted which contains a very beautiful leading idea, but badly worked out. In such cases, the manager becomes, as it were, a collaborator with the author. Many plays are altered in this manner. The manager makes suggestions, and the actors do the same when they come to rehearse; receiving, of course, hints in their turn from the author; and so the work gets into shape.

Mr. Kendal and I get quantities of plays brought to us, and we make it a rule to read nearly every one of them. Of course, they are not all worthy of being placed before the public; but I am perfectly astonished at the amount of good there is to be found in the first plays of young playwriters —unknown young men and women. There is perhaps one scene that is remarkably good, or it may be some leading idea or character, but so badly surrounded that the play will not admit of production. I always in such cases write back to the author, "Go on; you have the germ. Do not spare paper and ink and trouble, and you will eventually find that the good fairy has touched you with her wand." I should think in the course of a year we have hundreds of plays submitted to us. My working table is covered with them, and I have some cupboards full besides. A great many are comediettas in one act, sent me by young ladies—sometimes translated from the French or German—pretty little things often, but too light and flimsy for use; containing, nevertheless, decided germs of talent. I think the *matinées* which have come into fashion are a very great boon. Of course, they are in some ways detrimental to art, but they have many advantages which more than counteract any harm they may do. I have seen some very bad plays produced at them, but I have also seen some very good ones. They afford an excellent means of making the work of a young author known.

I may as well confess that I am not personally a good judge of a play, or of a part. I will tell you an instance of my gross stupidity, by reason of which I lost my husband and his partner a very large sum of money. I had sent to me some long time ago a play. I thought the idea was splendid, but I didn't like the way in which it was worked out. One scene I found, I may say, absurd, namely, that a man should sit down and forge his wife's name in her cheque-book, before her. I thought this was such a blemish in the play, and so ludicrous, and such a bad starting-point, that though the rest of the play was very clever, and the audience might forget that failing in it, still it would make a bad beginning, and would more or less ruin the rest of the play. I returned it to its author, and told him so. That play was produced at a *matinée*. It was an enormous success, and was eventually put into an evening bill, and made thousands. Let me here blushingly, and with the deepest contrition, say that that play was called 'Jim, the Penman.'

As a rule Mr. Kendal reads most of the plays sent to us. He is an excellent judge, and possesses the faculty of knowing exactly when there is money in a play. He is very difficult to please and very seldom wrong, his judgment is so cool. As I have freely confessed my own fatal blunder, I may excuse myself by saying that I do not believe I am the only person who has erred in such matters of judgment.

I am sometimes asked whether we have ever made a success with a play that has been refused elsewhere. I could not be positive on the point, but I think it is more than probable that we have. Sometimes, what is finally submitted to the public is only half what the author originally wrote. A striking instance of this is Mr. Smith's comedietta of 'Uncle's Will.' We practically took only half the piece, but I think we picked out all the plums. Nearly the same thing happened with regard to 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' When the play was produced, Mrs. Burnett said to me, "You have cut it about rather severely." I ventured to remark, that had I cut any flowers out of the play, I would humbly beg her pardon, but that I thought I had only knitted my cloth a bit finer, and by that means brought out its brighter gloss. That is, of course, only what habit gives you the power of doing—that, and the instinctive feeling of what will be more or less dramatic.

It is no easy task to "cut" well, as we call it—that is, to be able to make judicious omissions; to leave all the beauty and

only take out the weeds; to separate the wheat from the chaff; or, taking another metaphor, to gather the stitches together, as we do with crewel-work.

Sometimes authors will leave plays with us for three or four weeks, or for as many months, and then, after a little while, they write and ask us whether we have read it, and what our opinion is. We often write a very detailed opinion, which sometimes is shown to other managers, and used as a lever. The number of plays we manage to read in a given time of course depends on whether we are busy at rehearsal, or have other things to do. As a rule, my husband and I, every night of our lives, read something or other, or I go through a book that perhaps will make into a play. When a manuscript has been accepted it is in due course put into rehearsal. As a rule the authors are present at the rehearsals, and are very nervous, which has rather a paralysing effect on the actors. Authors differ a good deal in the way they regard the interpreters of their work. It often happens that one finds one's part too long, and then one "cuts" it oneself; or it is too short, and then one asks the author to "write in" a speech, or to elaborate a scene, and generally such requests are granted readily enough. Some authors, however, boast of writing plays which they are pleased to term "actor-tight," meaning that the play is independent of the artists who interpret it; but I think that this way of looking at things is dying out, and that most authors will acknowledge that they owe something, at any rate, a little something, to the actors.

My brother Tom always stage-managed his own plays, and I have always believed that he was a very clever stage-manager; every action and every idea of his being followed by the actors and actresses of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, who believed in him, and of course, when people believe in you, you start fair.

I met Tom in his capacity as manager only once. That was when I played at the Gaiety in his comedy of 'Dreams.' I had a small part in that play, with Alfred Wigan and Mr. Clayton. And it then struck me that my brother was a very gifted stage-manager; but I do not know whether my opinion in this particular instance is worth recording. One is apt, perhaps, to think well of one's relations; however, I think his excellence is acknowledged by all who knew him personally, and who were connected with him professionally. I believe in his early life he had taken his plays from theatre to

theatre; and it is believed that on the back of the MS. of his play called 'Society,' old Mr. Chippendale of the Haymarket had written the word "rot." Eventually Tom met Miss Marie Wilton, who, as all the world knows, gave him a first trial at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. He there made his name, and what money he left behind him. He was a particularly generous man. He had a certain sum per night for 'Society,' and a certain sum, which I believe was an increase on that, for 'Caste;' and for 'School' an increase again. When a number of years had rolled over and the management wished to revive these plays, my brother was written to and asked (as he had now become an established author) what his terms would be for a revival of his plays; he wrote back and said, the same as he had always received. And when 'Society' was revived some seven or ten years after he had made his reputation, he received the same small sum per night as he did before he was known. He was a most chivalric and generous-natured man.

Tom Robertson did not write all his plays for that management, but he felt himself more at home at the Prince of Wales's Theatre than anywhere else. Whenever he migrated to any other ground, he did not seem to flourish in the same way. I believe 'Dreams' was a success at the Gaiety, but in those days I did not know much of the pecuniary positions of theatres or their losses and gains. My chief impression of 'Dreams' is associated with the fact that I had the pleasure and honour of acting with Mr. Alfred Wigan, who was a great artist and the kindest creature, so full of encouragement, and so wishful to tell you everything that was to your advantage. We used to sing a little duet in the course of the play; when he had a bad cold, and could not take the high notes, I used to sing them for him; and when I had a bad cold, then he used to sing them for me. It is altogether a very delightful remembrance in my life. The first gold bracelet I ever received was given to me by Mrs. Alfred Wigan. Miss Ellen Farren, who played boy's parts, was also a very great favourite with Mr. Wigan. He used to take a great interest in her career; but, poor man! he died some short time after that, and we lost a great artist and a good friend. Nearly twenty years had then elapsed since the period I am speaking of, and then, before Miss Ellen Farren went to Australia, she wrote me a letter, in which she said she was bidding farewell to her Gaiety audience, and would I not do something for her?

I recited a few verses, written by Mrs. Oscar Beringer, just stating the fact that many years ago two young women (girls in their teens) had appeared upon the Gaiety stage; that one of them had gone away; but that one had remained true to Gaiety and the public,—*i.e.* Miss Farren herself, and that, I thought, was a wonderful instance of how one could pass so many years of one's life upon a single stage. Miss Farren was at the wing whilst I recited these few lines about her. The audience were so carried away with enthusiasm, that they persisted in seeing her again and again.

To return to my brother. When he began to make his name I had not even come to London. The only "first night" I ever saw as a spectator at the Prince of Wales's was, I think, 'School.'

A very successful play of my brother's was 'David Garrick,' in which, I need hardly say, Mr. Sothern originally took the leading part. He made a very large sum of money by it, and I was very pleased the other day to hear that Mr. Wyndham had done the same. I hope it is true. Mr. Wyndham also bought another play lately, for a certain term of years, which my brother wrote for me when I was a girl, and which I once played in Hull for some five or six nights, a very delicate beautiful play, translated from Alfred de Musset's 'On ne badine pas avec l'amour.' I never have had the opportunity of playing it again, but Mr. Wyndham having bought nearly all my brother's plays to revive, made an arrangement with me to revive this too, and I am looking forward with great curiosity to hearing the result. It is, I think, one of the very best translations my brother ever did.

The public are always curious about money matters, and I am often asked whether playwriters make large fortunes. Good gracious me! I should think they did. It is difficult to be precise without mentioning names, which, of course, would never do; so I will tell, speaking generally, how money is made.

Authors charge different sums of money for their works. If they are original works, they will sometimes sell them for so much down and then so much a night; but I think authors holding high positions will take something like ten per cent., sometimes more, on the gross receipts.

A young fellow who gets his first piece acted, would probably get only £30 or £50 down, and there the manager who risks taking an unknown author gains the advantage. But directly a

man has got his position, he charges, of course, what he considers he has a right to charge. There is no doubt you cannot open a theatre now unless you have a good play. Naturally these men, who know they draw the money, expect a part of the profits. I believe my brother had £1 a night for 'Society,' but I know no man who now occupies anything like the position my brother occupied who would allow his play to be played for that sum. It might be so with a comedietta, but with nothing else.

The salaries of actors have risen very greatly. I remember thinking that £10 a week, or £15 or £20 or £25, were enormous salaries, where now £60 and £80 would only adequately represent the same sort of talent, so extraordinarily have actors and actresses' salaries, as well as authors' fees, increased. Salaries were different even during the last year of the St. James's to what they were when the management of Messrs. Hare and Kendal commenced only nine seasons ago. The same actor who would then get, we will say, £7 a week, would probably now ask £20.

As a consequence, the public pays 10*s.* 6*d.* for a stall, which is a considerable increase on former prices. Then, too, by doing away with pits and charging 10*s.* 6*d.* for all the seats in the body of your theatre, you naturally can pay more to your artists.

In Birmingham and Manchester the pit comes right up to the orchestra, and I confess, though it may show poor taste, that I delight in playing to the pit. No one who is not in the profession could tell what an exhilarating effect the pit has. I love it. One gets such a quick response to the sentiments we arouse. In the stalls, people are impassive. It is the height of good breeding not to show one's feelings, and that is why actors and actresses, who do nothing but show their own feelings and other people's too, are such peculiar, strange people! Again I apologise for saying, or daring to state—actors and actresses are peculiar or strange!—please remember it's only one of my opinions! There is no doubt about it, the pit is a delightful institution. There is much virtue in a pit.

Applause, however, in London theatres has more or less gone out, except on a first night, when a popular artist gets a "reception"—as it is termed—in fact every artist gets a "reception" of some sort; and of course the verdict on the play is given by applause, which is more or less true in its ring, and in which I seldom have been mistaken. There may be a great deal of

applause at the fall of the curtain on a first night, and many people round will say, "Oh, it's a success! It's a success!" But all the while there has been something wanting in the ring of that applause; while there is another applause that has got such a hearty ring in it, so spontaneous, so true, that it brings conviction with it, and you feel the play is a success, and that the applause is, as it were, from the very hearts of the people. That is what makes a first night in London such a trial and such a nervous ordeal to go through, but at the same time, if the result is good, such a gratifying thing.

In the provinces they do give more applause, I think. They applaud their favourite, or any popular actor who is in the company, whether it is at a judicious moment or whether it is not. It is the feeling that they have for the artist, and they applaud perhaps with more heartiness than discernment. But, oh, it is very nice! I like it to be lavish and indiscriminate. I like everything to be lavish and indiscriminate, especially applause!

Malicious people say that one sends one's friends in on the first night, and such things have been done, but I do not think the practice exists in any theatre that holds any position, nor do I believe that it has any weight in any way, because if they did applaud on the first night, the public would go on the second and third nights, and if the play is not good, it will not hold. Of course, in Paris, we know there is a *claque*, but I do not think a *claque* has ever been actually organized in this country.

In London there are what they call the "first-nighters" in the pit and upper boxes, and woe betide the time when the "first-nighters" do not come, because I believe in their criticism more than any other, and in their applause, and the reverse! I could not tell you who the "first-nighters" are, but I know that among them I have got some friends, and therefore I like them! They are people who attend every first night at every theatre. I myself have been to only three first nights as a spectator in the whole of my professional career, and when I go to the theatre, then I invariably ask for the stalls in the last row, that I may be near the pit and hear their verdict—so great is my belief in the pit and its verdict; I have seldom known it wrong.

The pleasure of acting depends of course to a certain extent on the part one happens to be playing; and one feels some authors to be more sympathetic than others. This was the case with my brother's plays, and I should say the same of Mr. Pinero's. I love to play in Mr. Pinero's pieces. One has

to speak the parts exactly as they are written, down to the very conjunctions! If you put in a different word, the line seems to halt. Mr. Pinero writes, to my idea, charmingly. His language is so wonderfully sympathetic that one cannot speak a wrong word. The lines he gives women, especially, in his plays are so subtle and pretty. He seems to have a sort of insight into the undercurrent of a woman's mind. In the psychological study of a part like 'The Squire,' and in that play which he translated and adapted, 'Le Maître de Forges,' he gives you an opportunity, if you can convey it, of suggesting and underlying sentiment in all his words. This has often struck me during the last act of 'The Squire.' The poor heroine has to part with the man she adores; the only man she has ever loved. In all the crucial points of our lives the most commonplace remarks rise to our lips. Mr. Pinero has written a scene in which he makes this woman say, "Be a good fellow; go to bed early; go to church every Sunday," a mere foolish commonplace, and all the while the woman is laughing off her grief while the tears are running down her face, and she is suffering agonies. Now I have intense delight in playing that scene—it is so like what I have passed through myself; what I believe to be the inner and undercurrent of a woman's life and feelings. One's outer life is so different to what one really thinks and feels! To me, there is a sort of exquisite pain in playing that scene. I never can play it without crying.

That, by the bye, is my great drawback; I cry too much. I cry so much that I perhaps do not do my author justice; but that scene in 'The Squire' is so wonderfully poignant and pleasantly painful to act. Sometimes the audience see this scene only from a commonplace, funny point of view, sometimes they laugh, and sometimes—and, thank God! more generally—for women feel the truth of a woman trying to be funny under such circumstances—they cry!

When an artist gets an author who is *en rapport* with her feelings, who, she knows, trusts her sufficiently to allow her to play the part from her own point of view—more or less, of course, under his guidance—it is perfectly wonderful how much more she can do for that author and for his play than she can for an author who, giving nothing, expects a great deal out of stories which seldom are or can be human, and which when they are human are so embittered with Satanic satire, that nothing that is truly human can get in touch with the subtleties of the

author's mind. I have met authors and authors, and I speak as I feel.

I have taken parts as they came in. I have never in my life been in a position to have a play written expressly for me, except the 'White Lie,' written by Mr. Grundy. I have never been anything else but an actress in a theatre who, when the author brought in a play, took what is called the leading part.

Of course success is often, to a considerable extent, due to personal qualities—personal appearance, we will say. But it must imply *some* talent. The public are not led only by beauty. Beauty will give an actress a favourable start, but I doubt if any woman, however beautiful, could draw an audience for long unless she had some other qualification. I should like to expatiate upon this point. I do not believe that beauty only would hold the public for over a month. There must be talent with it. There may be beauty, but there must be talent. Lots of people say that there are some beautiful women whom the public go to see only for their beauty. I do not believe that. The public is too discriminating and too quick, and although curiosity might lead them to go and look at a beautiful person, man or woman, whose beauty only might draw them there, it would not make them go more than once, however beautiful the person might be. In some instances extreme beauty has been detrimental to an actress. It positively makes people think that it is her beauty, and her beauty *only*, that is drawing the public, when really she ought to have the credit of its being her brains and her intellect as well. One may say of a certain actress that has been a drawback, because so many people who want to say something disagreeable, declare, "Oh, it is only her beauty," whilst in my humble opinion, were she not so beautiful, she would, by her talent alone, have held her audience. But her beauty is so overpoweringly exquisite, that people give her credit for nothing else.

I should say that the sympathy of an audience is more readily awakened by a woman than by a man. But it would not be just to infer from this that the greatest dramatic artists have been women. Neither that nor the reverse would be true. If I had to make a distinction, I should say that a woman brings more sympathy into a play, and a man more intelligence. If one were to make a list of the greatest actors and actresses, I think the honours would be pretty evenly divided between the sexes. A curious instance of the way in which keen interest

may be aroused by the acting of men alone occurs in the play 'Diplomacy.' The whole piece is wonderfully clever, but the most wonderful thing about it was that its great scene was played only by three men.

A discussion arose when that play was first produced as to whether it could possibly be a success, as the great scene in it was with men only. But it was an enormous success, and that scene was one of the cleverest ever written. Whether a theatre would be a success where all the actors were men, I do not say. I do not think it would be interesting, any more than I think it would be interesting if a theatre's company were composed only of women. I have often thought that in contradistinction to the scene of the three men, I should like to see a scene with three women only, where they might discuss men. I would not leave the men out of the question entirely. I have often wondered whether a scene between three women could be made as powerful as the scene in 'Diplomacy.'

Of course, every dramatic artist forms a somewhat different ideal of art. Mine is that everything should be, as it were, spiritualised. For instance, when in 'Henry VIII.' Queen Katharine is dying, she is supposed to see a vision of angels. I believe the scene used to be so arranged that a lovely wreath of flowers or halo of glory was passed from hand to hand, until it came to the angel nearest to Katharine, and the angel held it over the dying Queen's head. Katharine wakes up with this lovely vision in her mind. My notion of such a death is, that it should be serenely happy; the Queen lying with a smile upon her lips, hearing the voices of angels calling her, showing us the last moments of a noble woman—a suffering, grand nature—lifted in the extreme moment of death's agony into such blissful visions of the future that she dies with a smile on her lips. There are artists who would wake up from that vision, tear their dress open, gasp, gurgle in their throat, and try to die with a death-rattle in it, showing the public the realistic and horrible agonies of death.

But this would not be my idea of good art. The only suitable occasions for representing the horrors of death on the stage would be when the man had been playing the villain, or the woman had been bad, so that there would be a moral in the fact that he or she suffers agonies even in quitting this life; but where the artist has to realize before the public a good and noble character, and has seen a vision of heaven, then I would

try to bring before the minds of the audience a marvellously peaceful and beautiful death, as the one last glorious moment of a beautiful life; such would be my teaching through dramatic art. There are so many things taught on the stage. Let us sometimes teach the highest, or, at any rate, let our art be the striving after the highest. Even if we do not succeed, let us be humble votaries at that shrine.

I find that people are often surprised at the way in which actors remember their parts, but this is not so wonderful as it seems. The memory can be cultivated, like any other faculty, up to a certain pitch. Practice works wonders. If you have not played a part for years, the re-reading of it, three or four times only, will bring it back to you. We have so much to help our memory on the stage. We have what is called the "business" of the scene. The fact that you have to do certain things brings a certain line back to your memory. Often when you enter your house, and sit at the same place and at the same table, the memory of the past returns, "*C'est la même chose sur la scène.*" A little bit of business brings back a speech, the remembrance of a speech brings back a bit of business; the one helps the other. Still, though an exceptional memory is not absolutely necessary, it is an enormous help.

The most extraordinary instance of memory that I personally remember was that of old Mr. Buckstone, who used to come upon the stage at rehearsal, reading his part, and not knowing a word; but he would come on at night, and the clothes, and the situation, and the whole thing, brought the words back to him. I am speaking of the repetition of an old part. The fact of putting on the clothes, and dressing for the part, and speaking about it a little, brought it back. He was most delightful to act with, so sympathetic in the way that he never took advantage of anybody on the stage being wrong; he was always so helpful, always so willing. He was a little deaf, and he learnt his cues by the lips. That was one reason why he was very fond of the old faces around him, because he knew when they finished speaking, even if he could not hear them.

(*To be concluded.*)

County Histories.

ALTHOUGH an immense number of books have been written which may fairly be classed under the title of "British Topography," it is a matter of regret that this number has not been largely exceeded, and the books more evenly divided between the different counties and localities of Great Britain. It is so intensely interesting to carry back one's eye to the condition and aspect, long years ago, of places with which one is familiar to-day, and to trace the records of families and individuals connected therewith, that it is melancholy to think upon the paucity of the information which, in many cases, it is possible to collect. In this respect, however, we have still much to be thankful for, and should feel grateful to those many individuals who, with more or less ability and perseverance, have contributed to the preservation of topographical records, and have enabled us, to some extent at least, to compare the present with the past condition of our homes and their surroundings.

Some idea of the quantity of books of this class, great and small, which actually exist, may be formed by a glance at the catalogue of the great topographical sale which took place at Sotheby's in 1885, when Mr. Leonard Laurie Hartley's books came under the hammer, Mr. Hartley had been an intimate friend of Mr. James Newman, the well-known bookseller and collector, whose great knowledge of books was brought to his aid in the formation of his library, of the extent of which some notion may be given by the subjoined list of books coming strictly under the head "Topographical." Excluding duplicates (of which there were a goodly number) I find the number as below. Books relating to—

Bedfordshire	4	Cheshire	20
Berks	26	Cornwall and Scilly Islands	23
Bucks	14	Cumberland	16
Cambridgeshire	50	Derbyshire	15

Devon	31	Somersetshire	13
Dorset	11	Staffordshire	23
Durham	50	Suffolk	39
Essex	27	Surrey	37
Gloucestershire	31	Sussex	24
Hants and Isle of Wight	49	Warwickshire	20
Hereford	15	Westmoreland	3
Hertford	10	Wilts	27
Huntingdon	3	Worcestershire	13
Kent	64	Yorkshire	154
Lancashire	47	Wales	44
Leicestershire	14	Berwick-upon-Tweed	2
Lincolnshire	38	Scotland	86
Middlesex	150	Ireland	23
Monmouthshire	7	Isle of Man	9
Norfolk	44	Channel Islands	3
Northamptonshire	24	British Topography in general	138
Northumberland	38	Sepulchral monuments and epitaphs	31
Nottinghamshire	21		
Oxfordshire	49		
Rutlandshire	2	Total of Topographical books	*1608
Shropshire	26		

It must not be supposed that, in this large collection of topographical works, Mr. Hartley had by any means exhausted the supply. As a proof of the contrary, I may state that my own library at this moment contains nearly 1300 books of a similar character, of which less than 500 are books of which there were copies in the Hartley sale. In other words, I have some 800 books of this class which were not in Mr. Hartley's library, whilst the latter contained some 1100 which I do not possess, the greater part in each case being small local histories, or publications which seldom come into the market. This simple statement, however, will be sufficient to show how wide the field is before a collector who wishes to possess a complete library of British Topography.

I said that the Counties had met with unequal treatment. There are some which have excellent histories; others which have nothing which can fairly be called a history: some have

* In analysing this catalogue, I have counted as separate books one or more bound with others, but being in themselves distinct and complete books. I have also occasionally counted as separate books second or third editions when, and when only, they have contained substantial additions to, or variations from, the first edition. Under the different headings of "Natural History," "Foreign Topography," and the publications of the Abbotsford, Bannatyne, and Roxburgh Clubs, &c., there were some 500 lots in this sale which are not included in my list, as not being strictly allied to "British Topography."

been the object of attention to various writers, who have supplemented each other and added useful information to that which had been already given: others have had only sufficient written about them to give rise to the wish that more attention had been paid to their history. Out of the 40 Counties of England, 26 only have tolerably complete histories. Of the remaining 14, Middlesex and Yorkshire have numerous books, some of them exceedingly interesting and minute, but none which embrace the whole of these populous and important counties. Cambridge has a most interesting history, by Edward Carter, a schoolmaster, who published it in 1753, and it was reprinted in 1819; but its general information is meagre, and its interest is principally derived from its minute account of the devastation worked in the Cambridgeshire churches by the zealous Protestant "reformers" who brake down all the carved work thereof with axes and hammers" in their pursuit of "idolatrous" symbols and images. The original edition of this book is rare: I gave £6 15*s.* for a copy in 1885, and one was sold for £14 at Sir T. Thornhill's sale in the present year: there is reading enough in this single octavo volume, but it falls very far short of what a history of Cambridgeshire should be. The same may be said of Ashmole's 'Berks,' three octavo volumes, published in 1719, a history which is always in request, but which is for the most part confined to the copies of a large number of church and churchyard monuments, and a few genealogies.* Bucks has only the modern history of Lipscomb (1847). Hants (with all respect to Warner's valuable work, and some more recent attempts), with a large number of local publications, some very good, has no really complete and exhaustive history; Monmouthshire has only Mr. Williams' history, published in 1796; while the Counties of Bedford, Derby, Hereford, Huntingdon, Lincolnshire, Oxfordshire and Suffolk, have nothing which can be called a perfect history, and depend upon the various accounts of particular towns and districts, in which some of them are rich, but which naturally stop short of the full and detailed information which we expect to find in a County history. The deficiency is remarkable with regard to some of these counties, not only on account of their importance, but because so much topographical knowledge has been brought to bear upon particular localities, that the way to a general history of the whole

* A copy of Ashmole's 'Berks' (large paper) fetched £20 at Sir T. Thornhill's sale this year.

county seems to have been already half travelled. Lincolnshire, for instance, possesses several histories of Stamford, four of the Isle of Axholme, an excellent book on "Wainfleet and the Wapentake of Candleshoe," and others on Louth, Scampton, Sleaford, Gainsburgh, Boston, Grantham and Horncastle, besides two or three small accounts of Lincoln itself. Yet beyond the incomplete books of Marrat and Saunders, and the superficial history of Allen, published in 1834, Lincolnshire has nothing which can be deemed worthy of the name of history, and the same may be said of the other counties which I have enumerated. Herefordshire, indeed, has its Duncumb, good, as far as it goes; and Oxfordshire and Suffolk only want the condensation into one volume of their local histories in order to give the world a good general history of each. But Bedford, Huntingdon, and even the large and important county of Derby, are singularly poor both in the quantity and quality of their topographical books.

In order to show at a glance the condition of the twenty-six better-chronicled counties, I have annexed a list of them, naming the histories which I consider best in each county, with the description of the book, date of its publication, and the price which I have given for my copy of each. As I inherited my 'Hasted's Kent' I have been unable to do this with regard to that excellent County history. A fairly bound and perfect copy of this book usually fetches from £30 to £40—at the Gosford sale a copy fetched £53, having "twenty additional views," and as my copy has 161 extra plates and views, it would probably fetch more; there are a number of other histories of Kent, to wit: Lambarde (3 editions), Kilburne, Philipott (2 editions), Harris, Seymour, Greenwood, Ireland, Henshall, and an octavo edition of Hasted in 12 volumes, published in 1797. But although there is merit in all these, the folio edition of Hasted is *the* History of Kent. A project has been set on foot of late years to publish a new edition, "corrected, enlarged and continued to the present time." The first part of this new edition, namely the 'Hundred of Blackheath,' appeared in 1886, at the price of £5 to subscribers; but I have not heard any more of the project since its appearance, and fear that it will never be completed.

Of course it is impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to give more than a glance at the books which I have included in the foregoing list. It will be seen that they differ

	Name of Author.	Description of Books.	Date of Publication.	Price. £ s.	Large Paper.
Cheshire	Ormerod, G.	3 vols. folio	1816–19	33 0	L. P.
Cornwall	Polwhele, Rev. R.	7 vols. in 2, quarto	1803	13 10	
	Borlase, W.	2 vols. folio	1758	5 0	
	Gilbert, C. S.	2 vols. in 3, folio	1817–20	8 5	
Cumberland	Nicolson, J., and Burn, R.	2 vols. quarto	1777	12 12	L. P.
	Hutchinson, W.	2 vols. quarto	1794	3 0	
Devon	Polwhele, Rev. R.	3 vols. in 1, folio	1797	21 0	
	Pole, Sir W.	1 vol. quarto	1791	6 6	
Dorset	Hutchins, J.	2 vols. folio	1774	4 8	
Durham	Surtees, R.	4 vols. folio	1816	30 10	L. P.
	Raine, Rev. J.	1 vol. folio	1852	6 10	L. P.
	Hutchinson, W.	3 vols. quarto	1785	7 0	L. P.
Essex	Morant, Rev. P.	2 vols. folio	1768	40 0	L. P.
Gloucestershire	Atkyns, Sir R.	1 vol. folio	1712	38 0	
	Rudder, S.	1 vol. folio	1779	10 15	
Herts	Chauncy, Sir H.	1 vol. folio	1700	14 0	
	Clutterbuck, R.	3 vols. folio	1815	60 0	L. P.
Kent	Hasted, E.	4 vols. folio	1778	..	
Lancashire	Gregon, M.	1 vol. folio	1824	4 0	
	Baines, E.	4 vols. imp. quarto	1836	10 0	L. P.
Leicestershire	Nichols, J.	4 vols. in 8, folio	1795	235 0	L. P.
Norfolk	Blomefield, Rev. F.	5 vols. folio	1739	57 0	
Northamptonshire	Bridges, J., and Whalley, P.	2 vols. folio	1791	37 0	
	Baker, G.	5 vols. royal folio	1822	25 0	L. P.
Northumberland	Hodgson, Rev. R.	7 vols. octavo	1827	52 0	
	Wallis, J. (Natural History)	2 vols. quarto	1769	2 6	
Notts	Thoroton, R.	1 vol. folio	1677	18 18	
Rutland	Wright, J.	1 vol. folio	1684	2 0	
Shropshire	Eyton, Rev. R. W.	12 vols. in 11, octavo	1854	31 10	
Somersetshire	Collinson, Rev. J.	3 vols. quarto	1791	9 0	L. P.
	Phelps, Rev. W.	2 vols. quarto	1839	3 5	
Staffordshire	Shaw, Rev. S.	2 vols. folio	1798	41 0	L. P.
	Plot, R. (Natural History)	1 vol. folio	1686	21 0	L. P.
Surrey	Manning, Rev. O., and Bray, W.	3 vols. folio	1804	35 15	L. P.
	Aubrey, J.	5 vols. octavo	1719	15 10	L. P.
Sussex	Dallaway, J., and Cartwright, E.	3 vols. folio	1815–32	60 0	
	Horsefield, T. W.	2 vols. quarto	1835	3 5	L. P.
Warwickshire	Dugdale, W.	1 vol. folio	1656	10 0	
Westmoreland	Nicolson and Burn, *see* Cumberland	..	..	..	
Wilts	Hoare, Sir R. C., Ancient and Modern History	9 vols. folio	1812–1822–1843	155 0	L. P.
Worcester	Nash, Rev. T.	3 vols. in 2, folio	1781–99	40 0	L. P.

greatly in size, importance and value. The price given, however, for any particular copy must not be taken as a certain guide to the intrinsic value of the book in the market. For instance, £37 seems an enormous price to have given for Bridges and Whalley's 'Northamptonshire,' which sold at the Aylesford sale for £8, and a half-bound copy for £9 9*s.* at the Hartley sale. But my copy, which I bought at the Gosford sale, bound in russia, contains 138 additional pictures, plates and maps, and the price therefore, although certainly high, is not quite so excessive as appears at first sight. Again, Dallaway and Cartwright's 'Sussex' may seem dear at £60; the book sold for £44 at the Stourhead, and £51 at the Gosford sale; but my copy is beautifully bound in morocco, and is worth the money I gave. Nichol's 'Leicestershire' also, and Hoare's 'Wilts,' which are the two highest-priced Topographical books in my library, are magnificently bound in morocco, quite perfect, to the best of my belief, and very fine large-paper copies of books which are rarely in the market in such condition. The first, indeed, is exceedingly difficult to procure perfect. Upcott rightly describes it as "a very laborious and valuable undertaking," and tells us that the fire which destroyed the printing office of the author in 1808 having consumed the whole impression of the work, a complete set is rarely to be found. Sir R. Colt Hoare's work is also one of the noblest of English County histories, and well worthy of the reputation of its learned author.

It will be noticed that the list contains the names of only four books published in the seventeenth century; namely, Dugdale, Thoroton, Plot and Wright, unless Chauncy be included, who published his history of Herts in 1700. Mr. Gough was not far wrong when he wrote that Dugdale's 'Warwickshire' "must stand at the head of all our County histories;" but Thoroton and Chauncy are both excellent, and there are other later publications which are quite "in the running." Taking the eighteenth-century authors in the alphabetical order of their counties, I should name Polwhele (Devon), Hutchins, Morant, Atkyns, Hasted, Blomefield, Bridges, Shaw and Nash, as in the first rank. The edition of Hutchins' 'Dorset' in my list is the wrong one, the second edition being the best, and worth at least double the money in the market. My copy of Shaw's 'Staffordshire' came from the Hartley Library, and is a very fine one, in boards, uncut. It contains an original letter from the author relating to

the work; a Calendar of Writs of Elections and Returns for Staffordshire during the reign of Edward II.; also coloured maps, plates and shields of arms, and various additional arms, drawings and prints, besides 13 large water-colour drawings. The best of the authors who have published in the present century are Ormerod (Cheshire), Polwhele (Cornwall), Surtees, Clutterbuck, Baker, Hodgson, Eyton, Manning and Bray, and Dallaway and Cartwright. Cornwall has several other histories of more or less interest and importance, which I have not included in the list. Among these may be mentioned Mr. Davies Gilbert's 'Parochial History' (1838), and Messrs. Hitchins and Drew's 'History,' published in 1824. Richard Carew of Antonie also published a 'Survey of Cornwall' in 1602, which was re-published with additions and a "Life of the Author," in 1723 by Hugh Carew, and reprinted in quarto in 1769. I have copies of all three editions, and they are worth having, although of no great value in the market.

The rarest Cornish history, however, and by far the most expensive, though at the same time by a long way the worst and most imperfect of them all, is a book entitled "The Compleat History of Cornwall," by "William Hals, gent. deceas'd, a native of that county, perfect master of the Cornish, and very well vers'd in the British and Saxon, as well as the Learned Languages; and compos'd by him after fifty years' study," &c. &c. Mr. Hals must have been altogether an eccentric person. The publishers began with publishing the second part of his history, "not only because the proper necessaries for the First Part are not yet compleated, but as considerable additions are preparing by a very Great Hand." Accordingly, the second part was published before the first, which (whether owing to the failure of the very Great Hand to fulfil his engagement or not, I cannot tell) was never published at all. The Part which we have is written in a quaint and curious style, and contains some curious expressions, especially at one place, where Mr. Hals disputes other views than his own upon the etymology of a certain word, and declares that to those who differ from him, "I shall say 'Bow-wow,'" and if they adduce another argument, "I shall answer as before." This book—or part of a book—was published about 1750, and it is believed that there are not above half-a-dozen copies in existence. My copy was bought by Mr. Borlase for £70 at the Hartley sale, and it was by the merest chance that I looked in at Mr. Borlase's sale, and seeing the

bidding slow, made one bid and got the book for £60. Lord Aylesford's copy, bound in russia, and stated in the catalogue to have been the copy "used by Davies Gilbert when compiling his Parochial History of Cornwall," sold for £150. It was a special copy; I have seen no other in the market.

Hertfordshire, besides Chauncy and Clutterbuck, has been chronicled by Salmon (1728) and Cussans (1870–81); but the two first-named books are by far the most important. Chauncy is quite one of the best of the older historians, and Clutterbuck's work is one of enormous labour and research. My large-paper copy, which is a very fine one, bound in russia extra, contains "1005 emblazoned coats of arms in the margins by T. Dowse," which of course add to its value. It was quite eclipsed, however, by a copy in the Hartley sale, rightly described in the catalogue as "unique"; it was in ten volumes (instead of three), royal folio, large paper, and contained portraits of the author, painted by Dowse; an exquisite and differently designed title, executed in water colour, for each of the ten volumes; also one thousand and fifty-three original landscapes, &c., and no less than fourteen hundred and thirty-three drawings of arms by Dowse and others." There were also upwards of 550 additional prints inserted in these volumes, which were bound in crimson morocco by Holloway, and fell to Messrs. Robson's bidding at £480.

Baker's 'Northamptonshire' is one of the finest of Topographical works. I have seen large-paper copies sold for £12 or £14; but mine is a remarkable copy, though only half-bound. It has a letter from the author to J. B. Nichols about the sale of the book, and 138 additional engravings, with other specialities, which increase its value.

Messrs. Hodgson and Eyton chronicle the records of Northumberland and Shropshire in octavo volumes, and both are excellent in their way; but it is a different and in some respects a less satisfactory way than that of the older historians, to whose simple plan commend me if the name of a place or genealogy of a family is to be speedily and accurately ascertained. There is another Northumberland history, by Hutchinson, called 'A View of Northumberland,' 2 vols. quarto, published in 1778, which is a good and useful book and fetches from £2 to £5 in the market, according to binding and condition. I gave £2 17*s.* for my copy. Shropshire has no history worth mention, save that of Mr. Eyton; whilst Surrey and Sussex have tempted the pens of

numerous writers. As regards the first, nothing comes near Manning and Bray; but old Aubrey holds his own in the market, and a large-paper copy in good condition fetches a high price. Salmon (1736) and Allen (1830) have also written histories of Surrey, but of no great value. Sussex has an abundance of chroniclers. Dallaway and Cartwright's book is entitled 'A History of the *Western Division* of the County of Sussex,' but is so good that I have inserted it in my list, although it does not include the whole county. I have added Horsefield as, upon the whole, the best to refer to for the Eastern division.* Besides these there is Parry's 'Historical and Descriptive Account of the Coast of Sussex,' an interesting and amusing book, published in 1833, while Messrs. Shoberl and Lower have also contributed to the historical records of this county.

Of the 40 authors whose names I have mentioned in relation to the 26 well-chronicled counties, it will be seen that 27 published their books in folio, 10 in quarto, and 3 in octavo. Although the latter shape is by far the most comfortable and convenient to the reader, I confess to a partiality for the folio when one is dealing with County histories. These books are not of the sort which one naturally takes in one's hand, like a novel, whilst lounging back in an easy chair for half an hour's relaxation from other employment. They are essentially books of reference, to which a reader rarely goes for any length of time together, and the plates which a folio is able to contain are often an immense addition to the work, which you cannot have so well in a quarto, and not at all in an octavo volume. I have heard it again and again remarked of Dr. Harris's 'History of Kent' that "the plates are excellent and valuable, the letterpress worthless;" and without going so far as this, there can be no doubt that the value of many of our standard County histories is greatly increased by their plates and engravings.

I mentioned the fact that Middlesex and Yorkshire, although without any one history embracing the whole county in either case, were well supplied with records of particular localities. This is so much the case with Middlesex, that there is hardly any spot which has not had its chronicler. Upcott, whose book was published in 1819, gives a list of 29 Topographical works

* With regard to Horsefield's 'Sussex,' a good example can be given of variation in price: I bought an excellent large-paper copy, bound in half-morocco, for £3 5*s.*; a similar copy, bound in russia, sold for £11 10*s.* at the Aylesford sale in 1888.

relating to Middlesex, existing at that time, besides no less than 221 books upon London, 25 upon Westminster, 18 books of views of London and Westminster, and 9 relating to the "Environs of London." The Hartley Catalogue had, as I have shown, 150 of Middlesex and London, and my library contains above 80 which come under the same category. As regards Middlesex, the oldest book is Norden's 'Speculum Britanniæ,' published in 1593, a third edition of which was published in 1723, entitled 'An Historical and Chorographical Description of Middlesex and Hartfordshire;' and containing the author's address "To all courteous gentlemen, Inspectators and Practitioners in Geographic, in Christo salutem," signed John Norden, and dated "at my poore howse neere Fulham, 4 November 1596." It is a quarto volume, illustrated, as the title-page tells us, "with maps curiously engraved by Mr. Senex, and the arms of the principal persons interr'd in the County of Middlesex." I bought my copy at the Gatton sale at Christie's in May of the present year for only 10*s.*—a cheap bargain, for the Aylesford copy fetched £1 10*s.*, and Quaritch gave £7 for a copy in morocco at the Hardwicke sale in 1888. There is a small folio book entitled 'The Antiquities of Middlesex,' by John Bowack, which was published in 1705, and is a volume of some interest, but was unfortunately never finished. The first and second parts alone appeared, containing accounts of Chelsea, Kennington, Fulham, Hammersmith, Chiswick and Acton; but although the third part was announced, to contain Ealing and other places, it was never published. I gave £3 3*s.* for Mr. Hartley's copy in 1885, knowing it to be a scarce book, and have never seen a copy in the market since. With the exception of a quarto volume published by Luke Pope in 1795, I am not acquainted with any other book which calls itself a 'History of Middlesex,' and this volume is imperfect, and was never continued. London itself has been attacked by innumerable writers. The oldest account is 'Fitz-Stephen's Description of the City of London,' the said Fitz-Stephen having been a monk of Canterbury, and a servant of St. Thomas à Becket, whose murder he witnessed. The best book, however, on London, and one without which no library of British Topography could be deemed complete, is Stow's 'Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster, and the Borough of Southwark,' written at first in the year 1598 "by John Stow, citizen and native of London; corrected, improved, and very much enlarged in the year 1720, by John Strype, M.A., a native

BOOKS ON LONDON AND WESTMINSTER.

	Description of Book.	Date of Publication.	Price. £ s. d.	At what Sale.
Ackerman's 'Westminster Abbey'	2 vols. quarto	1812	3 12 0	Aylesford
Bayley's 'Tower of London'	2 vols. imp. quarto	1821–5	3 10 0 1 19 0	Hartley, L. P. Aylesford
Dart's 'Westminster Abbey'	2 vols. folio	1723–6	5 0 0 4 10 0	Hartley, L. P. Aylesford, L. P.
Delaune's 'Angliæ Metropolis'	1 vol. duodecimo.	1681	0 7 0	Hartley
Dugdale's 'St. Paul's Cathedral'	1 vol. folio	1716	5 0 0	Hartley, L. P.
Hatton's 'New View of London'	2 vols. octavo	1708	0 11 0	Aylesford
Howell's 'Londonopolis'*	1 vol. small folio	1657	2 6 0 0 18 0	Stourhead Aylesford
Hughson's (Dr. Pugh) 'London'	6 vols. octavo	1806	1 4 0	Stourhead
Hunter's 'History of London'	2 vols. folio	1811	3 3 0	Stourhead, L. P.
Maitland's 'History of London,' 1st edition	1 vol. folio	1739	1 14 0	Hartley, L. P.
Maitland's 'History of London,' 2nd edition.	2 vols. folio	1772	1 1 0	do. do.
Malcolm's 'Londinium Redivivum'†	4 vols. quarto	1803	2 10 0 1 2 0	Hartley Aylesford
Malcolm's 'Anecdotes of Manners and Customs of London in 18th Century'	1 vol. quarto	1808	0 11 0	Hartley
Malcolm's 'Anecdotes from Roman Invasion to year 1700'	1 vol. quarto	1811	0 3 0	do.
Neale & Bayley's 'Westminster Abbey'	2 vols. quarto	1818	5 15 0 4 7 6	Stourhead, L. P. Hodgson, L. P.
Newcourt's 'Repertorium Ecclesiasticum' (Parochial History)	2 vols. folio	1708	3 12 0 1 19 0	Hartley, L. P. Aylesford, L. P.
Northouck's 'New History of London'	1 vol. quarto	1773	0 12 0 1 12 0	Hartley Stourhead
Smith's 'Antiquities of Westminster'	1 vol. quarto	1807	3 7 6 3 3 0	Gosford Carnegie
Wilkinson's 'Londina Illustrata'	2 vols. folio	1819	6 5 0 8 10 0	Hartley, L. P. Whatmore, L. P.

* Howell's book is scarce. There is a unique copy of this work at Haigh Hall, with a duplicate of the full-length portrait of the author, one proof having *no head*, and some extra plates inserted. The late Earl of Crawford gave a commission of £25 for this book at Miss Richardson Currer's sale, and got it for £9 15*s*.

† Malcolm's books at the Hartley sale were in boards. I bought the six volumes, bound in gilt russia, at the Stourhead sale for £5 5*s*.—an excellent copy.

also of the same city." There have been several editions of this valuable work, but the best is the sixth edition, two folio volumes, published in 1754. I bought the Hartley copy for £23, bound in handsome red morocco, and a very fine book. The Gosford copy, in russia, fetched a similar price. It may be interesting to append a list of some of the principal books relating to London, together with the prices which they have fetched at various recent sales. (See p. 617.)

It is impossible to leave the books which concern the Metropolis, without mention of the 'Environs of London,' by the Rev. D. Lysons, author of 'Magna Britannia,' and Samuel Lysons, Keeper of the Records. This work, in four quarto volumes, was published 1791–6; a supplement was subsequently published, and a second and enlarged edition in 1811. A large-paper copy of this work, in half-green morocco, uncut, was sold for £12 15*s.* at the Hartley sale, but the book may be obtained at a much lower price. 'Magna Britannia' is worth from £15 to £20, large paper, according to the binding and condition.

Besides the books concerning London and Middlesex which I have enumerated, there are a number which deal with special towns and districts, many of which are exceedingly good. The price of these books has notably risen of late years, and there is generally a brisk competition for them when they happen to turn up in a sale.

Messrs. Faulkner and Robinson have contributed five volumes each to Middlesex Topography, and the works of the latter especially always fetch a good price. Then there are several chroniclers of Islington, and one or two other books which are above the average of such works. Most of these were represented in the Hartley sale, and I subjoin a list which will show the prices for which they sold, and may be useful to those who wish for historie of the particular localities with which they deal.

Yorkshire is not far behind Middlesex and London in the number of her topographical books. There were, as I have shown, 154 of such books in the Hartley sale. Of these I possess 55 out of a total number of 102 in my library, so that I have 47 Yorkshire books which Mr. Hartley had not, making a total of 201 books, besides 47 books mentioned by Upcott which are in neither library, so that we get a total of 248 Yorkshire books without going further.

			Date.	Price at Hartley Sale. £ s. d.	
FAULKNER, THOS.	Brentford	octavo	1845	1 9 0	L. P.
	Chelsea	do.	1810	2 14 0	L. P.
	Fulham	quarto	1813	1 3 0	L. P.
	Hammersmith	octavo	1839	0 19 0	
	Kensington	quarto	1820	1 14 0	L. P.
ROBINSON, WM.	Edmonton	octavo	1819	1 12 0	
	Enfield, 2 vols.	do.	1823	2 8 0	
	Hackney, 2 vols. in 1	do.	1842	2 12 0	
	Stoke Newington	do.	1820	1 8 0	
	Tottenham, 2 vols. in 1.	do.	1840	2 4 0	
Islington Books.	Cromwell, T.	octavo	1835	1 6 0	
	Lewis, S.	quarto	1842	1 7 0	
	Nelson, J.	do.	1823	1 7 0	
	Tomlins, T. E.	do.	1858	2 0 0	L. P.
ELLIS, Sir H.	Shoreditch	quarto	1798	3 6 0	
PARK, J. J.	Hampstead	do.	1818	3 3 0	L. P.

Some of these are excellent, and although I said that there was no history of the whole of Yorkshire, there are several semi-histories which go a long way towards supplying the deficiency. The North Riding, for instance, has Dr. Whitaker's 'History of Richmondshire,' beautifully illustrated, and in all respects an excellent book, a large-paper copy of which was sold in the Hartley sale for £40, for £29 in the Stourhead sale, and for £28 in the Gosford sale, of which last copy, bound in crimson morocco, I was the purchaser. There is also Graves' 'History of Cleveland,' which deals with the Wapentake of Langbargh; besides two Histories of Whitby, that by Charlton published in 1776, and by Young in 1817; Hinderwell's 'Scarborough' (1798), and a small octavo volume of 88 pages, being the 'History of Northallerton,' by Miss A. Crosfield, which I have rarely seen in the market, but which I bought in an odd lot of Yorkshire books in the third part of the Hartley sale in 1887. In the East Riding there are four Histories of Hull between which the collector may choose; that of Gent (1735), Hadley (1788), Pickell (1796), and Frost (1829). There are also two Histories of Beverley, Oliver's and Poulson's, both published in 1829, and therefore of course not to be found in Upcott. Besides these, there is Poulson's 'History and Antiquities of the Seigniory of Holderness,' of which I purchased for four guineas at the Hartley sale the author's proof copy, interleaved, and containing many notes and corrections. There are a large number of books

connected with the Topography of the West Riding. The southern portion has been relieved from the reproach of having no history by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, Fellow of the Societies of Antiquaries of London and Newcastle, who published in 1828 his 'History and Topography of the Deanery of Doncaster in the Diocese and County of York,' two splendid folio volumes, prior to the publication of which Mr. Hunter had published in 1819 his 'Hallamshire,' being the history of Sheffield and adjoining parishes. The Deanery of Craven has been chronicled by Whitaker, and the same author has supplemented Thoresby's 'History of Leeds' by a volume which every Yorkshire collector should possess. Bradford, Halifax, Barnsley, Morley, Knaresboro', Harrogate, Ripon, and Selby have all their separate historians, and several of them more than one; whilst Boothroyd's 'Pontefract' is an interesting volume, containing a good account of the siege, and being better written and more amusing than many local narrations. The City of York has been celebrated by a number of authors, as indeed might have been expected, for few cities in Great Britain are more worthy of celebration, whether we regard the beauty of the place or its historical associations. The oldest history of York is that of James Torr, published in 1719; and far away the best is Drake's 'Eboracum,' which appeared in 1736, and is beyond all question one of the best of British Topographical works. There is also a somewhat rare but very interesting little work published by A. Ward, York, in 1785, the copies of which were sold for 9*s.* each at the Hartley sale, but which is a really good book in three duodecimo volumes.

Wilson and Spence (York) also published in 1788 two octavo volumes, and in 1818 Hargrove published three similar volumes. But I must not forget that excellent and indefatigable historian, T. G. Gent, of York, who between 1724–62 published a number of Topographical books, one of the earliest of which was his 'Ancient and Modern History of the Famous City of York.' The quaintness of Mr. Gent, both in ideas and style, is very remarkable, and imparts a great interest to his books, the most curious of which is his "most delectable, Scriptural, and pious History of the famous and magnificent Great Eastern Window (according to beautiful Portraitures) in St. Peter's Cathedral, York. Previous thereto is a remarkable account how the ancient churches were differently erected by two famous Kings; the present built by five excellent Archbishops, one extraordinary

Bishop, with others, the names of Sepulchred Personages, and important affairs worthy remembrance. A Book which might be styl'd the History of Histories; succinctly treated of, in Three Parts." The "Three Parts" are described in paragraphs too long to find a place here, and after "a chronological account of some eminent Personages therein depicted, anciently remarkable for their Learning, Virtue and Piety," we are informed that the "Author was aged 70 in the year 1762, *i.e.* the year of the Publication of this Book." A large folded sheet of the Great Eastern Window should front the title of this volume, and there are above 600 woodcuts on the letterpress, some of them of a quaint and fantastic character. All Gent's works are worthy of perusal, not forgetting his "Compendious history of England, wherein is contained an account of its Rulers and Kings, from about the year of the Creation 2851, in the time of the prophet Samuel, to the year of Salvation 1741." I do not apologise for the quotation, since if the example of Mr. Gent's style should tempt any one to make further acquaintance with his books, I am sure that a great deal of mingled information and amusement will repay such a proceeding.

I ought not to leave Yorkshire without calling attention to 'Burton's Monasticon' (1758), from which the ancient Ecclesiastical History of Yorkshire may be gathered, and Richardson's splendid publication of two folio volumes of drawings of 'the Monastic Ruins of Yorkshire,' which have no fault but their size; too large for anything but a special table or desk, of which they are quite worthy.

With Yorkshire I must close my present sketch of British Topography, which could with ease be largely extended if I were to begin to describe the numerous minor histories of towns and districts of which there are so many worthy of mention. A whole article might be written upon my own county—Kent—which is especially rich in local histories; but I have already reached my limit. The subject is one of which the interest continually increases. As one goes on adding book to book, some fresh volume, ancient or modern, continually turns up, which one feels it necessary to secure, or it dawns upon us that we have got the wrong edition, which must be drafted, and replaced by the right one. I am free to confess that my own ardour in this matter was largely excited by the accident of buying a house in London with an excellent library, which I had insufficient books to fill without moving those which had already a comfort-

able home in the country. It was further stimulated by the fact of a number of large libraries coming into the market, and it has never been without that stimulant for the last ten years. It is delightful to be able to indulge a taste which no one can call other than innocent, and which a man may indulge to the end of his days without coming to the end of the food with which it has to be supplied. It was recently observed to me by one of the persons engaged in the trade, that the supply had of late years been so great, that it must be nearly exhausted, and that it was impossible that it could continue to be what it had lately been. There are, however, such an enormous number of comparatively small libraries in the country, that even if there be no more very large collections, or at all events very few, to come, I do not think that the supply is likely to cease. Moreover, many rare local books are doubtless at this moment on their comfortable shelves in these smaller libraries; a fact which makes it necessary for a collector to scrutinise the catalogues whenever such libraries come into the market. A local history will often fetch a comparatively low price in a small sale, from the simple fact that there are probably fewer bidders present than at the sales of larger and better known libraries. For my own part, I have observed since I began to amuse myself by collecting Topographical books, that copies of the great majority of those which I have bought have since been sold at a price equal to, and often exceeding, that which I gave. I do not say this with the intention of making it appear that I have been either clever or lucky in the matter, but to show that this class of books maintain and have a tendency to improve their value, and consequently that the interest of the public in Topographical works is sufficient to encourage authors to further attempts at improving our knowledge of the past history of the districts as yet only partially chronicled, and, still more, of those which have hitherto been left unchronicled.

BRABOURNE.

The Origin and History of Murray's Handbooks for Travellers.

I HAVE no desire to intrude myself before the Public, and as regards the subject of Handbooks for Travellers I have never put forward any statement of my claims as author and originator of them. Having been requested, however, to give some account of the origin of Murray's Handbooks, I have consented to do so the more readily after reading an article recently contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the subject of Baedeker's Guides.

The writer of that article would appear to claim for Mr. Baedeker the credit of inventing this class of work, and he entirely ignores the existence of Murray and his Handbooks for Travellers, omitting all allusion to them. Now there are already in existence twenty-nine of my Handbooks—including the Handbooks to the Cathedrals—dealing with the British Islands alone; and if the compiler of a new Guide to Great Britain has in no case made use of this mass of material, he has exhibited a remarkable example of forbearance and abstinence.

No doubt the Editor of such a book would be called upon to travel over a considerable part of the country himself, and in dealing with a vast number of facts, and of matters liable to constant change, he could not fail to find much to correct and supplement in the work of his predecessors; but the claim of originating this species of Literature, and of having brought it to "the level of a fine art," which the writer in the *Pall Mall* broadly asserts on behalf of Messrs. Baedeker, would, I feel sure, be repudiated by them, since at the outset of their series they acknowledged once and again the obligations they were under to Murray; not only confessing that they made his Guides the basis and framework upon which their own were founded, but that in some instances they directly translated from his work.

In consequence of this challenge, however, I feel bound not to allow myself to be deprived of what credit attaches to

me as the author, inventor, and originator of a class of works which, by the invariable testimony of Travellers, during more than half a century, have been of the greatest utility and comfort to them—which, in fact, may be said to have had no little influence in producing the result of "Travelling made easy."

Since so many thousands of persons have profited by these books, it may be of some interest to the Public to learn their rigin, and the cause which led me to prepare them. Having from my early youth been possessed by an ardent desire to travel, my very indulgent Father acceded to my request, on condition that I should prepare myself by mastering the language of the country I was to travel in. Accordingly in 1829, having brushed up my German, I first set foot on the Continent at Rotterdam, and my 'Handbook for Holland' gives the results of my personal observations and private studies of that wonderful country.

At that time such a thing as a Guide-book for Germany, France, or Spain did not exist. The only Guides deserving the name were: Ebel, for Switzerland; Boyce, for Belgium; and Mrs. Starke for Italy. Hers was a work of real utility, because, amidst a singular medley of classical lore, borrowed from Lemprière's Dictionary, interwoven with details regulating the charges in washing-bills at Sorrento and Naples, and an elaborate theory on the origin of *Devonshire Cream*, in which she proves that it was brought by Phœnician colonists from Asia Minor into the West of England, it contained much practical information gathered on the spot. But I set forth for the North of Europe unprovided with any guide, excepting a few manuscript notes about towns and inns, &c., in Holland, furnished me by my good friend Dr. Somerville, husband of the learned Mrs. Somerville. These were of the greatest use. Sorry was I when, on landing at Hamburg, I found myself destitute of such friendly aid. It was this that impressed on my mind the value of practical information gathered on the spot, and I set to work to collect for myself all the facts, information, statistics, &c., which an English tourist would be likely to require or find useful. I travelled thus, note-book in hand, and whether in the street, the *Eilwagen*, or the Picture Gallery, I noted down every fact as it occurred. These note-books (of which I possess many dozens) were emptied out on my return home, arranged in Routes, along with such other information as I could gather on

History, Architecture, Geology, and other subjects suited to a traveller's need; and, finally, I submitted them to my Father. He had known nothing of my scheme, but thought my work worth publishing, and gave it the name of "Handbook," a title applied by him for the first time to an English book. But these Routes would have been of comparatively little value, except for the principle and plan upon which they were laid down. I had to consult the wants and convenience of travellers in the order and arrangement of my facts. Arriving at a city like Berlin, I had to find out what was really worth seeing there, to make a selection of such objects, and to tell how best to see them, avoiding the ordinary practice of local Guide-books, which, in inflated language, cram in everything that can possibly be said—not bewildering my readers by describing all that *might* be seen—and using the most condensed and simplest style in description of special objects. I made it my aim to point out things *peculiar* to the spot, or which might be better seen there than elsewhere. Having drawn up my Routes, and having had them roughly set in type, I proceeded to test them by lending them to friends about to travel, in order that they might be verified or criticised on the spot, I did not begin to publish until after several successive journeys and temporary residences in Continental cities, and after I had not only traversed beaten Routes, but explored various districts into which my countrymen had not yet penetrated.

I began my travels not only before a single railway had been begun, but while North Germany was yet ignorant of Macadam. The high road from Hamburg to Berlin, except the first 16 miles, which had been engineered and macadamised by an uncle of mine by way of example to the departments of Ponts et Chaussées, was a mere wheel track in the deep sand of Brandenburg. The postillion who drove the mis-called Schnell-post had to choose for himself a devious course amidst the multitude of ruts and big boulders of which the sand was full, and he consumed two days and a night on the dreary journey. In those days the carriage of that country (the *Stuhlwagen*) was literally a pliable basket on wheels, seated across, which bent in conformity with the ruts and stones it had to pass over.

On reaching Weimar, having been favoured with an introduction to Goethe, the great poet and philosopher of the time, I had the honour and pleasure of a personal interview with the hale old man, who received me in his studio—decorated with casts

of the Elgin Marbles and other works of Greek art,—attired in a brown dressing-gown, beneath which shone the brilliant whiteness of a clean shirt; a refinement not usual among German philosophers. On this occasion I had the honour of presenting to Goethe the MS. of Byron's unpublished dedication of Werner to him. Later on—after a brief interview with Prince Metternich, to whom I was presented by Baron von Hammer in Vienna, an acquaintance renewed afterwards when the Prince was an exile in England—I set foot in Hungary, where I had the great pleasure of becoming acquainted with the enlightened patriot Count Szechenyi, who had just completed his grand design of steam navigation on the Danube. I was among the first to descend the Danube from Pesth to Orsova below Belgrade, near the spot where the river, having previously spread out to a width of five miles, is compelled to contract to 300 or 400 yards, in order to rush through a narrow gorge, or defile, split right through the range of the Carpathians, for its escape towards the Black Sea. In a timber barge I swept over the reefs and whirlpools in its bed, not yet fit for steamers to pass, admiring the wondrous precipices descending vertically to the water's edge, as far as to the Iron Gate. All this is described for the first time in my Handbook, as well as the "writing on the wall" left by the Romans under Trajan, in the shape of two rows of put-lock holes, continued for 12 miles along the face of the precipice, made for the wooden balcony road by which the invincible Romans had rendered this "impasse" passable and practicable for their armies. It is worthy of remark that from the days of Barbarian invasion which swept away the road, none other existed on this spot until 1834–5, when the Austrian Government blasted a highway through the limestone cliff along the left bank of the Danube. My explorations ended at the Turkish frontier of Wallachia, which was not to be overstepped in those days without the penalty of six weeks in quarantine. I had already passed the Hungarian military frontier, and its line of outposts like our coastguard, and had penetrated into Carinthia and Carniola, where I visited the almost unknown cave of Adelsberg, with its subterranean lakes and fish without eyes, and I descended the quicksilver mine of Idria, in which it is death to work more than six hours in a week underground. I have especial pleasure in remembering that the first description, in English, of the *Dolomite Mountains* of Tyrol, not a scientific one

(Murchison and Sedgwick were before me), appeared in my 'South Germany,' first edition. I explored those scenes of grandeur in company with a geological friend in 1831–32. Thousands of my countrymen now follow my advice and my footsteps yearly.

On another occasion, while travelling through Bohemia, I paid a visit to Konigswart, the family seat of Prince Metternich, partly for its owner's sake, partly on account of a Natural History Collection deposited in it, which I found described in one of Goethe's miscellanous works. He became interested in it on account of its founder, one Huss, an intelligent, educated, and upright man, whose fate it was to be "The Headsman of Eger." It was an hereditary office, handed down to him from a long line of ancestors, but it came to pass that Eger was stripped of its criminal jurisdiction, so the headsman's occupation was gone. The Prince hearing of this, not only generously purchased the collection, but in order not to separate the owner from his treasures when transporting it to Konigswart, made him its custodian with a pension for life. I was shown round the Museum by Mr. Huss himself, a mild-looking old gentleman, and found that besides specimens illustrating the geology and natural history of Bohemia, it contained many historic relics of the Metternich family of great interest, among them a series of wine-glasses rising from two to four feet each, blown on the elevation in rank of a member of the family, that his health might be drunk out of it. Here were flails and scythes, the rude weapons of the Bohemian peasants used in the Hussite War; the rings of John Sobieski and Matt Corvinus, and Napoleon's washhand-basin brought from Elba. All these were pointed out to me by my guide; but I observed that he passed over a glass-case which attracted my attention, as containing three swords. I called him back, and was then informed that the central one was the dress-sword of Louis XVI., and the two broad blades which flanked it were the Eger executioner's official swords: one was made at Sohlingen and the other at Ratisbon, and they looked very sharp. Perceiving that I had not come to scoff at him and his profession, he became communicative, and reminded me that to die by the sword was a privilege of the noble Roman denied to the common herd of criminals.

The first of my Handbooks to the Continent, published 1836, included Holland, Belgium, and North Germany, and was

followed at short intervals by South Germany, Switzerland—in which I was assisted by my good friend and fellow-traveller William Brockedon, the artist—and France. These were all written by me; but, as the series proceeded, I was fortunate enough to secure such able colleagues as Richard Ford for Spain, Sir Gardner Wilkinson for Egypt, Sir Francis Palgrave for North Italy, Dr. Porter for Palestine, Sir George Bowen for Greece, Sir Lambert Playfair for Algiers and the Mediterranean, Mr. George Dennis for Sicily, &c. In 1839 appeared the first of Baedeker's long series of Guides, that for Holland and Belgium, written in German. The Preface contained an acknowledgment of the compiler's obligation to "the most distinguished (*ausgezeichnetste*) Guide-book ever published, 'Murray's Handbook for Travellers,' which has served as the foundation of Baedeker's little book."* He began his Guide to Germany, published 1842, by again referring to Murray's Red Book as having "given him the idea of his own, though as his work progressed, he found he could retain only the frame of his original." No doubt, with my book ready made to hand, he was enabled to use the plan and arrangement, to correct, enlarge, and fill in with such information as he thought useful to Germans, as for instance by sedulously pointing out where the best *Bierstuben* were to be found. The acknowledgment

* I give a few extracts taken from one or two of Baedeker's Guides :—

"Aus Grundlage hat diesem Werkchen das ausgezeichnetste Reisehandbuch, welches je erschienen ist gedient 'Murray's Handbook for Travellers on the Continent.'"—Baedeker's 'Handbuchlein : Holland,' 1839.

"Die Brauchbarkeit der von dem Buchhändler *Murray* zu London herausgegebenen Reisehandbücher ist eine von den Engländern, dem unter allen vorzugsweise Reisenden Volke, so anerkannte Thatsache, dass man kaum einen derselben ohne das sogenannte 'rothe Buch' umherwandern sieht. Sie führte den Herausgeber des vorliegenden Handbuchs früher Schon auf die Idee, zwei in Deutschland, trotz der Nachbarschaft, wenig gekannte Länder nach jenen Murray'schen Handbüchern für Reisende zu beschreiben und nach ähnlichem Plane eine bekannte Rheinreise zu bearbeiten."—Baedeker's 'Handbuch für Reisende durch Deutschland,' 1842.

My copy of this work contains the following inscription in Herr Baedeker's own writing :—

"An Herrn Murray richtet dieses Buch in dankbarer Anerkennung der grosse Hülfe welche bei Abfassung desselben die vortrefflichen Reisebüchern 'Northern and Southern Germany' gewährt haben mit der bitte um ferneres Wohlewollen der Herausgeber,

"K. BÄDEKER."

"*Coblenz*, Aug. 1841."

"Das vorliegende Buchlein erschien, auf das berühmte Murray'sche 'Handbook for Travellers on the Continent' gegründet zum erstenmale vor zehn Jahren."—Baedeker's 'Holland,' 1851.

"Die Grundlage bildet auch hier Murray's berühmtes Reisehandbuch."—Baedeker's 'Die Schweiz,' 1851.

of obligation amounts to this: "in my first edition I copied, extracted, and even translated freely from Murray's books. As I proceeded I found I was able to do without them." Still fragments of translated passages long survived, and may be even now detected by such a blunder as the following. In one of the southern Swiss valleys Murray says "the slate rocks here are full of red *garnets*," rendered by B. "are overgrown with red pomegranates," a mistake which runs through many editions, but which I find corrected in that of 1873. Nineteen travellers out of twenty would have passed the garnets unnoticed; the accident of my having devoted some time to the study of geology caused me to notice the garnets, a not unusual occurrence in slate rocks. Throughout the Handbooks may be traced other results of my private reading, which stamp a special character on these books. My tastes, studies and predilections mark the originality of my writing, and it is impossible but that any one following and picking up my threads one after another should not betray himself as a copyist.

Messrs. Baedeker have long ago proved how easy it is with a book ready printed and published to produce another book on the same subject and identical in plan—availing themselves of its information, sending them out in *the same Red Cover*, yet not infringing the laws of copyright. I do not complain of them—they were *legally* entitled to do what they have done; but after they have dogged my footsteps from one country to another—through Holland, Belgium, Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy (North and South), Greece, Syria, Egypt, England and Scotland—I was surprised to find one of their compilers sinking my name and existence altogether, and claiming for them the merit of originating this class of Handbooks.*

I will, therefore, in winding up my statement, content myself with this remark, that although Messrs. Baedeker have brought out some eighteen different Guide-books, every one of them has been preceded and anticipated by a Murray's Handbook for that particular country.

JOHN MURRAY.

* The late Dr. Porter complained to me seriously of the use made of his 'Syrian Handbook' by the German Baedeker, without any acknowledgment.

A Sigh for Summer.

RETURN, rich Summer, bring thy balmy heat,
Thy long, long, lustrous days, so loth to close,
Thy mornings, which so musically rose
On sun-flushed woodland, hill, or sleeping street,
Tower-shadowed, where swift swallow-pinions meet
The dawn-glow; bring the noontide's charmed repose,
When grass-meads dimple not and warm woods doze,
Gold eves, pale nights with hushed sea-murmurs sweet:
Return, with sunlit mirth and holiday,
Long dreams by soft-toned waves and breakers hoar,
With brown-armed maids and mowers tossing hay;
Lone rambles over heather-purpled moor,
With reaper's sultry toil and cricketers' play,
Earth's rose-sprent robe and ocean's star-paved floor!

MAXWELL GRAY.

Corporal Giacomo.

BY THE LATE MAJOR DE COSSON.

CHAPTER I.

PERHAPS there is no more romantic spot in the lovely island of Sicily than the picturesque little town of Taormina; perched, like a sea-gull's nest, high on a precipitous cliff, overlooking a dark-blue bay, behind which the grand outline of Mount Etna may be seen, rearing his snow-capped head through the clouds; and, if the giant be in good humour, slowly puffing out a column of silver vapour, as a placid Dutchman curls the smoke from his lips.

When, however, the volcano is angry, a red light glows at night, quivering in the sky above, and the ominous rumbling of the earth beneath their feet warns the townspeople of an ever-present danger. But so fertile are the burning slopes of the mountain, that nothing can scare the farmer away from fields which produce with little labour a rich harvest of oranges, olives, citron, mulberries, corn, grapes, almonds, and a hundred other fruits, all growing with a wild luxuriance that from time immemorial has tempted the invader to lay a covetous hand on this favoured island, and to drench its smiling vineyards with blood.

To the traveller, the marble fragments of the beautiful Grecian theatre overlooking the bay, built by a colony from Chalcis; the rugged remains of the Moorish castle of Saracenic times, and the frowning Norman towers bearing witness to the power and pride of a William Bras de Fer, a Guiscard, or a Barbarossa, all tell of different races that in turn have swayed the destinies of

NOTE.—It was in the year 1872 that the Author heard the principal incidents of this story on his way to Egypt; as the vessel steamed out of the bay of Messina, the last sound that reached his ears was the report of the gun which announced the execution of the brothers Strongoli.

the land round Taormina; and in its inhabitants, especially among the fairer portion of them, traces still remain of the different nations from which they have sprung.

Thus the purely classical features of the Greek may be found in combination with the flashing black eye and dark complexion of the Moor, while a certain mobility and grace of bearing seems to recall memories of that proud Norman race whose mail-clad warriors for a time planted themselves firmly on this sunny shore.

In particular might these characteristics be traced in the person of Filomena, the daughter of an honest farmer who tilled his lands not far from the town of Taormina.

Though only sixteen years of age, the genial influence of a southern sun had ripened her beauty almost to the perfection of womanhood; and, when on Sundays and Festas she appeared with the brightest of blue shawls draped gracefully over her head, and the whitest of high-heeled satin shoes on her shapely, if somewhat large feet, dancing the national dance under the shadow of the great chestnut-trees in the piazzetta, after the manner of her country, to the merry sound of tambourines and castagnettes, she was universally admitted to be the belle of the district. And, as Festas in Sicily are almost as numerous as brigands, it is little wonder that Corporal Giacomo Colvello, of the King's Carabineers, fell madly in love with this young girl, whom he so frequently saw flitting gaily, like some bright exotic butterfly, among the wealth of scented flowers that bloom untended on the slopes of Father Etna.

Though Corporal Giacomo had little fortune save his sword, and the medals that glittered on his breast, still he was a suitor of whom the daughter of a peasant farmer—even though a beauty—had no cause to be ashamed; for he was a brave soldier, and, moreover, belonged to a corps the members of which are all picked men, and often have to exercise independent authority of much responsibility in the difficult duty of protecting the highways and byways of a country like Italy. Besides which they are generally fine tall fellows, and wear a particularly becoming uniform.

Corporal Giacomo was a modest man, but it must not be supposed that he was entirely unconscious of these personal advantages, when, on Sunday afternoons, with head erect and in the full splendour of cocked hat and plume, aiguillettes, and clanking sabre, he paced up and down the piazzetta, casting every

now and then looks of truly military disdain on the idle groups of young civilians, in dark-brown corduroy coats and slouch hats, who were generally to be seen lounging round the door of the dark little den which dignified itself by the name of *Caffè*.

But Filomena was barely sixteen, and what girl of that age thinks seriously of marriage? So she only laughed at the attentions of the gallant Corporal, and mimicked his Piedmontese accent—her own dialect was not a whit less strange—until the brave soldier, who had served all through the Franco-Italian war against Austria, vowed in confidence to Maestro Simone Pappalardo, the barber, who shaved him every morning, that he would rather charge a battery of guns than venture to ask the wayward child to be his wife.

Maestro Pappalardo was a sympathetic soul, as became a man whose Christian name was Simon, and being, after the ancient custom of his guild, a phlebotomist as well as a barber; he pointed to a bottle of leeches suspended over his door, as an appropriate emblem of attachment, and said encouragingly,

"Stick to your suit, Signor Caporale, stick to it like a leech. Does not the great Hippocrates, of whose art I am a humble, though I trust not unworthy professor, say that while there is life there is hope? Has not Galen averred that woman is a creature of so complex and sensitive a nature, that her feelings vary with the changing of the seasons, and the motions of the planets? "Whisper your passion at the vernal equinox, serenade your love at the conjunction of Venus and the moon, press her to marry you when Mars is at the meridian; but *never* despair. A woman who is like adamant to-day may be like honey to-morrow; who knows? *Corpo di Bacco!*"

"Ah! that is how you all talk here in the South," said the honest Corporal, pulling his long moustachios thoughtfully. "But I come from the foot of the Alps, where our love is as deep and eternal as the snow on their summit. We have no volcanoes among us which flare up in a tremendous eruption and then go out again, *our* mountains, like our hearts, never change; and if I thought Filomena could give her love lightly, I would leave this place for ever, and—— But no, I do her wrong even to suspect it. If she does not care for me it is because I am so little worthy of her; and if she laughs at my honest passion, it is because she is yet too childlike and innocent to know how serious a thing is love."

After delivering himself of which peroration, the Corporal critically surveyed the smoothness of his chin in the glass, and strolled sadly away.

CHAPTER II.

It happened that old Tommaso Ramaglia, Filomena's father, had bred on his farm a mule colt of such perfect proportions that Padrè Antonello, the parish priest, declared she was a fit mount for the Cardinal Archbishop himself, and all the neighbours agreed that it would be a sin to yoke her to the one-horned cow, which, together with a donkey of unknown age, usually formed the lopsided team that worked Tommaso's plough. So it was decided in a solemn family conclave that the Ramaglias, father, son, and daughter, should all make an expedition to the fair at Rendazzo to dispose of the mule; and in order that they might be there early, they arranged to sleep in the house of a friend at Motta Camastra, some ten miles on the way.

It still wanted two days to the fair, when Corporal Giacomo strolled out of the barber's shop in the manner related in the last chapter, and as he traversed the grass-grown path that leads to the Grecian theatre, he felt in a vague sort of way that his gloomy thoughts were but little in harmony with the extreme loveliness of the scene that surrounded him.

Far below the glistening waters of the gulf stretched in a broad expanse of green, purple, and azure, dotted here and there with the white sails of the great merchant-vessels speeding on their way to Naples or the Levant, while behind rose the delicate ruins of the Grecian theatre, shining with ivory whiteness against the deep blue of the autumn sky; many fair sister-columns lay fallen among the brightly coloured wild flowers and trailing weeds that clung to them lovingly, tenderly covering the havoc that time and tempest had wrought on their graceful proportion; the air was laden with the scent of orange-flowers, and the steep banks of the ravine, facing which the theatre stands, were clothed with a tangled mass of tropical plants, stunted palms, aloes and prickly pears, among which a few white goats were browsing, tranquilly balancing themselves with wanton hardihood on the most perilous ledges of rocks; in the distance Etna towered in majestic lines towards the heavens, a thin coronet of vapour hanging motionless over the old volcano's snow-capped head, while broad farmlands, golden with corn, or rich with the varied foliage of the vine, the orange, olive, mulberry, sumach

and pistachio, sloped gently towards the shore, where Capo St. Andrea hung over the many tongued waters murmuring round its base, looking hazy and fairylike in the quivering atmosphere. But the object which lent the greatest beauty to the scene in Giacomo's eyes was the slender figure of a young girl, sitting on a low wall and singing softly to herself as she spun flax from an old-fashioned distaff.

When the Corporal's shadow fell across her, she looked up with a smile, but instantly lowered her long lashes again, while a faint blush mantled in the clear olive of her cheeks like the first rosy gleam of dawn on a summer morning.

These signs appeared to the honest Corporal not altogether unpropitious; and being, soldier-like, prompt to take up a position of strategical advantage, he seated himself by her side. He was not, however, quite prepared for the enfilading side-glance she shot at him from her enormous black eyes, or the almost imperceptible movement by which she shifted her position the least thing in the world further away; and these counter-tactics having, as it were, completely routed and vanquished him, he sat for some time in stupid silence, tapping his boot mechanically with the scabbard of his sabre.

"Well, what have you got to tell me, Signor Giacomo?" she said at last, breaking in on his reverie.

Had Giacomo been a Southern Italian, he would have seized this opportunity to swear that he was thinking of her and her alone, of her beauty, her virtues, her cruelty, &c., and in a voluble flow of words that would have been as impetuous as a lava stream from Mount Etna, and perhaps as unfruitful; but, being a Piedmontese, Giacomo's tongue did not run in advance of his thoughts, and he answered, slowly—

"I don't think I have anything to tell you, Filomena; that is, anything which you do not know already. I was only wondering what you were thinking about when I found you here; you seemed very happy, for you were singing, you know."

"Oh, I!" said the maiden, glancing at him shyly, "I was dreaming. I was wondering what sort of beings live in those wonderful palaces and gardens that my brother Silvestro tells me he once saw rising out of the sea at the first gleam of sunrise when he was fishing for *pesce spada* off the shore of Messina. They call them the Fata Morgana, and say that these cities and palaces and gardens are all at the bottom of the sea, and were built—oh! *ever* so many hundreds years ago—before even this

old theatre, when there was no water in the straits, and it was all dry land right across to Calabria!"

And here she stretched out her arms with a pretty gesture, and turned her dark eyes, now open to their full extent and sparkling with the interest of her theme, full on the unfortunate Corporal, whose heart gave a great leap beneath his padded jacket, as if it would jump into his mouth.

"Even Padre Antonello cannot tell us when *that* was, it was so very long ago," she continued; "but old Vittoria Graziosi, who has lived on the sea-coast for more than ninety years, says that every now and again these cities, which were sunk for their wickedness, are allowed to come to the surface, and that the fishermen have seen the people moving about in them just as they used to do; and Silvestro declares that he beheld quite clearly the herdsmen driving flocks of cattle in the most beautiful pastures you ever saw, and beyond rose a great city full of palaces, with domes of silver and walls of gold, and long arcades and balconies, and fountains, and gardens full of myrtle, and grottoes of coral, among which beautiful beings were moving to and fro; but as he gazed, they all melted into air, and nothing remained but the smooth expanse of sea and the purple line of the Calabrian shore, dotted with the white houses of the towns, and the dark shadows of the olive woods."

"I should like to have seen it too," said Giacomo.

"Yes," she replied; "and father says our life when we are young is like the Fata Morgana; we see all sorts of beautiful things before us, which, as we grow older, fade away and turn into dull realities. I wonder if my life will be like that? I can hardly think so; at least, this beautiful view is not the creation of a magician that will disappear; long after we are both dead it will remain to gladden the eyes of those who sit on this spot."

"And you, Filomena, are yourself, and that is enough for me to know," said Giacomo, taking her hand and bending his eyes earnestly upon her, for she had never spoken to him before with such feeling, and he felt that now or never was the time to make an appeal to her heart; but just then a noisy party of tourists entered the theatre, and the Corporal's eloquence was checked in his throat.

"I have to go away for a few days," he said, presently, "to enquire into some robberies that have been committed in the neighbourhood of Rendazzo."

"Then perhaps we shall see you at the fair," she replied.

"Father and Silvestro and I are going there the day after to-morrow. Oh! it will be such fun; there will of course be a dance, and we have lots of friends there, so I expect I shall have no end of partners. You may ask me to dance, you know, if it will not be incompatible with the dignity of your uniform."

"I don't think I shall be at the fair," said the Corporal with a sigh, for her words somehow jarred on his feelings; "my duty will take me up the mountain; however, I must go now. Good-bye till I see you again."

"Good-bye!" she said simply, but the smile had faded from her eyes, and Giacomo's heart smote him for his brusqueness.

"I am glad you told me what you were thinking of," he added gently, holding her hand for an instant. "I have often wondered what your thoughts were like when you were alone, and now I shall dwell on these same fancies you told me of in the long night patrols, and try to think as you do. Good-bye!" and he walked rapidly away.

CHAPTER III.

The fair at Rendazzo was a very gay scene; the space in which it was held was crowded with gaudily-painted mule-carts, many of them bright scarlet, their panels decorated with gilding, bits of looking-glass, and even small pictures representing incidents in the life of the patron saint of the owner, executed by some native artist who appeared to have an unwholesome taste for the horrible, as he generally chose frightful scenes of martyrdom for his subject. Under the chestnut-trees hard by lively groups of handsome, black-eyed, brown-haired girls, with bright-coloured shawls thrown coquettishly over their heads, were chatting gaily, eagerly awaiting the moment when business should give way to pleasure, and the young farmers of the neighbourhood, having disposed of their goods, would come to claim them for the dance, to the inspiriting strains of tambourines, castagnettes, and old Giovanni the blind fiddler's violin. Their mothers meanwhile were busily occupied selling or cheapening, in voluble accents and with many gesticulations, eggs, poultry, and other produce in which they had especial interest, taking care to mix a good deal of gossip with their business transactions; while here and there low-browed, black-whiskered, ruffianly-looking men, with heavy aquiline noses and sloping foreheads, silk sashes round their waists and loose coats thrown carelessly over

their shoulders, might be seen swaggering round the wine shops; whom the solitary traveller would have hardly cared to meet on a lonely road at dusk.

Tommaso Ramaglia was fortunate in the disposal of his mule, for the beautiful animal attracted the attention of the largest land-owner in the neighbourhood, who bought it for no less a sum than twenty-five napoleons in gold; but, while the bargain was being completed and the glittering money counted into the willing palm of the old farmer, Filomena felt her attention irresistibly attracted by the piercing glance of a dark, sinister-visaged young man, clad entirely in black corduroy, who was regarding the transaction with marked attention. "Father," she whispered, clutching his arm, "do you see that man? I am sure he has the evil eye," and instinctively she felt round her neck for a little charm of red coral that Giacomo had brought her from Naples, but which in a moment of maiden wilfulness she had left at home, thinking to tease him by not wearing it.

"Nonsense, child," answered her father reassuringly, for his heart was gladdened by the gold he had received; yet he did not fail to cross himself, being, like most of his class, a firm believer in the baleful influence of the evil eye, and having, moreover, recognized in the youth whose gaze troubled his daughter, one Fillipo Strongoli, whom the gossips credited with belonging to a dreaded secret fraternity, called the *Mafia*.

The object of Filomena's uncomplimentary remark, however, now strolled unconcernedly away, and the young girl uttered a low sigh of relief as his glance was withdrawn, though she still trembled slightly.

"Come, *figliuola mia*," said the old man kindly, "they are going to begin the dance; our business is over for the day, let us think of pleasure."

"Oh! father, don't leave me!" she said, clinging to him, "I am sure some misfortune will happen."

"Tut, tut, my little Filomena, what ails you?" he replied, "I am only going to take a glass of *vino bianco* with a friend or two; but that your mind may be quite at rest, I will give you the price of the mule to take care of for me; you will then know that it can't be spirited out of my pockets at *moro*"—a gambling game which has irresistible charms for a Sicilian when he has money in his pocket, or even a good shirt on his back. "Here, Silvestro, look after your sister till I return."

Not long afterwards Filomena was gracefully bounding through

the figures of the Tarantella, to the delight of all beholders, and in the excitement of this fascinating dance she soon forgot all about her previous fright. Perhaps she was just a little disappointed at not seeing Giacomo, for, in spite of his disclaimer, she rather expected that he would have managed to put in an appearance, and had been secretly counting on the further havoc her new scarlet petticoat, blue shawl, and dainty satin shoes, would work on that susceptible trooper's heart; being, like most young creatures, endowed with a certain amount of cruelty born of mere light-hearted thoughtlessness and love of admiration.

But the Corporal remained on the mountain with his men, and so escaped the trials she had in store for him, while the wayward village beauty found no lack of partners, in his absence, to engage her attention.

CHAPTER IV.

The purple shadows of the short southern twilight were creeping up the mountain-side when old Tommaso tore himself away from his gossiping friends, and summoned his children to leave the dance; but the evening was bright and balmy, and the young people trudged gaily along a cross-road that led by a short cut to Motta Camastra, chatting over the incidents of the day, and often waking the echoes of the quiet night with their laughter. Some heavy thunderclouds were piling themselves in the eastern sky, ominous of one of those sudden storms which sometimes break over the slopes of Mount Etna with almost tropical violence, but these they heeded little, nor did they remark how grave their father had become, until he abruptly joined in their conversation.

"*Gioia mia*," he said kindly, turning to his daughter, "hast thou never thought of marrying? It will be a sad day for me when I lose my little Filomena; but I am an old man now, and perhaps not long for this world, God alone knows! and I should not wish my *cara bambina* to be left alone when I am gone."

"O father, dear, do not talk like that!" interrupted the girl; "you know I want *never* to leave you; I am sure I am quite happy as I am, and as for being alone, have I not you and Silvestro to take care of me?" and she looked at her brother, whose dark face flushed with pride as he thought how well he would love and guard his pretty sister.

It was a manly and unselfish thought, and it was his last, for at that instant a gun was fired from behind a rock at the side of

the road, and the poor fellow fell on his face, shot through the heart. His father had scarcely time to realize what had happened, when two men, springing out into the moonlight, struck him on the breast with their stilettoes, and he too fell to the ground mortally wounded, crying with his last breath to Filomena to escape; but she, poor child, stood rooted to the spot, gazing like one turned to stone on the ghastly tragedy which in one short minute had left her brotherless, and an orphan.

While she did so, one of the murderers bent forward to rifle his victim, and, the light falling full on his features, she recognized the man by whose evil glance she had been so strangely troubled at the fair.

Then an agony of terror seized her, and, with a low, wailing cry, she fled from the place, tearing blindly across fields and fences, regardless of torn dress and bleeding feet, leaping the stone walls and ditches like a hunted fawn, without once looking behind, till at last, panting, sobbing, and utterly exhausted, she sank down in a lonely vineyard and lost consciousness.

When she came to herself again, large raindrops were splashing heavily on her upturned face, the thunder was rolling and echoing among the rocks and caverns of the mountain, and the moon had gone down, leaving a pall of inky darkness around her, save when the vivid flashes of lightning every now and then lit up the wild scene with lurid brilliancy; throwing for an instant into bold relief the rugged outlines of a ruined Norman castle, perched on a precipitous crag above, and gleaming fitfully on the foaming waters of a swollen torrent which she could hear sullenly roaring through the dark abyss below.

Slowly straightening her stiffened limbs, the young girl rose and peered anxiously about her, at a loss where to seek help in her forlorn and desolate condition, for in the mad terror of her flight she had taken no heed of the direction in which she had escaped. By groping about with her hands, she discovered indeed that she was now in a vineyard, but it appeared to be only a narrow patch of cultivated land perched high on a mountain spur, and she could see no sign of a habitation; at last, however, as her eyes became more accustomed to the intense darkness that followed the electric flashes, she thought she perceived at some distance a faint thread of light, which, as she stumbled towards it, proved to come from beneath the door of a low, square, stone-built cottage, little larger than an English

cowshed. This gave her fresh hope, and summoning all her strength, she gave a feeble knock.

"*Oui è?*" responded a shrill female voice from within.

"A poor miserable girl who has lost her way."

"Then you must find it again, we want no beggars here," replied the voice harshly, and Filomena heard the bolt shot in the door.

"Oh, for pity's sake don't shut me out," she cried imploringly, "or I shall die! Only let me sit by your fire till daylight, and I will go away; the saints will reward you for your kindness."

"*Basta, andatevi*—enough, go!" said the voice sharply.

"But I am no beggar, I have money, I can pay you well," pleaded the girl, who now heard the bolt slowly drawn, while an old woman, opening the door a few inches, peered out into the darkness.

"Are you alone?" she enquired suspiciously.

"Alas! yes," said poor Filomena, her eyes filling with tears, as she stepped into the ruddy gleam of light, which sparkled brightly on her gold crucifix and earrings.

The woman drew her in and secured the door again, saying kindly, "Sit down, my child, and warm yourself. A poor old cripple like me has to be careful how she admits strangers in such a lonely place, there are so many bad people about. But how wet you are, child!"—and she ran her hands not ungently through the girl's dripping hair, which hung in rich tangled masses over her shoulders, reaching to her knees. "What can have brought you out on the mountain at this time of night?" she continued, seeing how her guest shivered; "but wait till I rake the fire together, and then you shall tell me all about it."

It was not long before Filomena, with many sighs and tears, had related her sad story, to which the old woman listened with great attention, soothing and petting her the while with a kindness that soon effaced from the young girl's mind the memory of her previous harsh manner.

"And so," she said, when the tale was finished, "you lost all the money?"

"No," replied Filomena, "I never thought of that before. I have it still, father gave it me to keep. O that they had taken it all, and spared my poor father and brother!"

"What!" exclaimed her hostess, with unwonted energy, "you have the money? *You*, wandering all alone on a night like this? Give it to me, my dear—I am sure you must hate the sight of it—and I will keep it safe for you till the morning. Ave

Maria! only to think of a child like you carrying such a lot of money! Why your life would not be safe if the people about here knew of it! How fortunate that you came to this house and met no one! Nobody saw you come here, my child, did they?"

"Nobody," said Filomena, handing her the bag of gold. "I do not even know if the men followed me, for I was so frightened that I never looked back."

"Well, well, *poverina*, you must be tired to death. I will take care of your money, and you shall have my own little bed in the loft above, where no one will disturb you, and you will be quite secure." Saying which, the old dame led the way up a rickety stair at one corner of the room into a long low chamber lighted by a small oval loophole pierced in the thick stone wall, and pointing to a truckle-bed which, together with a couple of worm-eaten chairs and a curiously carved chest, formed its sole furniture, bid her "Buona notte, e felice riposo."

CHAPTER V.

When she found herself alone, Filomena sank on her knees and prayed fervently; then she threw herself on the bed, dressed as she was, and, murmuring that she could not sleep, fell into one of the heavy slumbers which beneficent Nature so often sends to repair the damage wrought by over-physical exertion. Her brain, however, remained painfully active, and she was visited by the most horrible nightmares, in which she seemed ever vainly striving to escape some shadowy danger, which, as soon as she eluded it in one shape, changed its form and menaced her in another still more terrible.

How long she remained in this phantom-haunted condition she never knew, but at last she distinctly heard her dead father's voice saying in her ear: "AWAKE, CHILD, AWAKE!" and the strain on her nerves became so great that she awoke suddenly, with her heart beating violently, and the cold dew of terror on her forehead. As she sat up in bed trying to collect her scattered senses, she was startled by a sharp rap at the door of the cottage; this roused her thoroughly, and she listened intently. Apparently her hostess had also been asleep, for the knock was repeated impatiently, and she could hear the old woman yawning and muttering to herself as she shuffled across the room and unfastened the bolt, then she clearly distinguished the heavy footsteps of two men entering the room below.

"What! sleeping, mother?" said a gruff voice, the hoarse tone of which had not been improved by the night air.

"You are late, my boys," responded the old crone; "what luck have you had?"

"Bad enough, mother, bad enough," replied the man with an oath. "We did for old Tommaso Ramaglia and his son, thinking to get the price of a mule they had sold; and after all our pains, it turned out that they had not the money with them."

It would be impossible to describe the wretched girl's feelings at this announcement.

"Ha! ha! my poor boys, so you got nothing," chuckled the mother. "But was it really necessary to use the knife?"

"Why, Silvestro was an active fellow," answered the man sulkily; "he was the most daring hand at harpooning the sword-fish last season, and had not Pietro here put a bullet into him first, he might have given us trouble. I have heard too that old Tommaso knew how to handle a stiletto when he was young. They say that before he was married he fought with Carlo Lopiccoli, tied knee to knee, and gave him that ugly gash on his cheek which he had for twenty years. But I don't see why you should laugh," he added roughly; "we shall have the Carabineers prying about and asking questions, and nothing gained after all."

"Never mind, better luck next time," said the woman; then she enquired anxiously—"I hope you were careful that no one saw you?"

"Yes, that is what has kept us so late. We thought it best to return to the fair, so as to make people believe we were there all the time. But I am wet to the skin; where is the wine?"

"Ah! the wine, always the wine; you are just like your father," grumbled the old woman. And then Filomena heard the chink of glasses.

Presently the conversation was continued—

"What would you say to your old mother when she tells you that she has got the money which you have been seeking, here safe in her pocket?"

"You?"

"Yes. Did it never strike you that the girl had it?"

"The girl who ran away? We thought of stopping her and serving her like the others; but women have such a knack of screaming that we feared she might be heard, and so we let her go."

"Well, she had it, and here it is."

"Bravo! mother, you are worth two of us; but where is she?"

"Hush! not so loud. Asleep in the loft upstairs."

A footstep approached Filomena's room, and the poor girl, crouching with her ear against the door, felt her heart beat so violently that she thought it must be audible through the thick oak panel.

Presently a hand was placed on the lock, and she was about to cry out, when the bolt was gently shot on the outside, and the footsteps retreated.

There was a pause.

At last the man's voice said, "What are you going to do with her? You will have to give her back the money in the morning or she will send the police here."

"She must die," replied the woman.

There was another pause, for, hardened as they were, the ruffians felt for a moment staggered at her cold-blooded suggestion.

Again the woman spoke.

"I tell you she must die, or we are ruined!" she said vehemently. "Her description of you was most accurate. Why should you hesitate? She is sound asleep by this time; it will soon be over."

"Well, but if so, what are we to do with the body?" enquired the man. "They say that if a corpse has not Christian burial it will never stay underground, and we cannot take her far from the cottage, for the Carabineers will soon be about."

"Bah! you are unimaginative to-night," replied the crone, with a horrible laugh. "Is there not the big oven? I have seen it red-hot before this. Put her into it—a few black ashes will tell no tales. Now get the fire ready; and mind that your knife is sharp, and that you make no noise when you go upstairs."

"God help me!" murmured the girl, kneeling behind the door. Then the instinct of self-preservation, ever strong in the human breast, came to her aid, and she looked round the room in search of a means of escape.

The only outlet besides the door was the unglazed loophole before mentioned; but this was so small that it seemed impossible she could force herself through it.

Then she thought of dragging the great chest behind the door and barricading herself in; but that would make a noise, and would probably bring her father's murderers rushing upstairs before she had effected her object, or, even if she did succeed,

what chance had she, in that lonely cottage, of obtaining help before they could break their way in? So she returned to the loophole, and gazed wistfully at the stars, which, now the sky had cleared, looked down pityingly into her dark prison from the free and boundless heaven above.

At this moment she heard the men chopping up logs of wood below, and a still more dreadful sound, as if a knife was being ground against a stone.

In sheer desperation the poor girl tried to wedge her head and shoulders into the narrow opening, and with great difficulty got the upper part of her body partly through; but she found it was too small to admit her hips, and presently she sank down again, exhausted with her fruitless struggles, which were none the less severe that they had to be conducted in complete silence.

She now heard the crackling of the newly-lighted fire, and a fragrant smell of wood-smoke stole through the chinks of the door. It was to be her funeral pyre! How long would it be before the murderer would stealthily creep upstairs, knife in hand, to despatch his victim?

At this thought a sudden inspiration struck her. Perhaps if she took off some of her clothes she would be able to squeeze through the window. It was her last hope, and in a few minutes she had noiselessly divested herself of the gold-laced satin bodice and smart crimson petticoat, in which she had taken so much pride at the fair.

For a moment she stood in the pale starlight, draped only in her long white smock, looking so fragile and shadowy, that she might well have passed for some fair spirit of the night, about to take flight from that gloomy house. Then, narrowing her graceful shoulders as much as she could, she resolutely forced herself into the tiny aperture.

This time she got her head and arms fairly through, and found herself looking down on a little garden at the back of the cottage. The loophole from which she hung was quite twelve feet from the ground, but she cared little for the danger of the fall, and was making a final effort to extricate herself, when she discovered with horror that her limbs had become firmly jammed in the thick masonry of the wall, and that she could neither move forwards nor backwards. The full terror of the position now burst upon her mind, and for nearly ten minutes she remained utterly paralysed by despair. All her past life rose

before her in the short space of time; incidents of her earliest childhood that had long been forgotten; petulant words that she had wished unspoken; and then her thoughts turned to her lover, Giacomo, and the way she had teased him. Oh, if she only had the help of his strong arm now! But she would never see him again to tell him how sorry she was to have given him pain, and her tears fell fast.

The sound of voices presently reached her from a new direction. There was evidently a window some feet below the loophole a little to the right, and through it came the old woman's harsh tones, clearly audible in the still night air.

"The oven is getting hot, my son; had you not better do your work quickly?"

What the answer was she did not hear, for, maddened by the extremity of her peril, she made another frantic effort to release herself. Her bones seemed to crack as she forced her body forwards by pressing her elbows against the rough stone, and the next moment, bruised and bleeding, she fell heavily on the soft mould below.

"Hist! what is that?" said the woman's voice, and the door of the cottage opened, while the girl, with a face as white as her smock, shrank close against the wall.

"I can see nothing," replied one of the men, closing the door again. "It must have been the goats knocking their horns against the vine-staves."

Then Filomena fled into the night.

Chapter VI.

The howling of the wind and the distant murmur of the troubled waters in the gulf almost drowned the steady tramp, tramp, of Corporal Giacomo and his men, as they splashed their way homewards along the sodden country road, after a fatiguing day on the mountain. They kept their heads bent down, the better to encounter the fierce blast blowing in their teeth, and it was not without some feelings of superstitious awe that their leader, on chancing to look up, beheld the figure of a girl in white, with bare arms and long streaming hair, suddenly emerge from the dark shadow of a rock and flit noiselessly across the path before him.

However, it is the duty of a soldier to challenge even a ghost,

and the Corporal's "Halt! who goes there?" rang out prompt and clear.

The mysterious figure paused, gazed at him for a moment with wild eyes, and tottered as if about to fall—when, uttering an exclamation of surprise, Giacomo sprang forward and Filomena lay panting in his arms.

If the gallant Corporal, in that trying situation, forgot all his previous diffidence and called her his sweet dove, his own darling angel, and a hundred other endearing epithets, the eloquence of which would have satisfied even Maestro Simone Papillardo, all I can say is that he seemed to have hit on a very effective means of soothing her terror. For, as she lay secure in that firm embrace, and drank in gratefully the first words of love and tenderness that had been addressed to her since her sore trial, she looked shyly, but with a growing confidence, up into the honest eyes that beamed so fondly down on her, and I verily believe then and there registered a mental vow never again to forsake the protection of Giacomo's strong arms.

Perhaps it was at this moment that all the old wilful petulance passed away from her spirit, leaving her a humbly thankful, loving, and devoted woman.

Indeed, the two were so engrossed with their own thoughts, that it was some time before the Corporal remembered to ask her how she came there; but, when at last she had told her story, his face grew stern as on the day of battle, and it was in a very different tone to that in which he had just been speaking that he ordered his men to turn about and follow him to the cottage.

Poor Filomena! she felt dreadfully frightened at the idea of returning; but when Giacomo pressed her hand reassuringly, and said simply that it was his duty, and she must help to show him the way, she acquiesced meekly, and lay wrapped in his heavy cloak on the rude litter that his men had made of their crossed rifles, gazing every now and then with a strange wondering awe in her great eyes at her lover's stalwart figure striding beside her.

At last the cottage was reached, and Giacomo, leaving Filomena in a sheltered place under charge of his men, knocked at the door.

After some delay, one of the brothers Strongoli enquired gruffly who was there.

"One of the King's Carabineers who wants shelter and a little food," answered the Corporal.

"We are very poor, and have nothing to give you."

"Well, but you can let me warm myself at your fire—*that* will cost you nothing."

"My mother has gone to bed; I tell you you can't come in," replied the voice.

"Nonsense, man, she sleeps upstairs; open the door, I say." And the soldier accompanied his words with a kick that made the panels rattle again.

"*Piano, piano!* it shall be opened in a minute," cried the old woman querulously; "but it is a shame that you should drag honest people out of their beds at this time of night."

"You don't seem any of you to have seen much of your beds," retorted the Corporal, eyeing them sharply as he entered. "However, here are twenty soldi; give me some wine and some bread;" and he seated himself composedly near the oven, regardless of the scowls of the two men, who remained eyeing him sullenly as if undecided what to do.

"Well, wine you can have," grumbled the old woman, pointing to a flask on the table, "but bread we have none;" for she was anxious to propitiate him, and yet to get him out of the house as soon as possible.

"Why, mother, I thought you were baking? see, your oven is nearly red-hot. What, nothing in it!" he exclaimed, opening the iron door with the point of his sabre.

The old woman turned pale, but one of the men quickly replied,

"Oh! our mother always heats the oven over-night; we are letting it cool now for fear of burning the bread."

"Ho! you are afraid of burning the bread, are you?" enquired the Corporal, with a growing sternness in his tones. "Perhaps you will let me see the sort of bread you intended to bake? Ha! no answer! Then *I* will show you," and he tapped the window sharply, at which signal the door was thrown open and Filomena entered, pale as a ghost.

"There, villains! is not that delicate girl the fine dough you were preparing to bake with inhuman cruelty? But I need not ask, your faces convict you without words," he continued, looking with flashing eyes on the guilty trio, who stood cowering before him in speechless terror at the unexpected appearance of their victim, whom they imagined still a prisoner, and the grim array of tall Carabineers filling the doorway, rifle in hand.

My story is ended. Before the sun rose high in the heavens

that day, the Strongoli family were all safely lodged in the gaol of Messina.

Corporal Giacomo soon afterwards obtained his promotion for the part he had taken in their arrest. The old woman was condemned to a long term of imprisonment, and her two sons were executed for the murder of Tommaso and Silvestro Ramaglia.

Pretty Filomena, they say, has never quite recovered the effects of that terrible night, but, if her manner is somewhat more grave than before, she is very happy in the love of a certain tall Sergeant of Carabineers, who has devoted himself to her protection for the future.

The Arts and Crafts.

THE movement which is focussed by the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society in their show at the New Gallery, now in its second year, is only a part of a movement of revival in the arts and crafts of design and decoration which has been gathering weight and impetus for a considerable time past. It has been making itself felt for some years in various ways, and notably by a tendency to cohesion and unity among artists and craftsmen, taking the form of societies and guilds for demonstrations and discussions in our various arts and handicrafts. The effect has been to spread a knowledge of these arts among artists, to bring them into closer communion and unity, and break down the artificial and pedantic distinctions which have heretofore isolated artists and craftsmen in different branches of work. The movement indeed may be traced back by threads of connection with the Præ-Raphaelite movement in painting, and the revival of good traditions of design and workmanship in domestic and ecclesiastical decoration, which has sprung from the vigorous shoot planted by Mr. William Morris and his co-operating associates. This revival may be said to have turned the current of taste, arising as it did from the ruins and degradation of applied design in which the arts were left about the middle of the century, and later, under the influence of Second Empire taste. Nor, as an important factor in our newer Renascence, can we leave out of account the quiet educational value of the marvellous collections at South Kensington Museum, the effects of which can hardly be properly or fully estimated, though they are none the less real.

The immediate origin of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society must be sought, however, in the secret history of the agitation against Royal Academy exclusiveness and narrow-

ness which attracted so much attention in the summer and autumn of 1886. The campaign was opened by a manifesto—a letter written by Mr. George Clausen, and signed by him, Mr. Holman Hunt, and the present writer, which appeared in the *Times* and the principal morning papers of August 7th in that year. It was called forth by the news of the rejection by the Royal Academy of a proposal by its President, Sir Frederick Leighton, to reduce the number of works sent in by members of the Society to its Exhibition, and it was pointed out that in so doing the Academy had once more asserted its position as a private society, and that the Academy really stood on the same footing as regards outside artists as the Royal Institute and the Royal Society of British Artists—the difference being that these bodies are not asked to reform themselves, not being considered national, as the Academy was popularly supposed to be. The letter further declared that the true remedy for an unsatisfactory state of things lay not in trying to force small reforms on the Academy, but in the establishment of a really national Exhibition of the Arts which should be conducted on the broadest and fairest lines, "in which no artists should have rights of place, and all works should be chosen by a jury elected by and from all artists in the kingdom."

This letter attracted a great deal of attention, and the papers were filled with discussions and correspondence on the subject, which grew fast and furious, and nearly every one interested in Academic reform came forward with their recommendations, or defence of the Society—including at least one R.A., Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Harry Quilter, "Outsider" of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Madox Brown, and all sorts and conditions of artists. Quite an Iliad was contributed to the papers on the subject. Nor did the matter end with the smoke of the burning weeds of the dead season and its waste-paper basket. At the back of Mr. Clausen lay in ambush an ardent band of young painters, mostly with strong leanings to modern French tendencies in painting, many of them fresh from a Parisian training imbued with Parisian ideas. These, mostly residing in Chelsea, were sometimes known as "the Chelsea Conspirators." Crowded meetings were held in various studios in that region during the autumn, and resolutions were passed in the spirit of our manifesto, and a letter was agreed to inviting certain artists to join a provisional committee representing Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and the Arts of Design, to act on the basis of and in the spirit of the new

demands, each signatory to send in a list of artists he desired to see on such committee. This letter was signed by 399 artists, and the result of their vote was to elect a provisional committee representing Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and the Arts of Design; twenty names in each section. Notification was then sent to each of these elected artists in each section, and in the case of those declining to serve, their places were to be filled by the names of those next in order of voting.

However, after a succession of meetings it became evident that the majority of the reformers, chiefly painters led by the Anglo-French school (identified with the members of the new English Art Club) were not in favour of attempting to organize a new exhibition on the broader lines of the manifesto, and finally declared on a crucial division for merely petitioning the Academy to adopt the one principle of the artistic suffrage. At this juncture a certain number of us (six) of the Arts of Design section seceded, as we were anxious to move forward and to try and obtain recognition for these arts, on an equality with the pictorial arts and sculpture; and since it seemed, as we were only a section, not possible to attempt to carry out the whole programme of a National Exhibition of Art which should illustrate under one roof the whole range of activity in the arts, we determined to form ourselves into a society with the definite purpose of organizing an exhibition, however small, which should represent the decorative arts—the arts in relation and combination.

Accordingly a meeting was held of the secessionists, at, I think, Mr. Hungerford Pollen's studio in the first instance, whereat a circular was drafted under the heading "The Combined Arts," explaining our principles and objects, the chief of which were: (1) "To take measures for an exhibition in each year of the associated Decorative Arts." (2) "To show as far as possible the artistic and inventive powers of the designers and makers of the various works that may be exhibited, and to illustrate the relation of the arts in application to different materials and uses, which is not attempted in any existing exhibition." (3) That "all works will be exhibited under the name of the designer and responsible executant." The signatories were Henry Longden, J. H. Pollen, Lewis F. Day, Mervyn Macartney, Heywood Sumner, W. A. S. Benson (Sec. *pro tem.*), and myself. Others joined in response to our appeal, and a guarantee fund was raised, among ourselves at

first, but afterwards largely increased by names of friends and supporters outside. A circular was issued explaining our aims; much anxious deliberation and discussion was held as to the most suitable place for our proposed exhibition. In the meantime the New Gallery had established itself, and had had a successful first season, and it was finally decided to open negociations with the directors with a view to acquiring the use of the Gallery for our first exhibition in the autumn of 1888. Preliminaries were eventually arranged, and the Society having added to its members, and christened itself "The Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society," with Mr. Ernest Radford as its secretary, entered into its tenancy of the New Gallery on the 17th of September, 1888. In response to our invitations applications for space had been sent in, and members of the Society had promised large contributions. As a first venture, indeed, it was found necessary to rely largely on such strong supporters as Messrs. William Morris, E. Burne-Jones, William de Morgan, and others. It has been found necessary to attract attention to the works of the comparatively little known or the unknown, by the works of the well known. This necessity will of course have a tendency to lessen as the Society and its exhibition grows older, and it is found that it attracts sufficiently strong support in interesting work from its main body or from the outside. At the same time the Society is growing, and has added considerably to the number of its members since last year (as the list in the present catalogue shows), and now includes, it might be said, most of the best-known decorative artists. It will of course be naturally anxious to enrol all the good designers and craftsmen as they arise. There are, however, no privileges of membership. Executive committees are appointed by the Society to carry out its work, and it is intended by a system of annual retirement of members of the executive to secure a fair representation of the constituents of the Society, and a constant infusion of new blood in its direction. So that there is a reasonable probability of the Society—if it is found desirable to continue its exhibition yearly—continuing to represent the Arts and Crafts of design, with all the new growths and developments that arise in the course of time.

Considerable difficulties were experienced in organizing its first exhibition, apart from the much greater practical difficulties of selection and placing a miscellaneous collection of work as compared with the arrangement of an ordinary picture show.

Employers and manufacturers outside the Society were reluctant to disclose the names of their workmen in some cases. Many of the principal decorative firms did not submit anything for exhibition. Our chief support has not come from the well-known and large firms, and only a few exhibited, such as Mintons, Limited, Messrs. Maw and Company, Limited, and Messrs. Doulton and Company; but rather from individual artists and schools, and co-operative guilds of handicraft, which of late years have grown so numerous throughout the country. One can, of course, understand the commercial reasons for not individualizing the credit of a work; from the point of view of a trading firm it is apparently more immediately advantageous to keep the credit to the firm. At the same time if the production of works of art be our object rather than profit-making and increase of trade merely, we must recognize the necessity of the personal element—of personal responsibility in the designer and craftsman—of individual freedom and individual thought and feeling, as essential conditions in the production of interesting work.

It is one of the aims of our Society to insist upon this.

Another of our objects is to assert the claims of decorative art—to maintain the importance of design, and all the handicrafts dependent upon and connected with design. Now in our century the idea of art has become almost exclusively associated in the popular mind with picture-painting. The arts have been sharply divided and classified as "Fine" and "Decorative Art." Their essential connection and unity has been broken up in these prosperous years of industrial and commercial progress and mechanical and scientific invention, which has brought such enormous accessions of private riches. We have begun to find out that neither the end of life nor of decorative art lies in gilt mouldings, padded arm-chairs, or big looking-glasses; that in the absence of an ideal of life there is no ideal in art, and a superfluity of riches only breeds tasteless luxury and *ennui*, and enervates one part of society while it degrades the other. We desire to restore the arts in their true relation and essential unity; to give Art free scope as the true refiner and civilizer among all. We desire to insist on the value of a practice in some handicraft, not only for the sake of its wholesome counter-action to brain work, and for its useful, practical, and educational side as a training for eye and hand, but also for its moral and social bearing, as creating a bond of

sympathy among different kinds of workers, and enabling us to realize by actual struggle and contact with perhaps stubborn and difficult material, the necessary conditions, as well as the dignity of labour.

We desire to show, too, that good art is not dependent upon costly material, and while it *may* be associated with every degree of splendour and cost, it may, in some of the forms of its highest expression, involve (as to material) no more cost than that of ink and paper, plaster, wood, or copper.

Another point is the importance of beauty as part of the daily surrounding and accessory of our lives, not only for its own pleasure and refining influence, but the importance of its bearing as fostering aptitude for art among the community. I do not mean or expect that every one should be an artist, but every one might know the difference between the false and the true, and recognize a thing of beauty when they saw it, and not hug to themselves the barbarities and misapplications which so often do duty for art.

It is, of course, only by careful cultivation and conscious selection that we can in any degree compensate now for the loss of a just, primitive, and spontaneous feeling for art, which probably can only exist with a comparatively simple mode of life. Modern life, in towns at least, has been growing more and more complex, and, at the same time, more mechanical. We are, consciously or unconsciously, part of a huge system mainly organized for the expedition and increase of business, and every consideration is in danger of being made secondary to convenience and profit-making. There is in spite of it, however, a very perceptible and growing feeling that, after all, it is a somewhat aimless proceeding to consume our life's energies in a struggle for existence, or wealth, which has no ultimate object.

> "The world is too much with us, late and soon,
> Getting and spending we lay waste our powers."

A desire for a more humane and sympathetic life is abroad, and art, as the outgrowth and efflorescence of life, is sure to reflect it.

The Society, with the aim of still further emphasizing such views as these, as well as to expound the more purely technical aspect, organized, through Mr. Cobden Sanderson, a series of Lectures on various Arts and Crafts, which were given by members of the Society in the North Gallery, in the evenings,

during the time the exhibition was open. It is intended, under the same energetic secretary, to give another series this year, also during the exhibition. The Syllabus is already issued, and the list includes the names of Mr. William Morris (on Dyeing as an Art), Mr. Henry Holiday (on Stained Glass), Mr. Cobden Sanderson (on the Decoration of Bound Books), Mr. Lewis Day (on Ornament), and the writer of this article (on Design and Expression). To quote the Syllabus: "The object of the Lectures is twofold:—(1) To set out the aims of the Society, and (2) by demonstration and otherwise, to direct attention to the processes employed in the Arts and Crafts, and so to lay the foundation for a just appreciation of their importance as methods of expression in design."

Despite all difficulties, our first exhibition proved a decisive success, and, after paying all expenses, which were necessarily very heavy, and after dividing profits with the New Gallery Company, we had a balance left of some £60 or £70 to carry on our work, and this of course requires the services of a paid secretary as well as the use of an office.

The Society is not organized to make a profit out of its exhibitions. The guarantee fund was raised to protect it against the possibility of actual loss. No commission is taken on sales, and purchaser and exhibition are placed in communication. Members of committee and the lecturers give their services. It is therefore in no sense a commercial speculation. The Society is only desirous of paying its way and carrying on its proper work. The reception accorded to our present exhibition in no way falls behind the first, to judge by the measure of public interest and support it has secured so far. On the contrary, the attendances have been considerably larger than those of last year.

As an indication of the position the exhibition has already won, it may be mentioned that the Society of Arts has this year awarded its Art-workmen's prizes in money and medals to objects in the exhibition.

As an indication of its variety and degrees and the extent of its range, it shows such various work as may be covered by the mention of the blacksmith's boy at a village class up to a cartoon by Mr. Burne-Jones. The official list of its classes is as follows: "Designs and Cartoons for Decoration of all kinds; Decorative Painting; Tapestry; Needlework; Woven and printed patterned Fabrics; Lace; Painted Glass; Pottery; Table Glass; Wrought

Iron; Brass and Copper Repoussé; Gold and Silversmith's work and chasing; Wood-carving; Cabinet-work; Inlaid and Carved and Painted Furniture; Decorative Sculpture and Modelled Work; Relievos, Plaster and Gesso work; Book Decoration; Printers' Ornaments; Illuminations and Decorative MSS.; Wood and Metal Engraving; Bookbinding and Cloth-cases; Wall-papers; Stencilling; Leather work—Stamped, Tooled, Cuir bouilli, &c."

On all sides, therefore, we are encouraged to go on, and though doubtless our future course and constitution as a Society has to be determined, the idea of the exhibition itself is capable of almost endless variety and development.

The experiment was tried last year of opening the exhibition on certain evenings at a charge of *6d.* This was done with the intention of making it available to that part of the public engaged during the daytime. It has been discovered, however, that workers who usually live out in the suburbs are, as a rule, too tired to start back again to town to an exhibition after their day's work, and it is not to be wondered at. I should be very glad if it is found practicable to make it more accessible to workers of all kinds. The exhibition was opened on two occasions under the auspices of the Sunday Society, with very large attendances as the result. There seems little doubt that with equal chances the masses would go to such an exhibition as eagerly as the classes. In this connection I may mention that Mr. John Burns told me he considered that a visit to the Galleries on the part of the East-end labourer would be more effective than all the speeches in the world.

We may fairly assume, in view of all the signs of public interest, sympathy and support, that the exhibition is appreciated, and that our movement in the arts has taken root, or rather that it is but a new stem springing to life from roots already formed in a fruitful ground.

WALTER CRANE.

Some Great Fires.

DURING recent years some very marked improvements have been made in Fire-Engines and other Fire-extinguishing appliances; but these have been chiefly in connection with materials and workmanship. The scientific and mechanical knowledge concerning these machines has existed almost from the dawn of civilization, to the same extent as in our time, though owing to the advance of the mechanical arts, especially in working metals, the application of the principles is widely different now from what it was 2000 years ago.

Up to the time of the Great Fire of London, 1666, and even later, the only fire-engines in use were syringes which were filled by dipping the end of the pipe into water and drawing the piston up, and emptied by pressing the end of the rod against the chest or front part of the man's body, and pulling the cylinder of the syringe down. After this came "Water Engines," very much of the type mentioned in the works of Hero of Alexandria, and, like that, capable of being worked only from the top, but provided with a "universal joint," by means of which the water could be turned in any direction. Next came the invention of hose or flexible pipes, by means of which the water from the pumps could be conveyed into houses, or wherever else required, and thence projected on the burning materials. For this invention we are indebted to a Dutchman, Jan Vander Heide, the Generaale Brandmeester der Stad Amsterdam, or Head Fire-master of the City of Amsterdam, who brought out in 1690 a most elaborate treatise on the subject, with illustrations and descriptions which certainly go to show that he thoroughly understood the proper mode of extinguishing fires, which is to enter the buildings, and, if possible, to remain in them.

This work, which is very large and elaborate, was apparently

intended by Vander Heide to advertise his invention, and for no other purpose. It is probably the earliest example to be found of an illustrated advertisement, and a doubt may be expressed whether even the most advanced of modern advertisers have ever done anything of the kind so well or so thoroughly. It is curious and interesting that in all the letterpress under the engravings, which is both in Dutch and old French, the word *boyaux* is used to describe the flexible hose, showing that at that time he contemplated nothing except the entrails of animals as a material for the pipes. No doubt before long the outer skin of animals was substituted for the inner, and this has since run its course and been superseded in all large cities by a wholly artificial material, canvas, which is far stronger and lighter than leather. Much more can be done with the strong light rubber-lined canvas hose of to-day than was possible with the *boyaux* of 1690; but no real fireman who carefully studies the drawings in this remarkable work, can for a moment hesitate to acknowledge that Vander Heide thoroughly understood the art of extinguishing fires, and that, if he was not a successful Firemaster—a point on which no information is given—it must have been for want of proper appliances, and not for want of knowledge. Nothing more masterly has ever been produced than his pictures, which even in their exaggerations show that he was an enthusiastic and capable exponent of the speciality to which he had devoted himself.

In the present day and for some time past great attention has been given to the prevention of fires, and to the means for extinguishing them when they do occur, and the result must be satisfactory to all who are interested in the subject. Formerly neither those who commanded nor those who served had any practical knowledge or aptitude for the work. They were selected for political or personal reasons—often on account of poverty, and occasionally, it may be imagined, in consequence of decrepitude; at least, there is no other way in which the physical condition and attributes of some of the incumbents can be accounted for. It is impossible to deny that these appointments are sometimes given in the same way now; but certainly a difference has lately become apparent, and most governing bodies make efforts to obtain the services of skilled and capable men to take charge of their Fire Brigades.

Within the space allotted to this essay it would not be possible to give particulars concerning the Fire Brigades of

many countries, or even of many cities; but a good general idea of the existing state of these forces may be obtained from a study of the largest Brigade in the United Kingdom, and the work it has to do.

London comprises an area of 118 square miles, covered with more than 500,000 houses, containing a population of about four millions. It is the largest city in the world as regards three points especially. It has more merchandise deposited in it than any other city; it has more inhabitants; and it carries on more manufacturing. On this last point doubt is occasionally expressed, but evidence of a more or less satisfactory kind appears to show that there is more actual manufacturing done in London than in any two other cities of England combined, and this all goes in support of the statement already made.

For the protection of this vast metropolis there is provided a force of 591 firemen of all ranks, 83 coachmen and pilots, 131 horses, 150 fire-engines—of which 55 are worked by steam—155 fire-escapes and other long ladders, and 33 miles of hose. The number of calls received during the year 1888 was 4228, of which some proved to be false alarms, some only alarms for chimneys, and the remainder, 1988, for actual fires. The number of persons endangered by fire during the year 1888 was 178, of whom 130 were saved, and 48 lost their lives. Of the 48 lost, 28 were taken out alive, but died afterwards in hospitals or elsewhere, and 20 were suffocated or burnt to death. The quantity of water used was just 9,000,000 gallons, or a little more that 40,000 tons; the number of runs made by the fire-engines was 32,384, and the total distance run was 61,629 miles. The cost of the Brigade for the same year was £122,000.

A brief account of a few serious fires of recent date may perhaps be interesting.

The great fire which devastated Chicago in October, 1871, was one of the most destructive ever known, and will form a memorable event in the history not only of America, but of the whole world. Chicago had up to that time been one of the most prosperous of cities, and its extremely rapid growth had become proverbial even in America, where rapid growths are almost universal; men were still living who had seen its site when it was but a portion of a wet prairie, and on the occasion of the fire in question it had a population of no less than 299,227 inhabitants.

One of the most accurate and widely-circulated magazines of

America in an article written, as it announced, "while the embers were still glowing and the smoke ascending," says that "this conflagration wiped out the most substantially-built and beautifully-adorned portion of the city—structures which in their solidity commanded the admiration of every beholder."

Waterworks on a gigantic scale were completed in 1867, and opened with a justifiable flourish of trumpets. The water was drawn through a tunnel from Lake Michigan at a point distant two miles from the shore, in order to avoid obstructions and impurities; there was a tower 130 feet high, containing an iron cylinder 3 feet in diameter, through which the water was pumped by powerful machinery, and thence by its own pressure distributed through the mains at the rate of 114,000,000 gallons a day to the various parts of the city. The cost was two and a half millions of dollars, or about £500,000, and there was every reason to boast as the inhabitants did that "Chicago had secured an ample supply of water, always pure, cool and sparkling."

There was a Building Act as strict as any in America, and as business increased, the old wooden structures were removed to the suburbs or less populous districts, and substantial buildings erected in their place.

With all these advantages it might have been expected that Chicago would have been the model city of the world with regard to safety from fire; but it is now evident that there must have been some countervailing circumstances not recorded, probably a few of the old wooden structures remaining in the spaces between the new buildings to carry fire from one to the next, probably neglect on the part of the Building Authorities, possibly corruption on the part of municipal functionaries; indeed the same high authority already quoted says, in plain words, "Chicago throughout her whole municipal history had been cursed by a Council and a Board of Public Works who, through ignorance or self-will, were utterly indifferent to the ordinary precautions against wide-spread conflagrations."

From these statements it would appear that the wonderfully sound and substantial buildings which existed were the work of individuals, and that the permission for inflammable buildings to occupy the intermediate spaces was the work of the Municipal Authorities.

The fire was caused by a cow which was being milked kicking over a kerosene lamp, which then exploded, and, scattering the

burning oil, communicated flame to some hay and straw, and instantly set the whole barn ablaze. This was at 9.30 on the evening of Sunday the 8th of October; before midnight the conflagration had spread over a large area, and soon after reached the river, where it was hoped there would be an end. This hope, however, proved delusive; the shipping which had not been removed carried the flames across, setting fire to the south side in two places, and the two columns of fiery devastation rushed forward with irresistible force, or at least with force which was not successfully resisted. At a later period these columns joined and the single column so formed again proceeded with overwhelming power until about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Monday the 9th, devastating everything which came within its reach.

By this time, that is to say in less than 19 hours from the time of the cow kicking over the lamp, the fire had destroyed 2124 acres, or nearly $3\frac{1}{3}$ square miles, containing 17,400 buildings, the homes of 98,500 persons.

The value of property in the city on the day before the fire is estimated by the official actuaries at $620,000,000, or £124,000,000; the value of the property destroyed was $290,000,000, or £58,000,000; the loss by the fire was therefore nearly forty-seven per cent. of the whole of the property owned in Chicago.

The great fire of Boston ranks second only to that of Chicago, and is full of lessons for those who desire to learn.

This fire broke out on the 9th of November, 1872, on a calm and mild evening, and raged without control until the afternoon of the following day. It was first seen at 7.10 P.M.; the first alarm was given at 7.24 P.M.; the second alarm at 7.29, and other alarms at 7.34, 7.45 and 8 P.M., the several latter calls being doubtless added in consequence of the serious nature of the case.

The fire began near a corn elevator in the rear of a basement, and passed with great rapidity up the elevator to the higher stories. When first seen it had made great headway, and yet there was a disastrous and strange delay of fourteen minutes in giving the alarm.

The rear of the building abutted on an unfrequented alley, and this may account to some extent for the fact that the fire was not discovered before it had attained large proportions; but it is a remarkable circumstance that so little was done by the

neighbours or bystanders towards giving the alarm. Some of these at the enquiry testified that they were criticising the Fire Department, and wondering at their delay, while they themselves were all the time neglecting to take the only means for calling the firemen out.

The rapid advance of the fire in the building first consumed was chiefly owing to this delay and to the faulty construction of the elevator, which, like most other elevators then in Boston, was sheathed with wood and not provided with self-closing hatchways. The uncontrolled spread of the conflagration from the first building through the great district afterwards swept by the flames was principally owing to the delay in the arrival of the fire-engines; but, although the Bostonians were justly proud of the magnificent architecture of that particular district, and in the habit of boasting that it was practically fire-proof, there can be very little doubt now that the construction of the buildings must have been extremely faulty, and the probability is that some of the materials which presented the appearance of stone and iron were in reality only light wood, and instead of resisting the flames, assisted in conveying them to neighbouring houses and across streets. It came out on the enquiry that the public authorities were for a considerable time before aware that something was wrong with these buildings, and the Commissioners appointed for the investigation stated in their report that "with this knowledge the Fire Department should have taken all possible precautions so that every fire might be met at the earliest moment, and, seeing that our only salvation lay in confining every fire to the building where it began, no time should have been lost by the Department in bringing all its available force to the scene; but, unfortunately, this was not done. During the prevalence of the horse distemper, the Department relied upon hand-power to bring up the apparatus, and this error was one great cause of the terrible calamity of the 9th of November. We cannot but feel that the earlier arrival of aid between 7.30 and 8 P.M. might have prevented the flames crossing from Sumner Street to Otis Street, both by throwing streams on the northern side of Sumner Street and by reducing the heat on the southern side. This was THE KEY OF THE FIRE at its outset, and, when it was lost, the flames became almost uncontrollable; but even then a larger force might possibly have checked the fire before it had crossed Franklyn Street.

During this fire gunpowder was used to destroy buildings and so cut off the spread of the flames, but it had, as it always has, a precisely opposite effect—it caused serious damage to life, and broke down walls which ought to have been left standing, thus allowing the flames to extend. The result of all the proceedings was that the fire spread through the best business portions of Boston, covering 65 acres with ruins, destroying 776 buildings assessed at the value of $13,500,000, or £2,700,000, and consuming merchandise and other personal property estimated at more than $60,000,000, or £12,000,000, making in 20 hours a total loss of more than £14,700,000.

On the 8th of December, 1882, a fire broke out in Wood Street, Cheapside, London, which soon attained formidable proportions. It was first discovered at 2.48 A.M., and information was sent by means of the electric fire-alarm to the nearest Fire-Engine Station, when a large body of firemen immediately proceeded to the scene. The fire began in a wholesale hosiery warehouse, and, according to the evidence of those on the spot, the spread of the flames was amazingly rapid, and within a quarter of an hour there was a tall spire of flame from the centre of the building which lighted up the sky all round. The place was surrounded by warehouses containing large quantities of property of a most inflammable kind fronting on three sides of the block, and each of these was a complicated network of rooms and stories all communicating with each other. The flames quickly rushed through all these and enveloped every building from front to back—from basement to roof. The mischief was helped by the construction of the warehouses, in which there were large shafts or staircases in the centre, having at the top a glass roof to give light to the upper floors. The intense heat soon melted the glass, and the burning embers falling in dense masses, ignited the stock on every story. A leading newspaper correctly described the scene as follows: "Three-fourths of the block was covered by one huge mass of fire. The extent of its area is about an acre and a third, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that within a few minutes of the outbreak there was an acre of flame." The streets adjoining are very narrow forming a perfect labyrinth, through which, even under the most favourable circumstances, it is very difficult to effect an approach, and all the warehouses are of vast extent and contain large stocks of highly inflammable goods. The burning materials were carried upwards by the draught with great rapidity, and

fell all over the neighbourhood, in some cases at a distance of more than a quarter of a mile, spreading great panic and consternation among the inhabitants, and consequently hampering the firemen very seriously in the discharge of their arduous duties. The Brigade, however, worked assiduously, surrounding the fire, and attacking it from every available point outside and inside, until at 8 o'clock a distinct impression had been made, and at 9.23, or six hours and thirty-five minutes after the discovery of the fire, a messenger was sent to say that all danger was at an end. After this time the firemen were engaged for some hours in cooling the ruins; but nothing further of any importance occurred. Nine very large warehouses were destroyed, being partly burned and having partly fallen down, and thirty-eight others were scorched or otherwise seriously damaged by heat or water.

The narrowness of the approaches, the relative positions of the buildings, all in the risk of each other, and the crowded state of the interiors—which were full of very light and highly inflammable materials—rendered this a most difficult fire to deal with, in proof of which it may be mentioned that in consequence of the falling of a single wall, nearly two miles of hose were destroyed in a moment.

The number of firemen engaged was 168, and of steam fire-engines at work 26. The quantity of hose in use was more than 3 miles, and the quantity of water discharged was 6,700,000 gallons, or about 30,000 tons.

The value of the property at risk by the fire was estimated at £5,000,000, and the ascertained loss was £150,000.

A serious fire broke out in Paternoster Row, London, on the 2nd of April, 1884. It commenced at a printer's, and was first seen at 7.45 P.M. The alarm was at once given at an adjoining police-station, and immediately a large force of firemen and fire-engines proceeded to the spot. Before their arrival, however, a lift had caught the draught and carried the flames to the upper stories of the building, and the workmen had great difficulty in making their escape. Within a period of time reckoned by the bystanders as only seconds, the fire enveloped the whole of the premises and struck out to all the adjoining and adjacent buildings containing heavy stocks of highly inflammable goods, and the first of the firemen, who were not more than four minutes in reaching the scene, found themselves face to face with a gigantic furnace, the intense heat of which rendered a

near approach a service of great difficulty and danger. At this time the backs of several warehouses in Newgate Street on the north were well alight, and the flames were crossing Ivy Lane to the west, and attacking the upper portions of the houses on the opposite side with great violence. All the streets in this part of London are very narrow, two carriages being unable to pass in them, and when the fronts of the houses fell out, the roadways were covered with bricks and shattered masonry to a considerable depth. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, however, the firemen both surrounded and penetrated the block, and by 11.30, or within less than four hours from the time of the outbreak, had obtained complete mastery of the flames. Twelve warehouses were almost entirely destroyed, and eighteen others were severely scorched, and in some cases had windows or rooms burned out.

At this fire there was a combination of most of the difficulties which a Fire Brigade has to encounter—narrow, tortuous streets, complicated approaches, large crowded stocks of highly inflammable materials, flames rising high into the air and attacking buildings at a distance, intense heat, blinding smoke, and falling walls. The number of firemen engaged was 207, and of steam fire-engines at work 19. The quantity of hose in use was more than two miles, and the quantity of water discharged was 563,000 gallons, or upwards of 2500 tons.

The value of the property at risk by this fire was estimated at £1,500,000, and the ascertained loss was £100,000.

The laws relating to the construction of buildings are nearly everywhere good, being all based on the celebrated "Code Napoléon;" but the application of them differs widely in different countries. All over France, and in most of the cities of Europe, they are strictly enforced; in some cities of Great Britain there is a partial enforcement, but in very few places is there any rigid or vigorous control exercised, the tendency being to make very large concessions to any one who is presumptuous enough to defy the law. America is, or ought to be, under the most favourable conditions as regards fire, inasmuch as the cities are new, and have been altogether built under strictly worded regulations; whereas those of the Old World were constructed long before it was thought necessary to enact building laws; but somehow in the United States the working of these laws has not proved satisfactory. All over America the enforcement of the Building Acts is in the hands

of Commissions, the members of which are chiefly appointed for political reasons; but this, though very strange and contrary to reason, would not alone account for the almost universal failure, and it is difficult to dissent from the general opinion openly expressed in that country that corruption must exist among many of those charged with the administration of the law.

The theory of all building laws is that the materials and mode of construction should themselves prevent the spread of fire even without the presence of firemen, and there is apparently no adequate reason why this theory should not be carried into practice; but, where the administrators of the law are ignorant or corrupt, or both, the result is invariably that those who choose to fly in the face of the law can to a great extent do so with impunity, and heavy losses of life and property become the rule instead of the exception.

But it is not in America only that the laws are evaded or defied. In many parts of Great Britain firemen have to deplore the laxity of administration in matters of vital importance, as a single instance of which, one only out of many, it may be mentioned that in at least one very large city it has been for years the custom of the Governing Body to exempt applicants from compliance with one of the most salutary and necessary enactments of the Building Laws, which lays down that "Recesses and openings may be made in external walls, provided that the area of such recesses and openings do not, taken together, exceed one half of the whole area of the wall in which they are made."

The motives which influence public representatives in the discharge of the work devolving on them are always a source of interesting study; but in the particular case under consideration there appears to be an entire absence of reason and prudence, and it may be stated plainly, without fear of contradiction, that the power of exemption so freely and frequently exercised did not and does not exist, and it is a serious question whether every owner of a building, constructed under a so-called exemption of this kind, is not liable to very heavy penalties, as well as for the consequences which may happen to any of the adjoining premises on account of his wall having been erected in clear defiance of the law.

It cannot be too often or too strongly impressed on all concerned that the safety of a city depends not only on having

a good water supply and a well-trained Fire Brigade, but also, and perhaps to a greater extent, on the mode in which its buildings are constructed and the property within them classified and stored. It is becoming every day more fully recognized that, in the interests of true economy, every city should have a well-considered Building Act rigidly and honourably administered by competent officials.

EYRE M. SHAW.

Eels and Elvers.

IN many of the little streams which are tributary to our mud-bordered rivers, there may be seen in the spring and summer months, but especially when the tender green of the fresh young leaves gladdens the eye and the blue-bells and the cowslips tell us that Nature is awakening out of her winter sleep, when the swallows are wheeling and shrilling in the air, and the bats are flitting in the gloaming, great numbers of wriggling worm-like eels. All are pursuing a steady course up-stream. Nothing seems to stop them. A short time ago, by the side of a mud-fall on the Trym, a tributary of the Bristol Avon, I saw some thousands of these little eels—elvers they are called by the country folk—wriggling and squirming up a dark-green vertical wall, not less than five feet high, over which the water by the side of the sluice was gently trickling. The dark green of the lowly vegetation on the vertical surface of the wall, was almost hidden by the grey-brown mass of diminutive fishes, in the midst of which would flash out here and there the lighter grey of the under-surface of some unusually energetic elver. With one sweep of my small collecting net I secured some hundreds of these little eels, some of which are now darting to and fro in the patch of sunshine which illumines one side of my aquarium tank. Every now and then one comes to the surface and endeavours to climb the slippery sides of the glass bowl; no sooner, however, is his tail raised above the water than he slips back again and resumes his restless swimming to and fro. Others are lying among the algæ at the bottom of the tank with their heads slightly raised, gulping in the sweet fresh water which is richly oxygenated by the gas-beads which dot the aquatic plants under the influence of the life-giving sunlight.

Let us remove one of these semi-transparent fishlets and examine him. One now lies before me in the lid of a Fry's

Cocoa-tin. He is just three inches long and no stouter than a steel knitting-needle. He could just comfortably squeeze through the large O of this type. His head is somewhat but not very decidedly pointed, and his jaws are distinctly under-hung. The black bead-like eyes are strongly marked, and behind them the outline of the brain—very fairly developed for a juvenile fish of his inches—can be traced within the skull. Between the back of the skull and the delicate pectoral fins the body is somewhat swollen, and pulsates with a fairly regular beat; and through the transparent walls of the pulsating chambers on either side may be seen four red curved bars, which move in and out with the pulsations, separating as they move out and closing together as they are drawn in. They are the gill-arches which bear the breathing apparatus or gills, red with the life-blood which is here being oxygenated and purified. Like all the ordinary fishes, the eel breathes the oxygen dissolved in the water, which is taken in at the mouth, passes through the slits between the gill-arches, and so over the gills in which the blood is coursing. Thus it passes into the pulsating chambers and so out by small orifices at the back of the chambers, and just below and in front of the pectoral fins. Most fishes have two pairs of fins, the pectoral and the pelvic; but our little elver, like all the eels, has only one pair, the pectoral, which are rounded, beautifully delicate and transparent, and supported by thin soft rays. These fins are not, however, by any means the main organs of propulsion, progress through the water being mainly effected by the waving sinuous motion of the whole body, which is flattened more and more as you approach the tail-tip. A little more than half an inch behind the head the back begins to be fringed with a delicate soft-rayed median fin, which, passing round the tail to the under-surface, runs along that surface to a point about half an inch further back than it started in the dorsal line.

Those who are wont to regard eels only as "nasty slimy things" (when they have their skins on), or as exceeding good eating (when stewed for supper), will hardly believe that the motions of the eel in swimming are full of grace and beauty. As they swim backwards and forwards in my tank, in the patch of sunlight that seemed to quicken them to renewed life and activity, I cannot but admire again and again the consummate ease with which they dart hither and thither, and especially the readiness with which they turn in the shortest possible

space, the head being well on its way in a new direction before the tail has deviated at all from the old. There are, however alas, that it should be so! some people so dead to the higher cultus of Nature, that even the sinuous curves of the elver as it cleaves the water awakens no feeling for the passionate poetry of motion. Such an one stood by my side not an hour ago. He enquired, in hard unmoved tones, "what new worms I had there?" And when I drew his attention to their graceful movements, he replied, with scarcely concealed indifference, "Oh, yes! they do seem to wriggle a lot." So closely allied is thought and its expression, that the unpoetic nature spoke words which jarred on the ear with a flippant tone of vulgarity.

Meanwhile the elver I have been describing has found the lid of a cocoa-tin too limited a sphere for his ambition. That brain of his, which one can see outlined through the skull, bespeaks a nervous restless energy, not to be restricted within such narrow limits. Again and again he wriggles his lithe body (even the most poetic soul must descend sometimes to the language of mere prose) over the edge of the tin. But he always keeps half an inch of his tail still immersed, and finding the smooth surface of my dissecting table too unpromising a substance for even an ambitious elver, returns to the limited, but still fluid, medium within the tin, and endeavours to bore his way through its unyielding substance by ramming his nose into the tail of the Y in Mr. Fry's name embossed on the lid.

I must put him to a little more discomfort before I return him to the tank, where he will dive amid the greenery and hide awhile before he joins his comrades in their evolutions in the patch of sunlight.

Emptying away nearly all the water, leaving only enough to keep the bottom of the tin moist, I have an opportunity of watching his mode of progression over a solid surface. He throws his body into a sharp S-like curve, and then, keeping the hinder end of the S motionless, straightens out the head end, bringing up the tail after it with a little jerk. Placed now on a piece of wet blotting-paper, one sees that the head and tail ends are successively lifted from the surface, and progression is effected by a series of looping movements. We will not keep him long, however, on so unpromising a substance, but place him for a minute or two in a glass tube, that we may examine him with a magnifying glass. Just behind the gill-chambers and

the pectoral fins, the dark red heart may now be seen, beating regularly and uniformly. This consists of two chambers, the ventricle behind, and the auricle in front; and it is quite easy to see that the auricle, which is the receiver of blood coming from the various parts of the body, beats a little in advance of the ventricle, which is the force-pump driving blood through the arteries to supply the various organs with nutrient fluid. And as the ventricle contracts it becomes pale, from the fact that the blood is all driven out of it. One can trace, with a little care, the artery which carries this blood forward to the base of the gill-arches. It thus passes into the gills, where it is oxygenated and purified, and collecting into vessels above them is carried, some of it forward to the head, some of it backward beneath the back-bone to supply the body.

Those who know something of their own hearts (I mean from the anatomical point of view) may be surprised that the elver should have only one auricle (or receiver) and one ventricle (or force-pump); for the heart of man has two of each. But we must remember that man's double heart (again I speak anatomically; it is the same with the guileless monkey) is closely associated with the possession of lungs, the right ventricle forcing the blood into these organs, the left auricle receiving the pure rich blood which returns from them, handing it on to the left ventricle, which forces it throughout the body to be re-collected in the right auricle before proceeding again to the lungs. In the fish there are no lungs, and the double-heart system is wanting.

Behind the pulsating heart lies the pinkish liver. But no doubt by this time the delicate reader thinks that I have pried deeply enough into the inwards of this little fish. There are disadvantages in too great transparency, whether of mind or of body, in men and eels. But before I return my little elver to comparative freedom in the aquarium tank, I must just for one moment place his transparent tail under the higher power of the compound microscope. He does not approve of this treatment, and struggles to be free. But there he is; and we can take a rapid glance while he is still. We see embedded in the skin the star-shaped blackish pigment spots spreading widely through the skin, and combining with the surrounding white to give the grey tint to the elver. Deeper down we see clearly marked out the vertebræ of the tail, and above them the spinal marrow. We see, too, the delicate soft rays which run out in and support the

fringing tail-fin. But what is that which makes the whole seem a-dance with life? It is the blood which is being pumped through the tiny vessels by the heart, which we saw pulsating behind the gills. Beneath the end of the backbone we see two vessels. In one the blood is running downwards towards the tail, and breaks up into little vessels proceeding outwards in the fin parallel to its supporting rays. In the other the blood is moving forwards on its way back to the heart. It is supplied by little vessels also running parallel to the rays in the fin; and if we watch carefully near the edge of the fin, we can see the blood-discs hurried round from the outward-going to the inward-coming vessels.

Under the influence of our treatment our poor little fish has gone quite pale; and the microscope shows that the pigment stars are much more contracted, less spread out than they were, so that the skin has a more dotted appearance. We must not longer try his patience, his temper, and his constitution. He has gulped in a great globule of air into each of his gill-chambers. Back to your native element, my little friend! He wriggles with a splash into the water, dives to the bottom among the weeds, yawns largely, and ejects the air from the gill-chambers, and, panting, breathes with avidity the sweet fresh water. In half an hour he will have recovered his tone and his colour, and will be sporting with his fellows in the sunlit patch.

Let us return now to the streamlet from which I obtained my little fish. Whence come these myriad elvers and whither do they go? There has been much uncertainty with regard to the mode of propagation of eels. Of old they were believed to arise by spontaneous generation in the mud. And there can be little doubt that from the mud they come. Mr. R. C. Couch in 1847 took a quantity of mud from a spot much frequented by eels, and after carefully examining it was at last gratified by observing the eels, small and transparent, lying on the surface almost motionless. They rapidly grew, and in ten days acquired strength and size to swim about. From the mud they come; but of the mud they are not formed. How and when the mother eel deposits her spawn we do not certainly know; but we may rest satisfied that she does there deposit the life germs which, when duly fertilized, shall swarm up the streamlets as the myriad elvers.

These little fishes seem always to carry on their upward migrations by day, and, as I have said, in countless numbers.

They are, I am told, in Bristol taken out in sieves, fried and sold for a few pence the pound; forming a very nutritious and appetizing dish for those who have no Egyptian or Scottish antipathy to eels as food. Their power of surmounting obstacles to their onward progress is extraordinary. Mr. Jesse says that in the neighbourhood of Bristol—but where I know not—there is or was a large pond, immediately adjoining which was a stream. On the bank between these two waters grew a large tree, the branches of which dipped beneath the surface of the pond. By means of these branches the elvers were wont to climb up into the tree, and from thence let themselves drop into the stream below. I would gladly ascertain the whereabouts of that tree, and walk a dozen miles to see the sight. For from the feats which I have myself seen the elvers perform, I do not doubt this story, which Mr. Jesse had from a personal friend who saw the tree "quite alive with those little animals."

It is probable that in addition to these little elvers the larger eels also migrate up-stream in the spring and summer months, and then all return, but in sadly reduced numbers, in the autumn to the brackish waters of the estuaries. And it is curious that the downward autumn migration seems always to take place by night. The darker the night the better; moonlight checks them in their course; but a murky air and overcast sky tempts them onward and downward. Then are the Thames eel-traps brought into play; then do the millers catch the eels by the hundredweight on iron gratings below their sluices, such as I saw the other day on the Hampshire Avon near Ringwood; and then is there rejoicing in the London eating-houses.

My acquaintance with elvers is of comparatively recent date. But I have known the older eels for many a long day. What boy has not set night-lines for this slimy fish, and breathlessly visited them in the early morning? Who has not been angling contentedly on the bottom and seen his float slowly sucked under by an eel? And if the eel be lively and playful—they are mostly given that way—what a scene of confusion follows That which was a line and a float and a fish, has become a writhing knot near the tip of the rod, covered with slime, hopelessly entangled, a bit of the float projecting awkwardly from the midst, and the eel, still bent upon mischief, untying himself a little only to make the knot more complex and more hopelessly inextricable. For downright malignity of purpose the eel is unsurpassable.

One of my earliest anatomical and physiological observations had an eel for its subject. My parents were staying for the summer holiday at Milford in Hampshire. A little stream ran through the meadow near the cottage; and therein were eels, and roach, and flounders, and many other things alive and swimming to delight my boyish heart. My bath was converted into an aquarium in which the strangest creatures lived, and, I fear, not unfrequently died. I have subsequently been informed that my room was in a chronic state of unutterable messiness. I had forgotten this fact; but I remember that I was supremely happy. One evening I brought in three or four small eels, and one of unusual size. My bath was full, I presume; for these were destined to be eaten. I watched the cook prepare them for the pot. She cut off their heads, which gaped with muscular action. It was then that I tried my physiological experiment. When the big head was gaping its widest, I placed within its jaws that of one of the smaller eels. It was swallowed, and *mirabile dictu*, emerged from the neck! From that moment I had no misgivings about Baron Munchausen's horse, whose thirst was insatiable because the hind-quarters had been cut off by the fall of the portcullis gates.

A more serious, but not more impressive piece of anatomical investigation, undertaken at a later date, was the endeavour, not wholly unsuccessful, to verify for myself the presence of an accessory heart near the tail of an eel. This organ, which was described by Marshall Hall, and is figured by Sir Richard Owen, is in connection with one of the great veins near its point of origin in the tail. It beats very rapidly and propels the blood onward towards the heart, with which it has no further connection than that it is a subsidiary organ of propulsion. I was not able at that time to make out its connections with the neighbouring vessels; and have not examined one since.

The eel of which I have been speaking—the sharp-nosed eel—must not be confounded with the conger eel that is found in the sea around our coasts. For though the former is found in the estuarian mud-flats bordering the sea, where the creatures sometimes huddle together in great numbers, being very sensitive to cold, and thus fall a prey to the fisherman's spear, or are sometimes dug out in a helpless torpid mass, it is not a thoroughly marine fish like the conger. I well remember fishing for conger one dark night about three miles off Lulworth, on the coast of Dorsetshire. We could see our lines glowing

with phosphorescent light for some feet from the surface, as the tide flowed past them. No congers came to our bait, and I, growing tired of waiting, contented myself with angling for the less ambitious whiting-pout. I had pulled up several of these, when my brother complained that his line was fast to the bottom. "No it isn't!" he suddenly cried, "or if it is, the bottom is moving slowly off toward Portland." It was a fine conger; and I shall never forget the sight of his ugly head as he came up out of the water. Our dear old sailor friend, William Williams, was not a little excited, and belaboured the great beast soundly, so soon as we had got him into the boat. He called him "Joey," for what reason I know not; and jerked out between the hearty thwacks, "I guess you're out of your latitude now, Joey," "I'll give you a headache, Joey," and other such remarks.

Satisfied with our sport, we pulled back across the dancing waves to the pretty little rock-girt cove of Lulworth. And as we plied the oars, Williams related a legend of conger-fishing at Weymouth. Two young fellows went out in a boat, on fishing keenly intent. They remained out longer than they had proposed; and the coastguardsmen, looking out through their telescope, saw the boat bobbing up and down, but to all appearances empty. After awhile, thinking that something was amiss, they pulled out across the bay. And when they reached the spot they found the two young fellows in the water, hanging over the stern, and a forty-pound conger in possession of the boat. The great eel had wriggled and snapped and made himself so uncommonly unpleasant, that the youths had jumped overboard and left him in possession. During the recital of this legend Williams gave our conger an occasional dig or thwack, lest he too should turn restive and endeavour to evict us also from the boat.

And certainly a large conger is a formidable fellow. They are said to reach a length of ten feet and a weight of over a hundred pounds. The wide mouth has several rows of pointed close-set teeth, which form a cruel and powerful dental apparatus. The bite is much dreaded by sailors; when the jaws once close they are not ready to leave go, and the rapid rotary motion which the eel gives to its body causes a lacerated and even a dangerous wound. The openings of the gill-chambers are relatively larger than in the sharp-nosed eel; and the skin is quite devoid of scales, whereas the fully-grown freshwater eel has small and rudimentary scales deeply embedded in the tough skin.

The poorer folk in England eat the flesh of the conger, making it into soup, or drying and salting it for use when other fish are scarce. But in Scotland this eel and its smaller cousin are regarded as an abomination, and are seemingly never used for food.

Popularly associated with the eels, but in reality belonging to a very different group of fishes, are the lampreys, a favourite dish of Henry I., who is said to have fallen a victim to his inordinate love of this somewhat indigestible food. The corporation of the city of Gloucester, whether to keep green the memory of this event or not, I cannot say, were wont, until about fifty years ago, to present every year to the reigning sovereign a pie of lampreys. King John is said to have sent a single fish as a present to the Earl of Chester, and to have received a good palfrey in return.

The body of the lamprey is elongated and eel-like; but a very little examination shows that this fish is not a true eel. There are no paired fins at all. In place of the gill-slit there are seven small apertures behind the eye, each of which opens into a separate gill-pouch. There is a single nasal aperture in the mid-line. The mouth is very peculiar, roundish, closing in from the sides, and furnished with a kind of rim. Within the mouth are a number of horny teeth, some of which are placed on a sort of tongue which protrudes from the back of the buccal cavity. With this mouth, which can be used as a sucker, the fish can adhere so firmly to a rock or the bottom of a boat that in some cases it is said to be impossible to pull them off by the exercise of sheer strength. With this suctorial mouth the lamprey adheres to such fishes as the salmon, mackerel, cod, and haddock, and rasping away the flesh with the horny teeth, feasts on the juices of its unwilling host.

The lamprey is the only fish which undergoes a sort of metamorphosis, the young—which are called a pride—being so different that it used to be regarded as a different genus. The mouth has then no teeth; but within it there are a number of tentacles; the eyes are but slightly developed, and there are eight gill-openings. It is used by the fishermen as a bait for pollack.

Closely allied to the lamprey is another eel-like fish, which is known as the hag-fish or borer. Its habits are very peculiar. It is able to pour out great quantities of slime, for which reason it is regarded by the fishermen as a great nuisance, since it

damages their fisheries and interferes with their trade. Mr. Couch states that a single individual, which was placed in about three or four cubic feet of water, poured out so enormous a quantity of slime, that the whole could be lifted out with a stick in a single sheet. But not only by its sliminess does it do harm to the fisherman in his calling. Sometimes at Scarborough a haddock may be drawn up on one of the long lines. From the external view, that is to say, it is haddock, but within it is all hag-fish. For these curious eel-like creatures pass through the gills of recently dead or dying fishes, and devour the whole of the soft materials inside, leaving nothing but bones and skin. They are the only truly parasitic fishes that we know.

It must be remembered that these fishes, the lampreys and the hags, eel-like as they are in form, have no true affinities with our little friend the elver. They have no true bones, and no true jaws, and no true limbs. From their circular mouths they are called the cyclostome fishes; and they form a distinct and zoologically exceedingly interesting group.

C. LLOYD MORGAN.

The Railways of Scotland.

IV.—The Great North and the Highland.

The Great North of Scotland and the Highland are two railways that at first sight seem to have much in common. In length of line they are not very unlike, as the Highland has 425 and the Great North 316 miles; while in train mileage they are practically identical, as each company runs between 850,000 and 900,000 miles in the half year. The capital too in each case is about four and a half millions sterling. Further, in each case the staple of the traffic consists of sheep, cattle, and fish, reinforced in the summer by an enormous influx of passenger traffic, both sportsmen and tourists. Spite, however, of this superficial resemblance, the position of the two companies is very dissimilar. The Highland is all main line, the Great North all branches, a difference which of course rests upon a difference in the territory which they respectively occupy. In all the 300 miles from Perth to Wick, except perhaps for the stretch from Forres to Dingwall, there is hardly a square mile of really fertile ground: Aberdeen and Banff, on the other hand, are perhaps at the present time the most prosperous agricultural districts in Great Britain. Yet again, in the Highland territory there is hardly such a thing as a manufactory; the very hides of the beasts killed for the London or Glasgow markets go south to be tanned: Aberdeen has a number of flourishing industries.

The nearest analogue to the Great North is possibly to be found in the Great Eastern. Substitute Aberdeen for London, and reduce the scale throughout somewhat in similar proportion, writing Keith and Elgin for Cambridge and Norwich, Peterhead and Fraserburgh for Yarmouth and Lowestoft, Banff and Lossiemouth for Cromer and Felixtowe, and the Braemar Highlands for the Norfolk Broads, and you have no bad idea of the Great North position There is another respect in which the

analogy applies. The Great North, like the Great Eastern, has turned over a new leaf of recent years, and resolutely set itself to live down the reputation acquired by long and patient continuance in ill-doing. That the reputation was well deserved in the case of the Great North, there can be no question. Many are the stories told of its despotic treatment of passengers, who after all were neither foes nor criminals. For one thing, its management steadily refused to effect a junction with the line to Perth and the South. Though invited to take a share in the construction of the present joint station, and to extend their line into it, they persisted in remaining at Waterloo Station, which is now their goods depôt, a mile off down the quay, and thither all passengers for the north had to transfer themselves and their luggage. Not only so, but the Great North train was timed to leave almost immediately after the south mail arrived, and passengers who failed to get across as quickly as the mail bags were sternly shut out and relentlessly left behind. On one occasion a director of the company, finding himself locked out with the rest, and refusing to accept his fate with resignation, smashed a window and got in that way. Another time, Mr. Merry, a Scotch M.P. well known in his day, had the mortification of seeing his wife and family go on without him, a disappointment which, so the story goes, he caused the company to regret not long after, when they found him upon a Parliamentary Committee to which a Great North Bill had been referred. Indeed the very first appearance of the Great North on the scene in 1852 was in an attitude which was hardly conciliatory. It had been permitted by Parliament to acquire possession of the Aberdeen and Inverurie Canal, then the main highway of the traffic of the district. Having got it, it promptly proceeded to let the water out, in order to obtain access to Aberdeen along the canal bed.

The Great North has, however, outgrown these youthful indiscretions. Perhaps no line, not even the Lancashire and Yorkshire, can boast of more rapid improvement in recent years. A decade back every train stopped at every station, and to get to Elgin, 80 miles from Aberdeen, took at least 4¼ hours. To-day, though the fastest trains are run by a route 7 miles longer, they cover the distance in just over 2½ hours, or at an inclusive speed of 34 miles an hour throughout. Considering that this is mainly over single line, with five intermediate stops for certain, and five more conditional, it is really more creditable to the

company than many a through train timed nearly half as fast again on an English main line. Moreover, though 34 miles an hour may not entitle a train in Great Britain to rank as express, in France it would be ample to justify the company in labelling it "rapide, première classe seulement," while in Italy or the United States they would unquestionably dignify it with the title of "Lightning Express."

Needless to say, improvements so sweeping in the train service have not been accomplished without corresponding improvements in both engines and carriages. The new stock would do credit to any line in Great Britain, and this summer through coaches have been sent every day to Glasgow, so Lowlanders have had the opportunity of judging for themselves. Indeed it is not a little remarkable how good the rolling stock in out-of-the-way parts of the country often is. I have travelled through the length and breadth of Great Britain, and from Penzance to Peterhead, from Strome Ferry to Cromer, and from Wick to Weymouth, and I can honestly say that, with a possible exception in favour of the Brecon and Merthyr, I have never, even in the most outlandish parts, come across carriages which can equal in badness those which the South Eastern and the Chatham and Dover boldly run year after year—our grandchildren will probably, if the timbers hold together so long, be able to add, century after century—into their termini in the heart of the metropolis.

Yet more remarkable than the goodness of the Great North stock is the size of the works in which it is constructed. The shops at Kittybrewster—the eponymous heroine of this oddly-named place is believed to have been the keeper of an adjacent toll—were only meant to do repairs, and were much too small for that; and now that it has come to building new engines and carriages as well, it is a wonder how matters are ever kept going at all. The erecting shop only holds four engines, and half the work has consequently to be done in the open air. Fortunately Scotchmen are contented to let pass as mist what the effeminate Southron would describe as drenching rain. The Kittybrewster engines have two specialities. In addition to the accustomed damper, they have a series of holes opening into the front of the fire-box immediately underneath the boiler, and secondly, an ingenious arrangement of the valve-gear brings the cylinders so close together that room is made for the employment of a leading bogie with wheels of exceptionally large size.

The Great North, as has been said, is all branches. There is one branch, however, that namely up Deeside, which has had one try at being a main line already, and is likely some day to repeat the attempt. A quarter of a century back, when the Caledonian was troubled with growing pains in every part of its system from Aberdeen to Greenock, it made an attempt to get hold of this line so as to continue onward its route up Deeside, thence across the hills and down one of the tributaries of the Don to Alford, and thus obtain an access to Moray and Inverness behind the back of the Great North. This latter company accordingly found itself in much the same position in which the Great Western was placed some ten years later by the attempt of the Midland to get hold of the Bristol and Exeter. It was forced in self-defence to offer still better terms, and to-day the lucky Deeside shareholders get about 10 per cent for their money. We are not likely again to see the scheme for a line to Alford mooted, but it is an open secret, that but for the objection of an influential Aberdeenshire proprietor, who occupies Balmoral and Abergeldie Castles and a good deal of land in their vicinity, the railway would before now have been carried forward from Ballater at least as far as Braemar. Thence one bold scheme would have taken it right through the Cairngorms to Aviemore, and so on to Inverness; but that road is now in the possession of the Highland Company; so possibly an exit may be found some day down Strath Avon, where the important town of Tomantoul is clamouring for railway accommodation. Not that, to tell the truth, the traffic of Lochnagar, or Glenlivat, or the other great distilleries of the neighbourhood, is by any means a despicable item in railway receipts. Some of them are said to turn out 2000 gallons of whiskey per week. But there are cynics who declare that, yet more remarkable than the amount of whiskey sent out, is the amount imported into the district from Leith. If this be true, at least the railway need not grumble, as it must get the carriage of the traffic both ways.

The speciality of the Deeside line is its tourist traffic; the Buchan line, on the other hand, which runs due north from Aberdeen to Maud Junction, and there subdivides to serve both Peterhead and Fraserburgh, probably does not see a dozen tourists in a twelvemonth. Fraserburgh subsists mainly on herrings; Peterhead has two additional strings to its bow, whales and convicts. The convicts are occupied in constructing a

harbour of refuge, a mile or so south of the town, a job that, from what I saw of the obstinacy of Peterhead granite, is likely to last them for some time to come. As for the whales, according to all precedent, they ought to come to Peterhead ships to be killed. But of late years they have shown an increasing disinclination to do so. In the last five years the value of the produce of the whale fishing, taking Peterhead and Dundee together, has declined steadily and continuously from £88,000 in 1884 to £12,000 in 1888. Two reasons are given by the experts. The one that the ice has in recent summers never broken up sufficiently to allow the whales to be reached; the other that the animals themselves have deserted their old feeding grounds. As we know, on the authority of Mr. Matthew Arnold, it is their custom to

> "Sail and sail with unshut eye
> Round the world for ever and aye."

One of these voyages they appear to have undertaken lately, and to have sailed through the North-West passage into the North Pacific. At least, the American fleet from San Francisco, which fishes in Behring Straits, has had very different luck from that which has befallen the Scotch fishermen off the coast of Greenland.

Perhaps as Peterhead is an out-of-the-way place, I shall not be wrong in assuming that some, at least, of my readers are as ignorant on the subject of whale-fishing as I was when I went there last spring, and so I may be pardoned if I dwell on my own experiences. I was told that Captain David Gray, one of the greatest authorities on Arctic navigation living, had caught two whales on his last voyage, and so made, at least, some profit. The whales yielded 22 tons of oil, worth about £20 per ton, say £450, and in addition, 18 cwt. of whale-bone. I expressed my surprise that so small a sum should cover expenses. "But you have not allowed," said my informant, "for the bone." "But there is only 18 cwt.; that cannot be worth much," I answered. "About £1500," was the quiet reply. I thought I must have misunderstood, but it turned out in further conversation that £1600 to £1700 a ton was the current price for whalebone, and that it had been known to fetch £2250, or say, in other words, 1*s.* 3*d.* an ounce.

It was excusable to feel a desire to see so valuable a commodity in its natural state. I did just know that the bone (as it seems

to be always called) was not bone at all, but a substance existing nowhere else in nature; that it was attached, so to speak, on a hinge, and lay inside the lower jaw of the whale; and that when he blows out the water which has been allowed to flow in through his open mouth, it is raised upright to form a sieve, and prevent the minute creatures which form his food from escaping. But I certainly was not prepared for what I saw. The individual pieces were some of them as much as 12 or 14 feet in length. They were perhaps ten inches to a foot broad at the bottom, and tapered to a point at the top. Down the centre of each ran a strong rib, and the edges on either side were fringed with coarse hair. The weight would be some 10 lbs. or thereabouts apiece. It gave one a startling idea of the size of the animal to imagine a row of these great palisades, which would strike against the ceiling of any ordinary room, raised and lowered every minute inside his closed mouth.

Whale oil is by no means so attractive a subject of investigation as whale-bone. When the animal is killed, the blubber, or layer of fat which wraps it round and keeps it warm, is cut into great pieces, and thrown into the tanks which line the hold of the vessel throughout, and there it remains till the vessel gets home. Then it is taken out, and, under the joint influence of heat and pressure, the oil is extracted. Fresh blubber is said to be good eating, but anything more horrible than the smell of a great vat full of rancid blubber it is impossible to conceive. Whale oil, or seal oil, for they are much the same, has but one use. It all goes to Dundee to soften the jute fibres, and prevent them from breaking in the process of manufacture.

Peterhead, spite of the failure of its whale fishery, has by no means a depressed look; and this is the more remarkable, seeing that the herring industry is depressed as well. For if the town has suffered from a dearth of whales, it has suffered even more from a plethora of herrings. Five years back, in 1884, the catch was so tremendous that all the Continental markets were glutted; the price of a barrel of fish fell to a point that hardly paid for the empty cask; and only this year has the demand at length once more overtaken the supply. It is strongly urged, however, by those who should know that the loss has been caused largely by bad management. At present, the herrings, if not taken for immediate consumption, are shipped to Hamburg, there to be put into store, in order that the curers may be able to obtain advances on their bills of lading.

This, it is argued, is a radically faulty system. The interest of Hamburg is that of buyers; they will naturally wish to depress prices as low as possible. Granted that it is necessary for the curers to be able to obtain advances on their fish as soon as possible, the need should be met by the establishment in the fishing ports of a system of warrant stores, such as exists in all the great iron-producing centres. The oldest and most famous of these is Connal's store in Glasgow. Passengers into the central station there may notice, on their left hand just before they cross the river, a large enclosure filled with stacks of pig-iron, amounting probably, as a rule, to hundreds of thousands of tons. This is Connal's store, or at least one of them, and into it any maker may send his iron, on payment of a small sum for rent and expenses. For every 500 tons—200 tons first, and 300 tons second quality—he obtains a warrant, and on the production of this instrument, he can in a moment either sell his iron or raise money on it in any part of the world. So much do the Scotch makers appreciate the advantages of the system, and such haste do they use to avail themselves of it, that it is sometimes jocularly alleged that the railway trucks have their bottoms burnt out by the pigs that are hurried off to the store before they have had time to cool. It may be added that, if any one wishes to secure a princely income without exertion and without risk, he can hardly do better than open a warrant store. Nothing is needed except an office and a couple of clerks, and of course, in addition, a name that shall be known throughout Christendom, and a credit as unassailable as that of the Bank of England.

It is not, however, in a herring-store at home that the fishing ports of the North of Scotland have hitherto sought salvation. Rather have they tried to find it in sending away a larger portion of their catch in the form either of fresh or kippered herrings. This latter trade both at Wick and at Peterhead is at present advancing by leaps and bounds. As for wet fish, it is coming in increasing quantities, more especially from the series of small fishing towns lying along the shore of the Moray Firth. A new railway, known as the Buckie Extension, has been opened within the last year or two, and a series of excellent small harbours have been built by the public-spirited enterprise of Lady Gordon Cathcart and other local proprietors, with the result that, from the mouth of the Spey, almost as far round as Banff, the little towns of Port Gordon, Buckie, Portessie, Port-

knockie, Cullen, and half a dozen more, are all as prosperous and contented as well can be. We are often told that it is the railway rates which strangle the fishing industry. It would be more accurate to say that it is to the railway rates that the fishing industry owes it that it exists at all. At Peterhead, for example, an old resident complained that, whereas he used formerly to be able to buy a fine cod for 1*s.*, now that the fishermen could send away their catch by train, he was forced to pay not less than 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* As for Wick and Thurso, till the railway got there, it was never worth while catching the herrings at all, unless they were in good enough condition to be fit for curing.

Here is the evidence brought forward in favour of what is now the Highland line when it was first proposed in the year 1846. If the line were made, it is pointed out, "the haddock, cod, turbots, skates, soles, and shell-fish of the Moray Firth might be in Manchester and its neighbourhood about 12 hours after leaving the water, and the ton of fish which they now pay about £14 to £18 for, would cost them but £6 or £7, for at this moment it might be purchased at the boats for £3, and £3 more would see it unladen in Manchester market." The prophecy has turned out remarkably correct as far as the railways are concerned. Fish leaving Buckie on the Moray Firth at 1.40 by the Highland road, or twenty minutes later by the rival route, is in Manchester under 14 hours, and the rate is just about £3 a ton. But the widening of the area supplied has raised immensely the initial cost of the fish. Even herrings are worth perhaps twice £3; as for soles and turbots their value is much more like £3 per cwt. Nor does the prophet appear to have foreseen how large a sum would be needed for what the fish trade euphemistically describe as "expenses of distribution."

Let us see what the railway charges really are, and then what the companies have to do to earn them. Without going into intricate details of classification, owner's risk or companies' risk, and so forth, it will probably be sufficiently accurate to say that a ton of herrings, haddock, whiting, or cod, will be delivered in Billingsgate market from the north of Scotland—a distance of not less than 600 miles—for £4. In other words, the company receives about three halfpence for carrying a ton of fish one mile. The average rate for a ton of merchandise is probably about the same; for a ton of coal about one halfpenny. To put the figures in a form perhaps more interesting to the

ordinary consumer. The cost of carriage increases the value of the 10 lb. cod, which was worth half-a-crown retail in Peterhead, to as much as 2*s.* 10½*d.* in London. No doubt the benevolent fishmonger deeply laments his inability to supply this fish to his hungry customers at any less price than half a sovereign; still, it is not quite fair for him to tell them that this inability is caused by the amount of the railway charges.

Of course, however, it is always possible that the rates, though only a fraction of the retail cost of the fish, do really bring in to the companies an unfair and unnecessary percentage of profit. To judge whether this is so or not, consider how the traffic is actually worked. The fishing fleet gets in, say to Peterhead and Fraserburgh, at nine o'clock in the morning. The fish are sorted out on the quay, sold by auction, packed and sent up to the station. They are loaded instantly upon trucks, and by one o'clock an engine starts from each place with perhaps 20 tons of fish. A dozen miles off at Maud Junction, the two trains of, say, 15 trucks are united, and thence they are run away straight for the markets of the south: a special train for 600 miles at express speed throughout. It will probably be a week before the empty trucks get home again. To show the solicitude with which the fish traffic is watched over, let me narrate a personal experience. I left Peterhead for London one day last spring by the 2.45 P.M. train. A few miles outside Aberdeen we were stopped, and learnt that the fish special, which had started in front of us, had broken down. Matters were, however, soon put right; the fish train and the passenger train were amalgamated, and we ended in reaching Aberdeen only about 20 minutes late. There I met the superintendent of the line, who was on the look-out for our arrival, and expressed my regret that the London express would be delayed. "Oh, never mind the express," was his reply; "what I want to do is to get the fish special away to Perth in front of you." This in the result proved impossible, but it ran through Perth and got in front while the passenger train was marshalling. The ordinary earnings of an English goods train are about 6*s.* per mile. Will any one say that 5*s.*, which would be about the gross receipts of a fish special such as that described above, is an extravagant sum?

But it is probable that the companies would be only too well satisfied to compound for an average of a good deal less. Supposing the 14 trucks had only been 8 or 9. They would

still have been too much for the passenger train to take, and would have required the services of an engine to themselves. So that, in fact, while the expenditure remained constant, the receipts would have been diminished almost one-half. Yet worse, supposing the fish had never come at all. Take an actual case. The station master at a fishing port telegraphs that a heavy catch of fish is expected that morning. In hot haste an engine is ordered out, and a train of trucks got ready and sent down some 60 or 70 miles from Aberdeen. The wind changes, and the boats cannot get in, and after waiting about for hours till it is too late to think of catching the next day's market, engine and trucks go back to Aberdeen empty-handed. Here is a dead loss of say £5 to the company, which must in fairness be balanced against the £20 or £30 it will earn as its share of the receipts for the next consignment.

The Buckie Extension line from Portsoy to Fochabers is a beautiful road, but the Spey at its mouth is by no means an attractive river. To see its real beauty one must take the old inland route and cross the stream where at Craigellachie it leaves the mountains for the open plain, or better still turn up the Strathspey line to join the Highland Railway at Boat of Garten.

Railway managers, with all their enterprise to attract tourists, hardly, I think, do as much as they might to give them the full benefit of the scenery they pass through. So at least it struck me, as I travelled one lovely day last May on the engine along the Strathspey line. Of course, the footplate of the engine—always supposing one has no special interest in the working of injectors or dampers or what not, to distract one's attention just as one ought to catch a glimpse up the mouth of a glen—is the best place possible from which to see the landscape. But then accommodation on the footplate is very strictly limited. In an ordinary railway carriage, even if one has the good luck—a thing probably not as a rule desired by railway companies—to have it all to oneself, one really sees little of the scenery through which the train passes. Even *coupés* have their outlook blocked by the end of the carriage in front. The saloons run on the Highland line are better, but the seats face inward instead of outward, and moreover, they are only available for first-class passengers. There is really no reason why "observation waggons," as the St. Gothard authorities term them, with glass sides and all the seats facing forward, should not be run on lines such as the

Strathspey or the Highland, the Callander and Oban, or the Settle and Carlisle. It would of course be necessary to turn them round at the end of their journey, but there is no great difficulty in this. Further, they would have to be taken off in winter, but then there is not a line in the kingdom which has not a good deal of its rolling stock standing idle in winter even as it is.

The scenery, however, was not the only thing that impressed me that morning on Spey-side. As the train ran into Aberlour Station, there was an unusual number of people and an unusual excitement on the platform, with an amount of luggage that even in August would have been considered respectable. The large square wooden boxes with their big printed labels, "Anchor Line—not wanted on voyage," soon told their own tale. It was a party of emigrants *en route* for New York; "going away," as the engine-driver phrased it with the pathos of simplicity. Not indeed as friendless outcasts, for the laird himself—who probably knew something as to the contents of those substantial boxes—had come down to see them off, and wrung their hands as he wished them God speed; and when, a moment afterwards, the train sped unconcernedly on its way, all along the line for several miles, at the door of every cottage, from which the blue wreath of peat smoke curling up showed there was some one at home, friends had gathered to wave their hands and wish them once more good-bye. It was well, no doubt, that they should go. The "divine discontent," if one may borrow the expression, which forbids the peasant of to-day to accept the condition of his ancestors—a century ago, so a Government Inspector wrote at the time, the Aberdeenshire peasants used to save themselves from starvation by bleeding their half-starved cattle at the end of a long winter—was thrusting them out into a wider world, where fate is less stern than among the rugged Grampians. And beautiful though the valley might look, when the brilliant green of birch and larch stood out from the broom and the anemones at their feet against the dark background of firs, the scene in the long dreary months of winter, when the sun never tops the hills, and the firs claim the foreground, with no background but snow, must be quite otherwise.

One thing, however, it was impossible not to regret. The labels on the luggage were not for our own colonies, but for the United States. Where Lady Gordon Cathcart has set so good

an example, other Highland proprietors at least might follow it, and see that the surplus population of their straths and glens, the flower of the British army in the wars of the beginning of the century, is not lost to Greater Britain in the newer battles of commerce with which the century closes.

There was another thing which much impressed me on the Spey-side line, as it always does in every part of the Highlands, and that was the admirable postal connections. Imagine a mail leaving Aberdeen at 3.30 A.M., and picking up and putting out its bags all along the route—in order that the fishermen of the Banff coast may find their Edinburgh and Glasgow letters awaiting them when they come down to breakfast. Yet more remarkable, imagine that from Inverness to Wick, through that "desert of silence," as Mr. Foxwell appropriately terms Caithness, the Highland Company hurries the mails faster than the Italian lines can convey the international special train to Brindisi, faster than the German and the Belgian Governments, with the assistance of the *Chemin de fer du Nord*, can forward their passengers from Aix to Calais. Till some one can point out a better, I shall venture to believe that the combined rail and steamboat mail services to the Western coast, and to Skye and the Lews are unmatched in the world. That they do not pay directly may be taken for granted. The postal subsidy of the great North is nearly £18,000 a year, while that of the Highland is no less than £55,000, and probably all the postage stamps used throughout their territory would not cover this sum. But for all that, few would be so foolish as to grudge the money. The Postmaster-General, with his omnipresent mail bags, and his yet more obtrusive parcel-post hampers—I saw six huge ones landed from the Orkney steamer one evening last June—is a far more efficient representative of the Central government than any Secretary of State for Scotland, and is doing more to cement the Union than any Scottish Home Rule League can do to break it. If one has any objection to make, it is that the Post Office does not direct towards the improvement of our intercourse with Australia and Canada the same statesmanlike liberality which it has shown in its dealings with the Highlands of Scotland.

But we must get back to Aberdeen, and without stopping to notice its cotton, linen, and jute mills, or even its more important paper works—no favourites of the lairds these, for their owners manufacture paper from Swedish wood pulp, alleging that local

wood is too full of resin to be used, and then poison the trout in the streams with the refuse—we must just cast a glance at the granite quarries. Of these one of the largest and most famous is that at Kemnay, some dozen miles from Aberdeen, whence came the granite used in the construction of the great Forth Bridge.

The quarry, which is 200 feet deep, is situated on the top of a hill, and the stone, after being hoisted up from the bottom, is let down along a steep incline to the railway in trucks, which are worked by a stationary engine with a wire rope. Big blocks, and some of them are enormous, are raised with cranes, smaller ones are hoisted by an ingenious machine termed a "Blondin," but which looks not unlike a safety bicycle, that runs up and down on a wire cable stretched from top to bottom at an angle of 45°. One of these machines will run down the whole 200 feet in 18 seconds, and come back to the top, bringing with it a couple of tons of stone, in just over a minute. Sometimes, however, a successful blast detaches blocks so big that no machinery can move them, and they have to be broken up. One that we measured was 18 feet by 16 by 12, and would weigh some 300 tons. The biggest pieces mostly go into Aberdeen to be shaped into columns or tombstones or pedestals; the next size will make doorsteps or lintels; a smaller size will do for kerbstones; last of all, the fragments are broken up into "setts," as they are termed, for street pavement. As for the mere chips, which in an ordinary country would fetch a high price for road-metal, they lie about in heaps of thousands of tons, and any one who will be so good as to take them away will be warmly welcomed. I noticed that the kerbstones were being finished with what seemed to me quite unnecessary precision, for, needless to say, granite is not a material in which a workman gets very rapidly "forrarder," and asked the reason. To my surprise, the foreman replied that in this particular branch Norway was underselling Aberdeen in the London market. Unless the kerbstones were both better finished and sold for less money than used to be asked, it would be no good expecting to sell them at all. Indeed, not only London, but actually Aberdeen itself, imports foreign granite, but in this case the reason is to obtain varieties of colour that the local quarries do not afford.

We have left to the last what is after all the main industry of Aberdeenshire, namely, cattle raising. The whole district is, in the words of one of its leading agriculturalists, one great beef-factory. Not that the factory is by any means an old-established

one. In 1779, Mr. Andrew Wright, who travelled through the country as surveyor to the Commissioners on the Annexed Estates, declared that it was no wonder the sheep were small, as he "could observe no grass till he alighted and put on his spectacles." In 1786 the "valued rent of the whole shyre of Aberdene" was £19,418. In these days the cattle were driven southwards to fatten. But then came the introduction of sown grasses and turnips, and in 1812 the rental of the country had risen to over £300,000. The farmers could now keep their beasts at home and fatten them themselves. But what it must have cost to get them to market—not, of course, to Manchester or London, but to Edinburgh or Glasgow—may be judged from contemporary English evidence. A beast driven up from Norfolk to London, so a tenant on the Holkham estate declared, took a fortnight on the road and lost three guineas in value. From Hockliffe in Bedfordshire, less than 50 miles from London, said a witness before a House of Lords committee in 1837, 1500 cattle and 1000 sheep are driven up weekly to Smithfield market. The charge is *7s.* a head for cattle and *1s.* for sheep; and, besides, the animals suffer "injury incalculable. . . . Cattle are constantly left at every town on the road, where they are sold for what they will fetch." From Braybrooke, near Market Harboro', said another witness, "the charge for driving is *7s.* in summer and *8s.* in winter, but he would be glad to pay *17s.* for railway condition. He had always understood that a sheep driven 80 miles wasted 8 lbs., that is a stone." No wonder that the shrewd Aberdeenshire farmers were glad to avail themselves of railway transit as early as possible.

But to-day they have got far beyond the stage of merely sending the cattle of their own raising to market. The country could never raise nor even feed all the beasts which it despatches southwards. Many years back the farmers took to bringing in store cattle from Ross-shire. Then when Ross-shire learnt to fatten for itself, they went further afield and imported from Ireland. Since this source of supply in turn has been closed by pleuro-pneumonia, they have started a company and chartered ships to fetch beasts from Canada. And to feed the Canadian beasts and enrich the pastures over which they roam, ships from all quarters of the globe pour into the Aberdeen harbour feeding stuffs and manures. A vessel may be seen discharging bones from the River Plate alongside of another loaded with maize and cotton-cake from Baltimore, or a third freighted with

locust beans from Alexandria. It shows the importance of the industry that one of the fiercest fought railway battles of this generation was the case of the Aberdeen Manure Company *v.* the Great North of Scotland, which turned on the question whether the wording of its Act of Parliament compelled the railway company to carry artificial guano, worth probably £7 or £8 a ton, at the rate which was fixed for ordinary farm-yard manure. The importance may be shown in another way. Last December the North British carried to London 1016 head of cattle in six special trains composed of 96 trucks for the Christmas market alone. This year doubtless the Caledonian Company will take as many, for the custom is that East Coast and West Coast divide the Christmas traffic turn and turn about. It should be added, as the cost of driving beasts in the old days has been given—7*s.* for 50 miles—that the modern rate per head for ten times the distance is about a sovereign.

If the Great North is pre-eminently a cattle line, the specialty of the Highland might be said to be its traffic in sheep, of which it carried last year over a quarter of a million head. But that would be only a very partial account of the matter. Railways may have done much for Aberdeenshire, but they have done far more for Ross and Cromarty and Sutherland. It is the railway, and not General Wade and his roads, that the Highlander should really lift up his hands to bless. Forty years back it cost 6*s.* a quarter to get the barley grown in Badenoch down to Inverness, while to bring a ton of coal up again was worth from £1 to 25*s.* Here is another sample from the brave days of old. "Hundreds and even thousands of packages, containing each but a few brace of birds, lie daily throughout the season waiting their turn for transmission by coach and steamer, until it would be far better that the birds had never been killed, or that they had been thrown into the rivers." And to-day the railway is sued for damages if the salmon that was caught or the grouse that was shot in the furthest corner of Ross-shire on the Monday afternoon is not punctually delivered in Leadenhall or Billingsgate markets on the Wednesday morning.

Indeed it might fairly be argued that the Highland Company suffers in public estimation through the excess of its own virtue. The admirable service which has brought Wick, Thurso, and Portree within little more than twelve hours of Glasgow, often leads us to forget how deep is the gulf that yawns

between them. We compare the Highland with the Caledonian and the North-Western, and we grumble if it falls short of our standard. The fairer comparison would be with some American or Australian "backwoods" line. The States have a significant railway term which is not in use in England. What we call a stopping or ordinary train, what the French call a *train omnibus*, the Americans describe as an "accommodation" train; in other words, their lines have been built for goods traffic, to afford an outlet to the markets of the great towns for the agricultural or mineral products of the neighbouring country. Passengers are almost an afterthought, and passenger trains are run rather for their accommodation as a favour than with an eye to profit. No American would expect from the Missouri and Pacific or the Wabash the same class of services that are given by the Pennsylvania or the New York Central. Out west, if they only get one passenger train in the twenty-four hours they make the best of it; if they get two, they are content; with three, they may consider themselves unusually well served; while as for speed, they are satisfied to label "express" anything that can reach an inclusive speed of 20 miles an hour. Tried by a somewhat similar standard, the Highland Company would be found to give most generous facilities.

To show how impossible it is to compare it on all-fours with an English line, let us set it side by side with a company of about the same nominal length of line, the Lancashire and Yorkshire. The Highland has 425 miles, all but 8 of them single line; the Lancashire and Yorkshire has 514, and they are all double. The capital in the former case is £4,700,000; in the latter it is just ten times as large. The English company's half-yearly income is over two millions, that of its Scotch contemporary a good deal under two hundred thousand. Not to elaborate the point too far, let it just be added that, to work its traffic, the Highland Company has 85 engines, while the Lancashire and Yorkshire has no less than 1050; and that, spite of all efforts to keep down the mileage, the Highland engines can only earn 4*s.* 4*d.* a mile, while the Lancashire and Yorkshire can secure on every mile an extra shilling. Outsiders mostly see the Highland trains in August, when they are full enough in all conscience; they must have a very different look for at least eight months in the year. A railway newspaper chronicled a short time back that, no later in the season than the last week of September, the London Mail arrived at Oban,

a much more frequented place than Wick or Stromeferry, without a solitary passenger.

Let us see, however, what sort of service the Highland Company does in fact give. Tain, on the Dornoch Frith, is 638 miles from Euston, and has four through connections every day, averaging over 29 miles an hour throughout. To Strome, 677 miles from King's Cross, as well as to Wick, which is 768, the speed of the best train is well over 34. Compare this with points nearer home. No one will accuse the North-Western either of want of liberality or of bad management. Brinklow, Shilton, and Bulkington are three consecutive stations on the main line of the first railway company in the world. They lie just north of Rugby at an average distance of 91 miles from Euston. They have only five connections in the day, and the average speed is a little over 36.

The Highland Company is not unfrequently the object of severe reproaches from the inspecting officers of the Board of Trade for its sins both of omission and of commission. It ignores the block system; it will have nothing to do with train staff or train tablet, but works its traffic, as does also its neighbour the Great North in most parts, on the old-fashioned system of telegraphic crossing orders; its facing points are often unprovided with locking-bars, in some cases they are not even interlocked with the signals. If an attempt were made to open a new railway without any or all of these modern improvements, the Board of Trade would peremptorily refuse its license. The line being opened, all the department can do is to protest, and that it does both frequently and vigorously. Nor is this the only subject for its strictures. The Board of Trade objects to pilot engines "banking" up a train from behind. They do not hesitate to use two "bank" engines on the Highland when they want them. It objects to mixed trains altogether. If it had its own way, mixed trains would cease to exist, or at least be reduced to one or two passenger carriages attached to very short goods trains, all of whose trucks would be fitted with screw couplings, and always attached in front. The Highland line sets all these scruples at defiance. Most of its trains are mixed, some of them very mixed indeed, and the passenger carriages are always in the rear. I came into Inverness not long since from the North in a train of 35 goods trucks followed by seven passenger coaches. I remarked to the guard that this was a good deal. "Long train, sir," was his

reply; "why, we took in 50 trucks on this train last night, and I've seen me come in with 70."

Now let it be at once frankly admitted that all this elaborate apparatus of precaution does add somewhat to the safety of railway travelling. A tour on the Highland, while far from being as perilous as a run on the main line of the Paris and Lyons in the neighbourhood of Dijon, and still further from being as venturesome as a journey in a Russian Imperial special, must evidently be less absolutely safe than a journey on an express on a great English line. For all that, speaking as a frequent traveller who values his own life, at least as highly as the President of the Board of Trade is likely to value other people's, I must confess that my own sympathies are very largely with the railway company. The public, as represented by the Board of Trade, are asking to eat their cake and have it too. After all, safety is only a question of degree. The Queen, many years back, wrote a letter expressing her desire that the safety of the meanest of her subjects should be cared for as her own. The thing is impossible. If pilot engines were sent in advance, if points were to be locked and bolted, goods traffic on the opposite line suspended, and so forth, every time each one of her subjects travelled, nine-tenths of them would have to stop at home entirely, and the trade of the kingdom would be absolutely paralysed. It needs no argument to show that, though all these precautions, which are specially taken for the sake of one exceptionally valuable life, do certainly reduce the risk of travelling to proportions even more homœopathic than usual, it would be absurd to employ them under ordinary circumstances.

To apply this argument to the case of the Highland. Unquestionably the signalling of the line might be made as elaborately perfect as it is on the Great Northern. It is only a question of money. Still, the money cost of a like reorganization was sufficiently serious not long since to determine the Great Northern, the Midland, and the Sheffield, to close the Winsford branch of the Cheshire Lines to passenger traffic altogether, rather than incur it. The Highland could scarcely adopt quite so drastic a course, but at least it would resolve, with competition to right, and competition to left, with the Caledonian tapping the West Coast traffic at Oban, with the West Highland on the one side, and the Great North surveying for a new line from Elgin to Inverness on the other, to

refrain entirely from new extensions. To all appeals for branches to Ullapool or to Gairloch it would turn a deaf ear. As for the suppression of mixed trains, there can be no doubt that it would mean the withdrawal of a large portion of the passenger facilities now enjoyed. The passenger receipts are probably under 2*s.* a mile. Deduct the earnings of the expresses in summer, which must carry traffic worth ten times that amount, and the ordinary trains for the rest of the year probably do not average 1*s.* a mile; north of Helmsdale or west of Dingwall, perhaps not sixpence. And at this price passenger trains will not be run at all. If the people of Sutherland had the question fairly put before them, which would they choose? One train a day and no risk, or four times as many in return for a safety fractionally less absolute.

"Well, but," it will be said, "at least the passengers might be put in front, and engines need not be attached behind." Nor need they, if passengers are not in a hurry. But it requires no argument to show that, if a train has to stop at the top of an incline for the engine in front to uncouple and run back on to the opposite line, it takes five minutes more than if an engine behind is simply hitched off and drops back without the train stopping at all; and that means ten minutes' delay between Perth and Inverness. Again, you may put passenger coaches in front instead of behind the goods trucks, but in that case you must allow an extra seven or eight minutes at every station where shunting has to be done. For you must always begin by drawing up your passenger coaches at the platform, in order that passengers may get in and out; then you must put them across on to the other line, or into a siding; then come back to do the shunting, and when that is finished, go across once more to fetch the carriages. And seven or eight minutes at each of sixty stations between Perth and Wick means, in other words, seven or eight hours.

It is within my own knowledge that one of the great English companies was forced not long since to abandon mixed trains altogether on one of its country branches, by the impossibility of complying with the Board of Trade requirements in this respect. It now works its goods and its passengers separate; and no doubt the Board of Trade is well satisfied that this should be so. But the extra expense, which was a flea-bite to the English company, would be ruination to the "Highland." And if the "Highland" dividend was brought down to nothing,

who would suffer most in the long run? The "Highland" shareholders, or the "Highland" customers? Is the game really worth all this? Put the question this way: How many men, having missed the last train, would hesitate to accept with gratitude a lift in the brake of a coal train? But to travel in a brake is unquestionably much more risky than in a first-class carriage. Or, again, was it a crime to risk the precious life of His Imperial Majesty the Shah of Persia over the roughly-laid contractor's lines along the Manchester Ship Canal? And if not, why may we not be content on an out-of-the-way line with a practical instead of a theoretical standard of safety?

In one respect, and that a most important one, the Highland comes up to the highest standard. Whatever accidents may happen, they are not likely to be caused by any avoidable defect in engines or carriages. Of the new third-class carriages, Mr. Foxwell declares that "they are equal to the very newest of the wealthiest English companies," and his praise is not exaggerated. As for the engines, Derby and Doncaster may equal, but cannot surpass in power of hauling heavy loads at high speeds, and can hardly equal in perfection of grooming, the iron steeds which are turned out by the Inverness stable. Perhaps when a loco-superintendent has only 85 engines, and can keep them all close under his own eye, he not only takes more pride in them, but can look after them better than when they are numbered by thousands and scattered in running sheds all over the country from Bournemouth to Carlisle. Among the peculiarities of the Highland engines may be noted that the chimney is double, and that in the front of the outer casing there are louvres, in order to counteract the effect of a high wind in checking the draught through the fire, a serious matter often in the wild Highland country. Another peculiarity, not visible externally however, is that some of the engines have their smoke-box roofed in, so to speak, with a grating a few inches below the foot of the chimney. This is found to arrest the sparks without tending, like spark-catchers on the top of the chimney, to check the draught.

A break-down on a railway is always a serious thing; but much more so when the line is single and there is no alternative route. So the Highland appliances for dealing with interruptions of traffic are of the most elaborate nature. At Inverness there is kept a steam break-down crane, which can work from either end, lift a weight of 15 tons, and swing it round in a circle with

a radius of 25 feet, and can move itself, if necessary, while at work, from one place to another. The machine must have cost some thousands of pounds; but as the use of it may obviate the necessity of throwing three or four damaged carriages over an embankment in order to clear the line, the money may, no doubt, some day be proved to have been well spent. Attached to the truck on which the crane is mounted is a large and roomy van, whose interior looks a good deal like the model of an emigrant's hut. On every side are cupboards and lockers filled with provisions for the break-down gang. Here is a tin of coffee, there a cheese, in the corner yonder is a cask of biscuits. Everything down to the smallest detail is ready on board, and all is prepared for an instant start.

Accidents fortunately happen seldom, but snow blocks are almost of annual occurrence. Among the rolling stock enumerated in the half-yearly reports, there figure fifteen snow-ploughs. Many passengers coming up through the Pass of Killiecrankie, probably the finest railway view in Great Britain, will have observed a whole batch of them at Blair Athole. But far worse than the sheltered valleys of Perthshire are the bleak mosses of Caithness. Here in some parts the line is protected by a double row of snow fences; in other places may be seen what look like shed-roofs sloping upwards away from the railway. Beneath these the snow may gather and form a drift with impunity. But it is a far cry to Caithness, and we must leave the country with its flagstone fences and its all-pervading fishiness, at least for the present. Next month we shall notice some special features of interest on the different lines.

W. M. ACWORTH.

A Day in Damascus.

OUR host awakes us at an early hour; so early, that it is not without sundry ejaculations of disgust that we finally respond to the pitiless summons. The dawn is just breaking. Away to the East, above the close and lofty height of Salahieh, we can see the clearing of the sky which betokens the near approach of the sun. From far away the faint cry of the "Halab" (milkman) reaches our ears. From the windows of our room, which jut out over the street below, we can see him slowly approaching, driving a dark-coloured flock of goats in front of him. At each door on his way he stops; the ready servant —warned by his cry—waits with jug or capacious bowl. On the door-step he squats, and then and there milks his goats, chatting the while with the servant, and detailing for his benefit the number of murders and robberies that have taken place in that part of the country from which he comes since yester morn.

We proceed to dress. Some few moments after the milkman has left us, there appears a little donkey with two tremendous sacks of cucumbers. A boy is thrashing him fearfully, and cursing his ancestors for the past ten generations. Our experience in Egypt has made us learned in the matter of swearing in Arabic, and we also have some slight acquaintance with the gentler parts of that beautiful language. But we can only see the little donkey's head; and indeed, from the philosophic way in which he stands all this drubbing, we more than suspect that the boy is smashing his own cucumbers. The donkey staggers contentedly along, and only stops now and then to make a vicious grab at one of the vegetables.

Our host enters and tells us this street leads from Bab Tùma (gate of Thomas) to the Street called Straight, which is still the principal thoroughfare of the city. Presently a string of camels comes in sight, with heavy loads of charcoal. These

are attacked on both flanks by the servants of the various houses they pass, which all appear to be in want of charcoal. A running fire of chaff and bargaining goes on, amidst which we can distinguish numerous mutual exhortations to "go and pray to the Prophet!" which observation appears to convey a delicate suspicion in the mind of the speaker as to the necessity of confession and absolution the other one stands in. But gradually, as the line slowly wends its way along, many of the sacks are dislodged from their bearers, and left at the various doors. Finally they disappear, and now we see a tradesman, whose baggy breeches and short jacket give him the appearance of a walking barrel, slouching along the street with manifold yawns and rubbing of his eyes, until he reaches the far end, where he proceeds to open his shop.

Next the thoroughfare is invaded by a string of camels laden with bundles of chopped straw. This also appears to be in great request; and for another half hour traffic is blocked, and the whole street is again a scene of diplomatic commerce. Then there looms in sight a crowd of donkeys, driven by a man who appears to be in great trouble, and divides his time in whacking his animals and swearing at some unknown individual. Questioned by a passing stranger as to the cause of his misery, he forthwith, in great excitement, narrates a heart-rending story of misfortune. Whilst approaching Damascus he had been accosted by a respectable-looking peasant, who after chatting for a while, requested permission to seat himself on one of the donkeys, as he was much tired. "Wallah," replied our friend the owner, "what is there between you and me? Are not these donkeys thine? Please thyself in the name of the Prophet!" And so he mounted, and presently disappeared down a side lane with six other donkeys following him. "And I feared to go after him," continued the narrator, "lest I might lose the rest. May Allah curse him and his house—the son of Afrit!"

At the instance of our host, we descend below, and crossing the magnificent marble court of his house, proceed to the breakfast chamber, where we prepare ourselves for the arduous labours of the day. And then we sally forth in his company.

Of the streets nothing very laudatory can be said. We find them narrow, ill-paved and dirty. The houses lining them have no ornamental fronts. Nothing but uninteresting walls, with a scanty supply of windows, protected from the gaze of the curious by lattice-work. The upper stories of these houses often jut out

from the rest of the building, so that in some cases one might almost step from one house to the other over the intervening street. This arrangement provides a certain amount of shade, which we find very grateful, as the sun is beginning to get unpleasantly warm.

We debouch into the Street called Straight. Opposite is a Turkish guard-house. An officer lolls idly on a short stool, with unbuttoned and untidy uniform, and whiles away his time in toying with a string of beads in his hands. Close beside him a sentry supports himself lazily against his rifle. There seem to be no policemen about. Our host tells us the inhabitants manage to look after their own quarrels and to preserve the peace themselves.

We enter the Bazaars. They are magnificent. No one can have an adequate idea of them without seeing them. Those of Constantinople are but faint imitations—those of the Moorish, Egyptian, Arabian, and Persian towns but filthy and debased editions of them. Every trade has, of course, its own bazaar. They are well built and clean, lofty and well ventilated, roofed over as all Oriental bazaars. They seem pervaded with a subtle sense of grandeur and solemnity. Gaunt spectral Bedouins, who look as if they had been roughly awakened from their night's rest and had come running into town with all their bed-clothes on, stalk about in grim silence. Fat, stumpy tradesmen, with their short jackets and voluminous bags, wobble about and talk to each other in a quiet and sedate manner. Nobody laughs. Even our appearance calls forth not a laugh or even an amused sneer. But, from the startling expression on some of the countenances, we doubt not that they are consigning us to the depths of perdition with all due decorum. We begin to feel ourselves in the atmosphere of the true East—the East of Haroun Alraschid—the East present in the dreams evoked in us by the 'Arabian Nights.'

In his raised booth the tradesman squats in the midst of his merchandize. The size of it is such that he can pretty well reach everything without altering his position. The height of it is such that the purchaser, who stands outside, has his head on a level with the tradesman's knees; no need, therefore, for the latter to rise at his approach. Easterns are not fond of locomotion. There is a proverb current amongst them which says, "It is better to walk than to run, to sit than to walk, to recline than to sit, to sleep than to recline, to die than to sleep!"

Sitting thus, with crossed legs, immovable and impassive throughout the long hours of the day, he calmly awaits the customers his kismet may send him. He reads his Koran, or dozes tranquilly off into the land of dreams. His narghileh is ever by him: he sucks at it lazily, and drops it at his will.

We approach one of the species. He looks at us disdainfully. He evidently knows nothing of the laws of supply and demand, which give to the purchaser of common articles a position superior to that of the vendor. He does not rub his hands and bow. For one single instant he allows us a place in his field of vision, and then once more his visual organs rove in search of vacancy. We speak to him, and humbly inquire after the price of a certain article. He mentions a sum which, from our previous knowledge of Oriental customs, we have no doubt is far beyond its value. We lay the article down, and proceed on our way. He calls us back, and offers it at a reduced price; finally, we obtain it for just one-third the money he originally asked for it. The value of an article, indeed, varies in his eyes with the mental capacity of his customer, and not with the state of the market. The latter may chance to be a fool, therefore why not take advantage of this evident interposition of Allah in his favour?

Suddenly we are startled by a shout. In front of us we see a carriage—a big and ungainly sort of four-wheeled cab—coming sharply round the corner. The coachman rises from his seat in great mental perturbation and gives vent to a roar of anger and dismay. Looking behind us to ascertain what had occasioned this conduct, we behold the ugly face of a camel making its appearance at the other end of the bazaar. It advances with a swing-swang motion of its huge body and long legs, and a lazy flapping of its upper lip, which gives it a sneering expression not very complimentary to the beings beneath it. It is the first of a string of about twenty of them. All these camels carry large bundles of chopped straw, and there is hardly room for a pedestrian to squeeze past them, much less a huge van like that vehicle. The leader of the camels, immediately on perceiving it, turns round, and with much shouting and swearing calls on them to stop. The first obeys, and glares in a puzzled manner at this extraordinary object that now for the first time in its remembrance meets its view. But the nineteen camels behind it do not stop, and with necks and heads raised in querulous astonishment at this

interruption of their ordinarily quiet and dreamy tramp, press onwards till they reach the middle of the bazaar.

And now ensues a noisy and wordy duel between the coachman and the leader of the camels. Poor men!—they are both to be pitied. It is not an easy task for either of them to back out. The very difficulty of their respective positions impels them to violence in words against each other, with the hope that one of them may be sufficiently cowed to volunteer to take the trouble of making a retrograde movement. Unfortunately for the coachman, he is a Christian; whereas his opponent is a true believer in Islam. Both swear with equal disregard to all the teachings of religion. But in Damascus the privilege of swearing beyond a certain degree is apparently reserved for the members of the dominant faith; for hardly does a more than usually impressive curse leave the mouth of the coachman, than there comes flying through the air, against that very organ, a "ghoola," or water-cooler, discharged against him from one of the neighbouring booths by a fat Moslem tradesman, whose ire had been deeply roused at seeing a co-religionist so abused by a Christian. It knocks him clean off his seat, and then deluges him with water, and proves a most effectual way of silencing and cooling him. But the occupants of the bazaar are now all astir, and, like so many grasshoppers, are mostly in the very act of leaping from their elevated shop floors. This isolated act of aggression has been to their smouldering feelings of irritation as the lighted fusee to gunpowder. Before the poor coachman has any idea of his danger, he is seized upon, beaten lustily, his very clothes torn off his back, and the carriage of which he was so proud shoved with no great care out of the bazaar, whilst the camels pass serenely on.

We manage to escape from the confused and agitated throng, though not without a few misgivings as to our own safety. We stand at the entrance of the great mosque of Damascus, the Holy Aljama, once a Christian church, and even now, as our host informs us, retaining over one of its gates the following legend in Greek characters, until recently hidden from public view by ruinous debris: "Thy Kingdom, O Christ, shall last for ever!" We slip our boots into a pair of yellow slippers presented to us by an official, who, for the sum of one napoleon, is about to show us over the grand building. There is a magnificent central court, quite open above, in which is placed

a lofty pulpit, wherefrom at appointed times the ordained preachers expound the mysteries of Islam to the assembled and reverend thousands. Around this court are many apartments; some closed, some freely open to the public gaze. In some, devout believers are going through the complicated form of prayer enjoined on them by their prophet; in others, long-bearded men are gravely poring over pages inscribed with the flowery and ornamental text of Arabic. To various inner apartments we are led, some of them containing the earthly remains of great figures in the world of Islam—amongst others, those of Saladin. We listen to the rapidly given information of our guide in awe-struck silence. The cool serenity and quiet conviction of his language, as he talks about things which we have been taught to look upon as vaporous fabrications, makes a great impression on us; and we begin to realize that to them there is as much substance and reality in Islamism as there is in Christianity to us.

We leave the mosque well satisfied with our view of it, and continue our wanderings through the busy city. We enter a shop full of old curios, articles of apparently very ancient manufacture—but we have seen exactly the same things in other Eastern towns, and entertain too strong a suspicion of their genuineness to be led to make any considerable purchases. The good people in Manchester and Birmingham who devote their energies to supply this market, might introduce some novelty and variety in their productions. It gets rather monotonous to meet continually the same knick-nacks in Tangiers, Cairo, Constantinople, and Damascus, and to be assured in ever the same uncompromising terms, that they are different from all others, and are authentic examples of special Moorish, Egyptian or Damascene work of antiquity. We inquire anxiously after Damascene blades, but see none that appear to us worth having. The art of making them is lost. We wander through the long and dimly lighted bazaar of the workers in mother-of-pearl, whose business it is to inlay with that material, tables, chairs, bedsteads, chests of drawers and other wooden articles of furniture. Very deft they are at their work, and we cannot but admire the results they attain with the uncouth and scanty tools they alone make use of.

Presently we come to an open space crowded with people and horses, which our host informs us is the public horse-market. Here we see various men riding up and down on horses—which

have been committed to their charge to sell—shouting the last bid which has been offered to them. They seem to fetch very low prices. Several good horses we see sold for less than £10 each. One specially fine-looking animal is "knocked down" for £15. But the business is not finished. A long dispute immediately ensues between the intending purchaser and the owner; the former attempting to obtain the horse for a few piastres less than the stipulated amount. There is an innate love of bargaining in a true Oriental. He never can do without it. In this case the owner seems to feel pretty sure of obtaining a good price for his horse, even if the present man should back out. So he remains silent, with an occasional inconsequent remark, such as: "It matters not!" "Wallah, who am I to argue with thee?" "Wallah, my horse is as dust! Take it, without money!" All of which expressions are equivalent to cold negatives, and naturally exasperate the other man, who is wasting oceans of rhetoric in the attempt to induce him to come round to his own way of thinking. Finally the latter exclaims with a heart-warming show of generosity and philanthropy, "Wallah, are we not brothers? Wherefore all this noise? Is it for money? May Allah forbid! You want one thousand six hundred piastres? Here is the money! Take it!" and here he presses the bag of treasure into the other one's hands and makes as if he were going to turn away. "Never mind about your horse; I care not for it. Shall we part enemies because of money?"

But here the other, who now has his money secure, runs after him, falls on his neck, and kissing him on both cheeks, assures him that his horse to him is worthless—that since his brother wishes for it, he must have it—as a present. And then they repair in company with the "dallal," or the man who has done the auctioneering part of selling the horse, to the Government office close by, when the affair is registered and legally settled. Oriental business ways appear passing strange to our minds.

It is now midday, and well satisfied with our morning's work, we return through devious lanes to our friend's home, there to refresh ourselves by a substantial meal, and prepare ourselves for the afternoon's ride he has promised us. For the city itself is but a part of the whole of Damascus. We have yet to see the outside of it, the really ornamental portion of it; that which makes a Syrian speak of it as "Damascus the Most Beautiful!"

Damascus is surrounded by a vast expanse of gardens, planted

with fruit trees, and between them with cereals and vegetables. Between the different orchards are lanes, arched over with dense foliage, sprinkled with numbers of golden apricots, purple plums, and other luscious fruits. Along these lanes we ride, on the horses provided for us by the thoughtful care of our friend, and in the cool shade of the leafy glades. Our spirits rise wondrous high, and we laugh and jest in joyous merriment. Rising in our stirrups we pluck the tempting fruit which droops over our heads, and whilst gloating over the juicy flavour, wonder at the profusion which enables us to do so with impunity—for fruit is so abundant that everything hanging over a wall is looked upon as common property. Presently we enter one of these gardens, and are immediately accosted in a most respectful manner by the owner thereof. He bids us welcome to his grounds, and thanks us for the honour we have done him. We dismount. He secures the animals, and then conducts us towards the murmuring and shady stream which flows through and irrigates the orchard, and disappearing for a few moments, presently returns with two huge baskets full of grapes, apricots, figs and plums. These he bids us to make free with, for all that is his is at our disposal! We indulge in them, and lighting our cigars, feel fain to lose ourselves in the soothing influences and murmurs of the place. But our time is limited. We rise and explain to the hospitable peasant that we are busy, and cannot spend any more time with him, however much it would surely delight us to do so. Thereupon he leads us to certain sheds where some peasants are engaged in the preparation of a delicious leathery paste of apricots, called "Kamardeen." This hospitable and courteous peasant, by the way, is himself very meanly clad, and is in noways different from the average specimen of his class. Yet when in return for all this trouble and waste of time and liberality we give him a shilling, he seems hardly willing to take any payment, and on our insisting, overflows with gratitude and salaams.

We ride on, and passing the village of Salahieh, proceed to climb the mountain of that name. About half-way up the rugged goat-path we halt. We have reached so far at the imminent risk of our lives. A false slip on the part of our horses would have hurled us down a very uncomfortable-looking slope to some unknown and hardly to be seen regions below. From this spot we have a magnificent sight. Seen from Salahieh, this Damascus

—a spot of brown, with glittering minarets and domes, set in a vast expanse of green, flecked with numerous spots of colour, and lit up by the silvery sheen of the foliage of thousands of white poplars—with glimpses of running water here and there, and beyond a vast plain losing itself in one direction in the blue outlines of the "Jebelel-Aswad" (Black Mountain) and in the other in misty indications of the presence of water, where the river empties itself into the lakes—is one of the finest views in the world.

We return by a somewhat different route, and make a wider circuit through this bewildering maze of gardens. The afternoon wanes, and as we approach the city, we see large numbers of pleasure-seekers invading the neighbouring gardens and the shady banks of the river. In certain fields young men on gaily caparisoned steeds practise the favourite and warlike pastime—*el djereed*—of the Arabs. With eager eye and ready hand the skilful rider pulls his horse aside, and evades by a hair's-breadth the lance-like reed that comes hurtling through the air. It is beautiful to see this exhibition—but it is one which, we should think, requires a very high degree of horsemanship. The idea so common with us that the women in these countries are kept in seclusion from air and society can hardly be correct. Here they are, hundreds of them, all decorously enshrouded in their "izars," some white, others many coloured. This form of apparel is not one altogether inconsistent with grace and beauty. Some of these dainty dames make a display of elegance in the carriage and arrangement of their "izars" which would be almost incredible to one who has not seen it. But although their figures are covered with these "izars," and their features modestly concealed from public view by veils—which, by the way, are not very impenetrable to the sight—their voices are loud enough. Eagerly they chatter to each other in tones of excited gaiety. From the opposite bank of the river, from the interiors of the gardens as well as from the lanes around us, there arises a joyous hum of human voices, and now and then the notes of a guitar break in with pleasing and soft variety.

As we alight from our horses, the sun is setting, and from minarets at various distances come the sonorous tones of the holy "muezzins," calling the faithful to evening prayer. We pace up and down the marble court, inspect the magnificent reception rooms, with which this—as every other good house

in Damascus—is provided; and we warmly thank our host for the trouble he has taken for us. We are to leave by to-morrow morning's "Diligence," starting at 4.30 A.M., and as we shall have to be up as early as two hours before that time, it is proposed that we sit up all night and sing the joyous songs of our English home, from which we have so long been absent.

Finally the time of parting comes, and with many hand-shakings and good wishes we bid farewell to the family, and accompanied by our host and a servant provided with a lantern, wend our way through the dark and silent streets. They are wholly deserted except by the dogs. These we have hardly noticed in the day. They had then not seemed to mind being kicked or trodden upon: they metaphorically touched their caps to the Moslems, who were too lazy to mind very much on what they stepped, and did not more than snarl at us Christians. But now the demeanour of these mangy Bohemians is altered. They lie coiled up indiscriminately in heaps of hundreds together. We throw the light of a lantern on to one colony of them, and discern a quiescent mass of dogs' heads, bodies, and legs, with here and there a tail peeping out. The mixture is so intricate, that we are puzzled to think how they will regain possession of their individual appendages in the morning. But the light rouses one—he howls! Presently there is an upheaving of the mass, like that of wriggling worms; with a low growling sound, like that of approaching thunder. And at this stage of the mobilization we make haste to get away. Their aspect is too threatening to be regarded with anything like equanimity. But in less than five minutes the whole city is alive with the vocal performances of the brutes! They are aware of the presence of enemies in their midst; and in fear and trembling we pursue our way. Finally we reach safely the "Compania," or station from which the "Diligence" that is to convey us over the mountains of Lebanon to Beyrout starts. Overcome with fatigue, we climb up into our seats and fall into a sleep, from which we only awake as we rattle over the plain of Coele-Syria, and the sun is high overhead.

HORACE VICTOR.

Notes of the Month.

SINCE the publication of Mr. Courthope's 'Life of Pope' we have been favoured by a correspondent with some interesting facts concerning the poet's birthplace which we believe are now made public for the first time. Alexander Pope was born in 1688, at No. 2, Plough Court, Lombard Street (afterwards well known as Allen & Hanbury's). The lease of the ground on which this house was built was granted by the Haberdashers' Company to John Osgood on May 16, 1679. In 1695 it was the residence of his son, Salem Osgood, linendraper. The probability is that Pope's father was either partner with, or successor to, Salem Hanbury, which would account for the frequency of the poet's friendly allusions to the Quakers.—*e.g.*,

"Thus honest Quakers please both men and God."

The house in question afterwards passed into the hands of the Bevan family, and Sylvanus Bevan, who was admitted an apothecary, July 5, 1715, was in business in Plough Court in 1737. A younger son of his, Joseph Gurney Bevan, was born there on February 18, 1753, according to the family tradition, in the same room in which Pope was born.

The house was demolished some twenty years ago.

Before the great Dock workers' strike is forgotten, it would be well if the public would demand some definite information on two points connected therewith.

First, as to extent of organized and isolated intimidation. The Police Court reports during the past six weeks give some suggestive evidence of the pressure which has been exercised—possibly the records of the East-end hospitals might be searched with instructive results. We quoted in our pages last month one notable case of intimidation which had occurred in a large establishment.

The second point, to which we do not remember to have seen any allusion in the newspaper reports and correspondence, is this. Have the "leaders" been carrying on the work for nothing? Rumour has mentioned a very considerable sum as the reward of their efforts. If this be true, by whom has it been paid? It is also said that the Australian contributors have demanded an audit of the expenditure of their subscriptions. Speaking on Sunday, October 13, Mr. John Burns is reported to have said "that a committee of workmen had been entrusted with the disbursement of £50,000, and the chartered

accountant who had investigated their accounts certified that the strike had been fairly and squarely and honestly conducted, and no one made a penny out of it." Doubtless these audited accounts will soon be made public.

The completion of the Forth Bridge, and the consequent shortening of the East Coast route to Perth and the North, has brought once more within the region of "practical politics" an old scheme for improving the London and North-Western line of communication. This is no less than to evade the arduous ascent of Shap Summit, which has proved so severe a handicap in the race to Scotland, by diverting the main line a little north of Oxenholme, carrying it up the valley of Long Sleddale, through the mountains in a tunnel, and re-entering the old route near Penrith. We understand that not only would the gradients be far easier, but a saving of four miles in actual distance would also be effected. Shap Summit was originally adopted when the line was built, because the art of tunnelling was imperfectly understood, and an exaggerated idea of its difficulties prevailed. No doubts are now entertained as to the feasibility of the Long Sleddale route from an engineering point of view; but even a corporation as wealthy as the L. & N. W. Railway may well pause before voting such a large increase of capital outlay. In these days of parliamentary interference with the business of railways, shareholders have to reckon with the possibility of legislative action among the chapter of accidents that may beset their property; and this consideration is not conducive to a policy of bold extensions.

A curious report was recently brought home by a traveller from Norway, which, if it be true, will go far to correct the accepted ideas concerning the wisdom of extirpating noxious animals in countries where they abound. It is said that in one of the Northern provinces, the reward offered by Government for the destruction of wolves had resulted in their becoming practically extinct, and thus far there was every reason for congratulation. But it now appears that, unknown to man, the Norwegian wolves had been constantly engaged in a patriotic war of self-defence against the voracious packs of Russian Lapland; so long as their numbers were undiminished they held their ground, and even continued to do so for some time after they had begun to be decimated by the misguided hostility of their human fellows. It would seem that there then supervened a period in which the Russian wolves assumed a wily Fabian policy, "biding their time" until the hand of man, stimulated by Government blood-money, had finished its work. At last the ground was clear; but no sooner had the Norsk folk begun to rejoice, than a fresh incursion was reported of huge hungry wolves from beyond the frontier, which have occupied the vacant hunting-grounds of the slaughtered animals, so that the whole process of

"extinguishing" must be recommenced, with no better prospect of finality than the labour of Sisyphus. The story presents us with food for reflection upon many interesting problems of natural history; first, we have the unsuspected power of *united action* evinced by the wolves of both countries, with the obvious induction to their reasoning faculties; then we may consider the extraordinary perception by the Russian wolves of the policy of the Norwegian Government, and its reaction upon their own fortunes; and we should not be wise to neglect the bearing of the episode upon what we are doing ourselves in India. May it not happen that in the unexplored fastnesses of Thibet or Upper Burmah, legions of man-eating tigers, or rogue elephants, or relentless pythons are silently watching our raids upon their kind, and gathering their forces against the day when Indian jungles having been emptied by the folly of man, an opportunity comes for a fresh irruption far worse than the first?

We regret that we have not space to print a long letter we have received from Mr. John F. Mackenzie upon the subject of "Ghostly Manifestations." Our correspondent is incredulous, and has even made up his mind to discount the evidence of the Psychical Society's census of "Hallucinations of Sane Persons," on the ground that no person who admits hallucinations can be quite sane. More interesting, perhaps, than his argument in this direction is Mr. Mackenzie's personal experience in India of what he calls "the absence of the eerie feeling," that occasionally overtakes most people in England. "Other residents," he says, "have confirmed my personal impression; hence, I have little hesitation in ascribing it mainly to climate. Even in the damper climate of Lower Bengal, this absence of 'eeriness'—which I have also observed in Eastern America—has been noticeable; though I have ridden for hours alone, near midnight, in districts where the only clear light visible was a solitary fire-fly; or even, when encamped in the jungle, fifty miles from the nearest European, and suffering from fever."

Mr. Mackenzie also gives an interesting little personal reminiscence, while combating the assumption of a well-known spiritualist that the Davenport Brothers were genuine mediums. "Having been alone with them upon their platform, and manipulated their apparatus, I assert that—thanks mainly to Robert Houdin—I not only know how all their exhibited tricks were performed, but I have seen professional conjurers excel them. Moreover, whilst I was tied, in their cabinet, between one of the brothers and their partner, I saw—through a crack in the door—his arm playing with my face, and with the musical instruments placed upon my knees!"

Notes from Paris.

After having seen the Eiffel tower reproduced in every imaginable material, including *sugar*, we have been called to admire a new model; in diamonds. It is of course only a toy, and a very useless one; but the sparkling effect is very pretty, under the electric light, by which it is exhibited. The model is a mètre high, and is raised on a velvet pedestal, which throws it out well. Every line of the original is carefully followed by a line of diamonds on a silver-gilt ground; the railings are in gold; the restaurants on the platform, carefully copied in miniature, are in enamel. Pearls represent the strings of lamps; we were told that they numbered three thousand; there are forty thousand diamonds. Thirty pounds weight of gold and silver have been used for the whole model, for which, we were informed, an offer of £120,000 had been refused. The small marvel will be sent to America next month, to be exhibited there, which, it is hoped, will be still more profitable.

During the Exhibition, the whole world seems to have poured its movable population into Paris, which it has swept through like a torrent. The statistics of public conveyances (not including the *fiacres*, which seem very difficult to ascertain) may give some idea of what the rush has been.

From the 5th of May to the 31st of July, we find that the omnibuses and tramways have carried, *per day*, 90,000 fares in excess of the corresponding period of the preceding year, 1888. The Parisian railways reckon 22,000 per day, the steamboats 69,000, *beyond* the figures of the preceding year.

The great railway lines show an increase of travellers, amounting to 1,878,747, during the three months.

The special Exhibition trains of the Champ de Mars have reckoned 6,500,000 travellers.

It is remarkable that the chapter of accidents is confined to a few isolated cases; notwithstanding the multiplication of trains and vehicles, the street accidents have scarcely exceeded the habitual proportion.

The immense agglomeration of strangers of every nation had induced fears as regards public order and safety; but, in fact, Paris has never been more quiet, thanks to the excellent organization of the police. The most difficult task was that of the precincts of the Exhibition itself; for visitors are not always reasonable, nor disposed to submit to rules laid down for the benefit of all.

The care of the Exhibition was entrusted to a head Inspector, with ten subordinates; and although French officials are inclined to be domineering, it is generally acknowledged that their troublesome task was

performed with due courtesy and forbearance. But they had no sinecure. Their work began at six o'clock in the morning, when the carts loaded with provisions made their appearance at the different gates; the orders for admission were carefully examined; the cafés and restaurants were then inspected, and every care taken as regards salubrity and cleanliness. Any doubtful article of food was sent to the Laboratory to be examined or analysed, and delinquents were made well aware that they were liable to severe penalties. The Eastern vendors of drinks and sweetmeats gave especial trouble; notwithstanding the vigilance of the inspectors, several cases of illness have occurred, in consequence of incorrigible negligence and carelessness.

The dwellers in the Rue du Caire were especially unmanageable, and it was a most difficult task to keep any order in that quarter. They quarrelled amongst themselves; they indulged in various uncivilized eccentricities, and could not be made to understand that, in Europe, the wares they sold must not block up the street. It has been necessary to take strong measures and to summarily dismiss a number of Egyptians and Tunisians who were beyond control.

At night a watch service began when the gates were closed, and did not cease till daylight.

An incident which may rank as an event in the religious world of Paris has been the establishment of a Church according to the rites of the United Greeks; for the first time since the earliest ages of Parisian history.

The United Greeks are under the supreme authority of the Roman Pontiff; but they form the Eastern branch of the Roman Catholic Church, and retain their original privileges, which differ considerably from the Roman customs; thus proving considerable breadth of views in the Roman Church, as regards all matters apart from absolute dogma.

The ancient Greek ritual, still faithfully preserved, is said to be the nearest to that adopted by the early Christians, and no Pope has ever required any modification. The language used is the Greek, and the prayers of the Liturgy were principally composed by St. John Chrysostom. Their ancient and peculiar chant was composed by St. John Damascene, and admits of no instrumental accompaniment; the magnificent vestments are quite different from those used by the Roman clergy. Communion is given in both kinds; the sacramental wine being administered to the faithful by means of a gold spoon. The bread is leavened, unlike the wafer used in the Roman Church; which, however, would seem more in accordance with the Jewish custom of the Passover.

The United Greeks, numbering from ten to twelve millions, have as their supreme chief, subject only to the Pope, the Patriarch either of Constantinople or of Antioch, according to the country to which

they belong; these two heads of the Eastern Church have the highest rank at the Pontifical Court, next to the Pope.

The new Church of St. Julian in Paris is the only Catholic Greek Church in France, except one which has long existed at Marseilles.

An animated discussion has just taken place at the "Académie de Médecine, as to the positive noxious qualities of the well-known liqueur called *absinthe*, so extensively consumed in France and especially Paris. It is made of essence of wormword, combined with that of aniseed, peppermint, and other aromatics, mixed with alcohol. Any tourist must have noticed at the tables outside the cafés the number of men, of all classes and professions, drinking a peculiar green liquor. This is absinthe, the most pernicious and treacherously fascinating of all alcoholic stimulants. Those who begin to take it cannot give it up, notwithstanding its well-known disastrous effects on the brain, the spine, and the whole nervous system; even to the extent of causing epileptic attacks. For these miserable results it is not necessary to produce intoxication; the habitual use of absinthe is sufficient, and yet all writers on social or medical subjects express the greatest alarm at the extent of the abuse, which is so general, despite all warnings. Many of the numerous accidents in the streets of Paris might be explained by the "perroquet vert," and its besotting consequences, for the drivers of public vehicles are greatly addicted to this most pernicious stimulant, as also, which is more surprising, a large proportion of military men, especially officers risen from the ranks. The frequenters of cafés of all classes are the great drinkers of absinthe; it is not usually seen in private homes, nor is it taken by women, who do not like it, fortunately for them.

The object of the recent investigation was the discovery of the particular ingredient in the mixture that causes the poisonous effects of this composition, which is recognized as being much more pernicious than other liqueurs or alcoholic drinks.

After a good deal of controversy, some authorities inclining to believe that the aniseed was the real culprit, Monsieur Laborde has proved that the real danger lies in the wormwood itself, by the experiment of inoculating two guinea-pigs, one with essence of wormwood, and the other with essence of aniseed. The fortunate guinea-pig to whom the latter had been allotted slept comfortably, and woke in good condition; the other was seized with violent convulsions of the nature of epilepsy, and shortly died under their effects.

The conclusion, which was adopted with great applause by the "Académie de Médecine," was, consequently, that wormwood in itself is a dangerous poison, producing epilepsy.

Our Library List.

THE VIKING AGE. By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU (with 1340 illustrations. 2 vols. 42*s.* *Murray*). At last Mr. Du Chaillu's long-expected volumes are before us, and the first impression produced by them cannot fail to be one of admiration of the profusion of the illustrations—jewels, weapons, armour, chariots, ships, implements, &c.—which adorn his pages. Stated briefly, Mr. Du Chaillu's purpose is to prove to us that we are descended from the "hardy Norseman," and not from the Saxon, whom we have hitherto been taught to regard as our progenitor. The discussion to which his speech at the recent meeting of the British Association gave rise shows how keenly this theory is likely to be contested; and this is not the place to enter into a controversy involving many crucial points of history. Suffice it to say that, after a careful perusal of the "Viking Age," we are satisfied that Mr. Du Chaillu has given good *primâ facie* evidence in support of his theory, and that his extracts from the Sagas, and the richness of his illustrations, combine to render a most interesting subject doubly attractive. We read in his pages the history and the inner life of a people pre-eminent in the arts both of war and peace, who, like the Assyrians and Egyptians of old, have long ago disappeared from the land which gave them birth.

THE ENGLISH POOR. A SKETCH OF THEIR SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC HISTORY. By THOMAS MACKAY (1 vol. 7*s.* 6*d.* *Murray*). The appearance of this book is most opportune. We have the poor always with us, but in the present year their woes and their demands have been brought more forcibly home to us than perhaps at any previous time. The history of the English poor given in these pages—of their origin as a class, and of the influences which have gone to produce the masses of the unemployed—is deeply interesting, and the volume should be read by every one who pays any attention to one of the most burning questions of the day. Mr. Mackay is a strong advocate of Individualism—that is, of educating the poor man to take care of himself, of instilling into him habits of self-reliance and thrift—as against the Socialism which would teach him to trust to the force of numbers and combination to obtain his demands.

THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER POPE. By W. J. COURTHOPE, M.A. (1 vol. 10*s.* 6*d.* *Murray*). It is now forty years since Mr. Murray's edition of Pope's Works was commenced, and nearly twenty years since

the first volume appeared. Three successive editors have had the direction of the work—Mr. Croker, Mr. Whitwell Elwin, and Mr. Courthope. "Pope's Poetry," in 4 vols., and his "Prose Works" in 5 vols.—including 300 or 400 unpublished letters, and the very remarkable Character of the Duke of Marlborough, hitherto suppressed—have already been given to the world. Mr. Courthope has now put the keystone to this great undertaking by his Life of the poet. Few men's lives have been more often written than Pope's; but it has hitherto been his lot to fall into the hands of controversialists, whose principal object was not so much the production of a just and reasonable biography as the discomfiture of a rival critic. Mr. Courthope has made it his object to avoid this partizanship, and has apparently succeeded in doing so. He has had the advantage of access to much fresh material which was not available for his predecessors, and his work, in addition to its own intrinsic merits, has the recommendation of compendious size. The volume also contains a most exhaustive and valuable index to Pope's Works.

RUSSIA IN CENTRAL ASIA, by Hon. G. N. CURZON, M.P. (1 vol. 21*s.* *Longman*), derives additional interest from the fact that its author will in all probability some day occupy an important place in the councils of the Conservative party. His reflections on questions of national policy have therefore an actuality beyond those of an ordinary traveller. The first part of his book is occupied with his journey by the new Russian railway across the wilds of Central Asia, and a visit to Bokhara and Tashkent. In this the author has been, to a certain extent, forestalled by M. Bonvalot and others. Readers will perhaps turn with more keen attention to the conclusions drawn as to the international situation. Events have moved so rapidly in those distant regions that the outlook is modified almost from year to year. Mr. Curzon holds that in the calamitous contingency of a war for the possession of India, Russia is in every respect better prepared than ourselves. He deprecates the junction of the Central Asian and Indian railway systems, and urges a more active policy in Southern Persia. Meanwhile in the assimilation and civilization of Central Asian tribes Russia is engaged in a beneficent work wherein we may heartily wish her God-speed.

THE LIFE OF RICHARD STEELE, by G. A. AITKEN (2 vols. 32*s.* *Isbister*), is a labour of love, and as such is refreshing to meet with in these days of "sketches" and "summaries," and omniscience made easy. The author has spared no labour which could throw the smallest ray of additional light on his subject, and his book is handsomely buttressed with portraits, appendices, a bibliography, and an index. He claims for his hero that his "character is more attractive and essentially nobler than, perhaps, that of any of the greatest of his

contemporaries in the world of letters." If he does not carry us with him to the full length of his enthusiasm, he at any rate makes us understand how such enthusiasm may arise as the result of long and close intimacy. Steele's faults were such as "go before a man to judgment," his virtues would especially endear him to his friends. To those who love his memory, the cold dislike of Macaulay and the patronizing affection of Thackeray jar almost equally. Mr. Aitken has been able to elucidate many points which had escaped the research of earlier biographers, among others, the name of Steele's first wife. Much information has been collected from the Public Record Office and other sources, and a large number of letters are here published for the first time.

HISTORIC ODDITIES AND STRANGE EVENTS, by S. BARING GOULD (1 vol. 10*s.* 6*d.* *Methuen*), is a collection of magazine articles on some of the eccentric characters and dramatic episodes which the reader of formal histories catches tantalizing glimpses of as he follows the main narrative of a nation's or a hero's life; such passages of by-play are worth dwelling upon in leisure moments, and we could hardly desire a more skilful interpreter than Mr. Baring Gould, with his keen eye for artistic effect and his breezy independence of conventionalities. The first paper deals with the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Benjamin Bathurst, attributed at the time (1809) to the agency of Napoleon. Mr. Baring Gould is inclined to regard it as a vulgar murder for plunder, but scarcely establishes his case. The adventures of Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston, are rather too well known to bear repetition, and the conspiracy of General Mallet is perhaps open to the same objection. Schweinichen's Memoirs, however, introducing us to the 16th-century court life in Germany, break sufficiently fresh ground. Two of the remaining narratives are "slightly dressed," to assume the shape of stories. The whole book may be heartily recommended to those readers who want something more solid than a novel and yet calling for little mental exertion.

A HARDY NORSEMAN, by EDNA LYALL (3 vols. *Hurst & Blackett*), is written with Miss Lyall's accustomed grace and tenderness of feeling; if rather slighter than some of her former works, it ought to meet with no less warm a welcome. Most of the characters in the story are extremely good people, and the necessary ingredient of sorrow is supplied chiefly by untoward circumstances, and partly by an ill-tempered, purse-proud tradesman, a dishonest shopman, and a girl who jilts the hero for the sake of a rich peer, from whom she is subsequently divorced. Frithiof Falck, a handsome young Norwegian, finds himself, owing to the sudden bankruptcy of his father, alone and almost penniless in London. For a moment he contemplates suicide, but is diverted from the rash act by the song of a passing child. After

enduring rather severe privations, he is provided with work by some benevolent friends, establishes himself with his two sisters in a model lodging-house, and in the sequel is able not only to assure their future and his own, but to pay in full his father's debts. A distinct but not obtrusive religious purpose runs through the book, the hero passing from light-hearted scepticism to earnest faith. The glimpses afforded of Norwegian life are very bright and attractive.

MAROONED, by W. CLARK RUSSELL (3 vols. *Macmillan*), is, as might be inferred from its own name and its author's, a stirring tale of the sea. The action is laid early in the present century, but no particular effort is made to preserve historic illusion. Alexander Fraser, a Scotchman settled in Rio, asks his friend Dick Musgrave to bring to him from England his beautiful betrothed, Miss Aurelia Grant, unattended by any companion of her own sex. Dick Musgrave complies, and the pair take ship in a vessel named the 'Iron Crown.' The captain proves a drunken bully, the mate a fiend in human shape; a mutiny arises, in which Mr. Musgrave, himself an ex-sailor, manifests his heroic qualities, and eventually hero and heroine are "marooned,"—*i.e.* set ashore on a desert island—in the Gulf of Mexico. Happily they find comforts and even luxuries in their new abode, after the manner of the celebrated Swiss family Robinson. However, before very long they escape, and are restored to civilization, whereupon the hardly strained loyalty of Mr. Musgrave gives way, and he successfully begs for the hand of the lady he has so gallantly escorted. The narrative, put into the mouth of Mr. Musgrave, is plentifully interspersed with descriptions of the sea in its various moods and other sights presented to the travellers.

THE COUNTY (2 vols. *Smith, Elder, & Co.*) is somewhat too closely modelled on Miss Broughton's work, and repeats almost exactly a leading incident in that accomplished novelist's story, "Belinda;" but it is written with considerable vivacity and sparkle, so that we may hope the anonymous author's next venture will be a success on more original lines. It recounts the fortunes of two sisters, one of whom, the supposed narrator, is frivolous but true-hearted, the other frivolous and false. By the marriage of an uncle to their lady's maid the pair are reduced from the position of heiresses to that of poor relations, and the changed aspect which the world wears to them under these conditions is very amusingly set forth. The duty of making rich marriages is preached as paramount, and the heroine is induced by her scheming sister to unite herself to a man she can barely tolerate, and forget as best she may him whom she had loved in happier days. All comes right in the end with rather startling suddenness. The good girl gains her heart's desire and two millions sterling; the bad girl is punished, but not too severely; and so a pleasant tale comes to a pleasant close.

Some of the minor characters are extremely well sketched, and the humours and foibles of rich people are happily hit off.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE, by R. L. STEVENSON (1 vol. *Cassell & Co.*), is distinctly the best work its author has yet produced. It would be difficult to give it higher praise. The reader's interest is kept enthralled by a succession of stirring incidents, and by the gradual development and unfolding of a group of most subtly drawn characters, acting and reacting on each other "to their triumph or undoing." Mr. Stevenson has happily reconciled the rivalry between novels of incident and novels of character by fusing into a single whole a first-rate example of each. Our only hesitation in hailing the book at once as an English classic arises from the suspicion that it may be a little too self-consciously brilliant, too elaborately perfect in workmanship. It seems to us to resemble nothing in English literature so much as Prosper Merimée's 'Chronique de Charles IX.,' which, with all its extraordinary merits, has failed to win wide popularity. The narrative is put into the mouth of the faithful steward of the Scottish house of Durrisdeer, and its hero, the heir to the title, who forfeited his rights in the '45 rebellion, unites a marvellous fascination of manner with almost complete depravity. His rivalry with his younger brother, "Mr. Henry," afterwards Lord Durrisdeer, forms the main motive of the book; the scenes where this rivalry comes to a head "on the night of February 27th, 1757," would, we think, be difficult to match in English fiction: but commentary is swallowed up in the urgent advice—Read the book.

JACK O'LANTHORN, by C. R. COLERIDGE (2 vols. *Walter Smith & Innes*), is a thoughtful and well-written story, aiming high and attaining a considerable measure of excellence. It might perhaps be shorter with advantage, and the supply of incident is somewhat scanty; but the characters are admirably drawn, and the various difficulties into which they are led by their conflicting ideals placed vividly before the reader. Alaric Lambourne, a youth high-minded to the verge of Quixotism, but with a good deal of what old-fashioned people call "nonsense" about him, and a habit of spiritual attitudinizing, though nominally owner of a fine property, is left till the age of twenty-five under the guardianship of a clerical cousin, a man of saintly character, but not very wide intellectual sympathies. Alaric becomes restive under the restraints put on him, insists on a brotherly friendship with a cousin much below him in social standing, proposes to his agent's sister, and becomes a professional actor. Fortunately his low-born cousin is a fine fellow, his betrothed is far from exacting, the circumstances of his position gradually over-master him, and all comes right in the end. The skill shown in the delineation of characters all actuated by high motives, all more or less mistaken in their conceptions of each other, all thoroughly individual and alive, is of a very high order.

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Russia in Central Asia.

THIS is an old, a miserably old, subject. Yet to Britons it is new every morning, is ever entering some fresh phase, and is occasionally invested by Russia with some startling novelty. The last of these novelties is the opening of General Annenkoff's railway from the eastern shore of the Caspian to Samarcand—quite the mightiest of the many mighty achievements of Russia in that quarter. It is high time that we bestir ourselves to realize the consequences of this *fait accompli*. For such realization we require to know the character, the status, the capabilities of this railway, from evidence which can be trusted and which can be clearly given. Fortunately we have such evidence in the statements given to the British public by the Hon. George Curzon, M.P., who travelled backwards and forwards over the line in 1888. The record of these valuable and —for his countrymen—instructive travels, he published, first in a series of letters to leading newspapers in the North of England, secondly in an address with illustrations to the Royal Geographical Society, and now thirdly in a book entitled 'Russia in Central Asia,' * wherein the matter of the previous publications is re-arranged and expanded. The account thus given of the railway is detailed, explicit, and in some respects elaborate. It is accompanied, and followed too, with comments commercial, strategic, political. The conclusions to which it points with the finger of gravest warning are unmistakable. The question at once arises, whether this evidence is implicitly to be accepted. I, for one, have particular reasons for thinking that it is. Some

* London: Longmans & Co., 1889.

two years ago Mr. Curzon published an account of a journey right along the whole North-West frontier of India, with a description of our defensive arrangements there from top to bottom, from north to south, from beginning to end. There I know, so to speak, every inch of the ground; and I believe his description to be lucid, accurate, and trustworthy. Being sure that he rightly described the Anglo-Afghan frontier which I have seen, I naturally am inclined to accept his account of this Central Asian railway which I have not seen, and to recommend that account to the acceptance of my countrymen also.

This is a political and not a literary article. Otherwise I should have adverted to the vivacity and animation of style, the keenness and freshness of observation, displayed in his book. Also I should have cited some fine passages regarding the thought-awakening and memory-stirring regions which he traversed. It is well that such a man as he should have seen everything for himself, because he will be able to address the House of Commons with that personal knowledge which rarely fails to command attention there; and, being an excellent speaker, he will doubtless make his voice heard from many a platform outside Parliament.

By the light thus shed on this momentous subject, I propose briefly to review the political situation as regards the Russians in Central Asia—the character and value of this new railway, and its effect on the position of England in Asia. Well: our anxieties about Central Asia have been abruptly ended! If there was a Gordian knot in that quarter, the Russians have cut it. If there was a thread of fate, the Russians have snapped it. Things have gone all for them there, and against us. It were vain to recall the landmarks of the last thirty-five years in the memories of myself and of my contemporaries. There was the embassy from the Khan of Kokan—now the country of Tashkent or Russian Turkestan—to John Lawrence, begging for protection against the Russian Ogre about to eat him up; this was during the Crimean war. Next came the news that, at the very moment when England was in the throes of the Indian Mutinies, Russia had marched straight into Bokhara. This was followed up in subsequent years by operations wherein the Russian soldiery evinced the utmost gallantry and endurance under a blinding sun on sterile ground near Khiva. So by degrees, quick rather than slow, the three historic Khanates of Turkestan, namely Kokan, Khiva and Bokhara, came under the

sceptre of the White Czar. When the Franco-German war prostrated France for a while as a European Power, Russia, knowing that she now would have England alone to deal with, redoubled her activity in the basin of the Oxus and the east shore of the Caspian. Soon she saw her danger from English interposition in the Russo-Turkish war. It was known at the time in English diplomatic and official circles that she had planned, in event of a rupture with England, to operate on Caubul and so menace India. Subsequently much information has been published setting forth the affair in a clear, though lurid, light. In deference to Russia, with whom we are just now at peace, I forbear from discussing the faith, good or bad, which was displayed. Suffice it to say that Britons should consider this information, and other information of a similar character on kindred occasions, when appraising the value of official declarations from Russia. Emerging from this trouble, she proceeded to deal more directly with the Turkomans east of the Caspian and along the northern frontier of Persia. This was after the Treaty of Berlin. Then followed the murderous catastrophe of Geok Teppe, where Skobeleff annihilated the Turkoman nationality. The fall of Merve, with the consequent accession of power to Russia to the detriment of England, had long been predicted in Cassandra-like tones by well-informed British officers. Thereon certain politicians in England chattered about "Mervousness," apparently implying that the prophets were needlessly nervous. The anticipated stroke was not long in coming; and Merve fell, like an over-ripe, almost a rotten, apple into the lap of Russia. Heretofore there had been a desert-zone, a broad belt of waterless sterility between the Russian outposts trans-Caspian and the Afghan border. But the annexation of Merve brought Russia to the Murghab river, which would afford her a supply of water all the way to the Parapomisan ranges overhanging Herat. "We have let her get to the water," was the ominous cry of British observers. This necessitated a demarcation of the boundary, long before settled on the map, between the new Russian dominions and Afghanistan. About that time England was severely occupied with Egyptian complications. So Russia waxed bold again. Setting aside the maps to which she had formally assented, she moved straight ahead and occupied various positions giving her absolute advantage strategically over the north-west corner of Afghanistan. True, her conduct on this occasion brought her to within an ace of a

war with England. However, she conceded just enough (in words rather than in deeds) to stave off the declaration of war. In the negotiations which followed she carried nearly all her points topographically. Thus she pushed her border to within striking distance of Herat. Lastly she has consolidated all these manifold aggressions, or acquisitions, as they might be called by her friends, and adapted them for offensive purposes by means of this railway to Samarcand. Most of the well-informed Englishmen who have watched all this, seeing to what it must immediately lead and to what it may ultimately tend, have felt the strain of protracted anxiety. This is now over; and their care is transferred to other directions. They are like those who have watched over the long agony of a death-bed with vain efforts to save life. When death has closed the scene, they arise and turn their thoughts towards those who still live. As usual, those who prophesied smooth things have been regarded; those who prophesied rough things have been disregarded, and again, as usual, have turned out to be right. It were of no avail to reproach England with having shut her eyes too much. It only remains to entreat her to keep a wakeful gaze on the future that may be in store for us. Men have long cried, The wolf is coming, while few believed and many disbelieved. But, by all the powers! he is come at last, and is baying hungrily at our threshold!

Now let us reckon what this Caspian-Samarcand railway is. The peninsula of Bakou on the west shore of the Caspian is connected with the general military communications of Russia. From that peninsula there is a steam flotilla, as yet of very limited capacity, across the Caspian to the eastern shore. From that shore the new railway starts eastwards, running through the desert indeed, but still near the northern base of the Persian mountains whence fertilizing streams can be had. Then, turning slightly north-eastwards, it passes through the now miserable but once splendid Merve, at the point where the life-bearing Murghab river, coming from the Paropomisus, loses itself in the sands. Pursuing its north-easterly course through the desert, it approaches the Oxus, and crosses that great river by a somewhat crazy bridge. Then it enters the paradise of Central Asian irrigation, and passing through the city of Bokhara finds its present terminus at Samarcand, after running a length from the Caspian of some 900 miles. There is no doubt that the line is in working order, trains running daily, and carrying,

not only troops and *matériel*, but merchandize also. It was designed primarily for military purposes, of course, but secondarily for commerce also, with an ulterior object, as I shall presently show. It has been made or laid down, over a country of wondrous flatness, almost like the palm of the hand, at a very rapid rate—sometimes averaging four or five miles a day—at a cost which cannot be exactly stated, but which must be very cheap, and therefore without any exhausting effort financially, notwithstanding the great length. Its construction is most creditable to Russian skill, enterprise, and perseverance.

I cannot quit the constructive part of the subject without reflecting on the wondrous advantage which Russia has had in the petroleum of Baku, which is used most economically for fuel. Without this veritable fuel-fountain, she could hardly have made or worked the line, in the absence of coal-supply. She could hardly have borne up against the dearth of fuel as well as of water. And the aid she obtained from petroleum may be called providential.

Though closed to British men and things certainly, and probably to some other Europeans also, this railway is quite open for Russian traffic. Yet there is the question, What is its capacity as a railway in our acceptation of the term? By its friends it has been unreasonably praised. By its enemies it has been unduly disparaged. Accepting Mr. Curzon's evidence as the best, I take the outcome of it to be somewhat in this wise. The line is very far from being one of full efficiency in the European sense of the term. It is not even efficient as the British-Indian railways are. Its ballasting and plate-laying are meagre and summary; and it would hardly bear a constant succession of heavily laden trains of military transport. It is liable to be torn up by casual torrents from the Persian hills, probably not a formidable matter. It is further liable to choking up from flying or drifting sand, which really is a formidable danger. The present bridge over the Oxus would not stand the wear and tear of war-service. The Caspian flotilla is not at all fit, and could not easily be made fit, for transporting from Russia all the things requisite for a military base at the Caspian terminus of the railway. From the Caspian to the Oxus, that is for more than two-thirds of the length, the line and its immediate neighbourhood are very defective in water, in supplies, and in population. The present landing-place on the east Caspian shore is clumsy and incommodious.

Thus it would be too much to say that the Russians have as yet made a railway that would be fully efficient for war, in the European sense of efficiency. But it would be still more erroneous to say that they have not gained a vast advantage by this undertaking already. For indeed they have done so, although the undertaking be as yet in an inchoate, or at least in an imperfect, state. If we were at this moment to come to blows with Russia, we should at once see what a mighty resource she has acquired by this railway. For although her men and *matériel* might be slowly and laboriously despatched, they would be conveyed somehow ; whereas they could not have been sent before at all by this way.

But further it will be observed that each of the defects which I have mentioned seriatim are susceptible of remedy and will sooner or later be remedied, with one exception perhaps, namely the sand-drifts, and even that can be mitigated. Let us glance at each one of them in order. The ballasting and the plate-laying, which are at first of a temporary character, can be gradually perfected. Culverts may be—Mr. Curzon seems to think that they are being—made for the passing of the torrents from the Persian hills ; and the streams can be controlled by hydraulic engineering. The present bridge, a wooden structure, over the Oxus may be replaced by a more durable, perhaps a permanent structure. For a permanent structure, say of iron, a site may, however, be unattainable, as no rock foundation is to be had and as the river wanders in an earthen bed. The Caspian flotilla may require a long time in order to be dignified by the name of a war-transport flotilla in the British sense of that term. But it can and will be enlarged and strengthened year by year. The defects along two-thirds of the line, in respect of water, supplies, and population, may and will be rectified. Canals may be conducted from the water supply of the Persian hills ; the defunct irrigation from the Murghab around Merve may be resuscitated ; by such means this desert may be made to blossom like the rose, as indeed it has once blossomed. Then would follow moisture, fertility, cultivation, and population. These things have been done in these very places during the palmy days of former ages with a magnificence which lingers in popular tradition to this day, and which is attested by authentic history that can be verified by signs and marks on the ground, visible to modern research. If we had the country, we should soon be doing similar things. Can we doubt that Russia, after

all the enterprise and ability she has shown in this quarter, will succeed in doing these things also? As to the bad landing-place on the Caspian—why, the Russian officers are only feeling their way, they will try and try till at last they get a good place. Thus, if a conflict were to arise between England and Russia, say to-morrow, this railway would not do anything like as much as might be expected of it by some people. Still it would be of very considerable service, and through it Russia would possess far more of military preparedness than she would have possessed in this quarter had war been declared—and the declaration was on the point of being made—in 1885. Thus, even within the brief interval between then and now, Russia has greatly augmented her offensive power as regards ourselves in this quarter. But, if war should arise, say ten years hence, then the efficiency of this railway for aggressive warfare will be found to have been almost doubled perhaps; and, if a struggle were to come say twenty years hence, the railway and all its surroundings or appurtenances will have become still further augmented. While we perhaps shall be sleeping, Russia will be growing in this quarter. If sleepiness shall overtake us, then, the deeper our slumber now, the rougher, the sterner will be our awakening hereafter.

In the course which she is pursuing, Russia will probably have no trouble with the native races whom she has subjected. Formerly it was supposed that she was storing up for herself a mass of combustible fanaticism which would explode if any political event should apply the match. I remember that even so great an authority as Lord Lawrence once thought that this might prove to be the case. As yet, however, these predictions have not been verified. Indeed the evidence of travellers tends in the opposite direction. Mr. Curzon, moving about as an unofficial stranger among the Bokhariots, found their bearing towards Europeans to be friendly. Whether Russia is governing these people in an enlightened manner, according to Anglo-Indian ideas, or not, she is governing them firmly on the one hand, and is respecting their creed and customs on the other hand. There are some implacable Moslem races, such as the Afghans and the Arabs, who could not be conciliated by good government; their character has been hardened by climatic surroundings. The Bokhariots do not seem to fall within this category; and they live in the fertile and luxurious region between the rivers. Without being too confident as to what their attitude might be if they

saw Russia in the throes of a struggle with England, it would be safer for us to assume that they would show a benevolent passiveness towards their Russian rulers. As for the Turkomans, they are in a state of abject submissiveness. Ruthless slave-hunters and slave-drivers, they were for many years the scourges of Northern Persia. The accounts that used to reach us of their bandit raids were heart-rending. Such men, though they may have a certain sort of brute courage, will not be consistently brave. However unchristian may have been the slaughter which Skobeleff inflicted on them, its effect on their spirit has been absolute; this is fully attested by Mr. Curzon. The much-vexed Persians must be breathing freely again; and humanity may be thankful to Russia for suppressing an abomination second only to the African slave-trade in atrocity. Visions of cloud after cloud of Turkoman cavalry under Russian guidance used once to float before the Anglo-Indian mind. These do not seem likely to be realized in full. According to recent accounts, the Turkoman horses have been over-rated; but of course Russia will draw some irregular cavalry from that source.

I now revert for a moment to the commercial aspect of this Caspian-Samarcand railway. Mr. Curzon clearly explains that the commercial part of the concern is being worked for a political purpose. By tariff arrangements Russia secures all the benefits of this rail-transport for her own manufactures to the exclusion of others. The exclusion is probably directed against all European competition. But, as England is the only competitor, she is the country for whom the exclusion is arranged. We have no right to complain of Russia for doing this; though we ourselves have always acted on a more generous plan. Different arrangements, however, are made with Persia and with Afghanistan, the result of which is that a trade, of dimensions previously unknown, is springing up in both Persia and Afghanistan with the new Russian provinces of Turkestan and Trans-Caspia. By such commercial intercourse the Russians are doubtless hoping to pave the way for political amalgamation. Herein lies the importance of the matter for us. Statistically the trade of such peoples as the Persians, the Afghans, the Bokhariots—in all not numbering many millions of souls, and those not very industrious—may be insignificant in comparison with the vast volume of British commerce. For all that, the political significance may be considerable.

The possible extensions of the Caspian-Samarcand railway naturally found a place in Mr. Curzon's inquiries. The prevailing Russian opinion on the spot seemed to be that the line will be soon projected northwards from the Samarcand terminus to Tashkent—so as to be placed in touch with the Siberian military communications. The result of that would be to afford a Siberian military base in addition to the Caspian base, in event of a war in England. The value of the Siberian base will, however, be affected for a long time to come by the uncertainty of the Oxus passage as shown above. And the so-called Oxus flotilla, from which some Russian authorities expected much, does not seem to exist as yet. Mr. Curzon could scarcely discover any traces of it. The other, or Caspian base, will not be hereby affected. At all events the possibility of this double base will furnish food for reflection to British strategists. The advance towards India, if ever attempted, would be twofold. One line would be from Bokhara across the Oxus towards Caubul. The other would be from some point near Merve or Herat with a view to Candahar. Even if the Herat line were destined for the main attack, still a feint in force might be made towards Caubul as a demonstration to distract our attention.

It is certain that the railway will be extended, or rather that the branch will be thrown off, from the main line towards that frontier near Panjdeh which Russia acquired in 1885 from the Afghans by means on her part which I shall not stop to criticise as the affair is over. It may start from a bend in the main line at Dushak and be carried along the northern base of the Persian mountains by Serakhs. Thus Dushak, hitherto obscure, may suddenly become famous. Or the branch may be taken from Merve up the Murghab bank. To us it matters nothing which of the two lines Russia may adopt. In either case, the terminus of this branch will be perilously near to Herat; in either case the result will be equally disagreeable to us. For all that it will come to pass in all probability, and by an early date.

A Russian advance on Herat itself means, of course, war with England. Knowing this, the Russians will not attempt it unless they have made up their minds to fight us about South-eastern Europe or we to fight them. Then the first move will be on Herat. Inasmuch as England cannot undertake to defend the place with her own forces, it would probably

succumb at last to Russian arms. Still the Afghans would, at our instance, defend it, and, with assistance from us in officers and ordnance (but not troops), they might hold out for some time. Moreover, the presence of British officers might prevent the place being surrendered by treachery. And, as nowadays warfare requires speed, it would be a great point for us to keep Russia seated before this place for some weeks. This alone is a cogent reason why England should look well to the defences of Herat.

Behind all this there is the interesting speculation as to what may really be Russia's design in these trans-Caspian movements and in this Oxus-Jaxartes occupation. I call it speculation because perhaps Russia is herself not quite clear on the subject. That she has some half-formed ideas we may be sure. Otherwise, poor as she is financially, she would never have incurred a vast expense for regions which cannot repay her directly, and can only be valuable for some ulterior ambition. Mr. Curzon properly calls her policy that of hand-to-mouth. I may have my own opinion about her after close observation extending over a quarter of a century, but at the end of an article there is no space for entering upon so important a disquisition as this. Yet there is one thing which she meant to gain and has indeed gained with the hand-to-mouth policy—namely, this, she has put England to trouble and expense. England has now to keep 10,000 additional European soldiers in India; the British Indian treasury is obliged to incur one million sterling of extra military expenses annually, and has had to lay out eight millions of capital on North-West frontier defence, with four millions more in prospect; and all this on account of the affairs we have been discussing in this article. This at least is something for Russia and against us. By how much the fighting strength of England on land for warfare in Europe will have been lessened by the same causes, I do not undertake to discuss here.

The speculative question of uniting the "railway" systems of British India and Central Asia is suggested by this Caspian-Samarcand railway. Mr. Curzon deprecates this notion in the strongest terms; and very rightly too. The objections are much the same as those which are urged against the Channel Tunnel, and which are so familiar to Englishmen that I need not reproduce them here. The physical difficulties in the mid-part of the great line between the Caspian and the Indus do not

amount to much. The troubles of the desert at one end have been surmounted by Russia with a slight cost; the troubles of the mountains have also been surmounted by England with a great cost at the other end of the line. The intermediate part of a very few hundred miles between the British and the Russian termini would present no engineering difficulties worth mentioning. But in the immediate future, and in the region of practical politics, the trouble to England and the national insecurity to her from such a railway junction would be infinite, and she should sternly set her face against it. In this she would be heartily joined by the Afghans, through whose country the line, if ever undertaken, would have to pass. Nothing would be more odious to the Afghan pure and simple of to-day than such a railway junction. It is indeed one of those things which may come about in the distant future, when the politics of the world may have changed. We can only apply our remarks to things as they are in these days of ours.

Before proceeding to the conclusion of this article I must mention two ulterior extensions which Russia doubtless has in view. One is to push from the Bokhara territory up the Oxus, even to its source on the Pamir steppe, and thence to trouble the Northern extremity of the Cashmir dominion. This must of course be resisted by England, as being a direct menace to British India. The other is to overshadow Northern Persia, thence to gain admission to Meshed and Khorassan—to impinge upon Seistan as a second gate to Southern Afghanistan—and ultimately to work a way downwards towards the head of the Persian Gulf! This is a bold idea, but nothing is too extravagant for Russian day-dreams. Still England, if so minded, has time to counteract it. After all, the Persian Gulf is a British lake; the police of those waters has long been kept by British war-vessels. And the recent proceedings in the Karun valley show that British enterprise is alive in that quarter.

Now to conclude. Mr. Curzon cites once more the oft-repeated Russian dicta that a Russian force of 150,000 men from this new Central Asian basis might suffice for an attack on India, 90,000 to guard the line and 60,000 to cross the Indus. In an article about Central Asia, I will not discuss the powerful array which the British-Indian Government would, even without reinforcements, oppose to such invasion, and the grand coigns of vantage which it has gained by its frontier-defence. But our critics perhaps scarcely realize the rapidity with which England

could nowadays send out powerful reinforcements to the mouth of the Indus, and how quickly the additional troops would be transported from the Indus mouth to the British camp to meet the Russian advance. But after all, when men speak of Russia sending 150,000 choice troops to invade our Indian dominions, they seem to assume that she would be left so unoccupied elsewhere that she could spare that number. But would she be left thus unoccupied, and could she spare them? Would not the British be giving her fearful occupation in several places? An attempt by her to invade India means war to the bitterest end, and the British puissance must be exerted all round. If, then, she were engaged with England in a death-struggle in the Baltic, if she were being sorely pressed by England in the Black Sea, if her military and naval establishments at the mouth of the Amoor were being assailed by England; if in consequence of these external troubles, some internal disturbance, Nihilistic, financial, economic and other, were to arise—*then* would Russia be able so confidently to set about the invasion of India? If such a contest were forced upon us to-morrow, would any patriotic Briton dread the prospect or doubt the issue? I grieve to be obliged to write about such things, being a hearty well-wisher of Russia if she will only cease from designs against us. We do not threaten Russia; she threatens us. And Britons, when threatened, are bound to reply; though they hope that Russia will so abstain from aggression as to enable them to keep the peace.

RICHARD TEMPLE.

Dramatic Opinions.

By MRS. KENDAL.

Part IV.

There is a great deal of difference, in my opinion, between enthusiasm and enthusiasts. There are enthusiasts and there is enthusiasm, the latter holding much longer to firm ground than enthusiasts. An enthusiast is an actor or actress such as one occasionally meets who is delighted with a new part, with new clothes, with a new creation, and, whilst the excitement is on, loves it, but, when the first five or six weeks have passed, gets tired of both part and play, and longs for "pastures new." The persons who, in my idea, realize enthusiasm, are the individuals who, acting night after night, never allow their interest in their parts to cease, who are neither influenced by fair, bad, or good houses, but who are always trying to amplify their parts and who go on still trying to do something more. Of course, this may be carried to a fault, as much as anything else, because you may over-elaborate, and that is very bad (over-elaborating, I may mention, is a personal failing of my own), since, in over-elaborating a play, you often lose the spontaneity which of course is the great charm. We all of us, more or less, run into one of these extremes—either over-elaborating a part, or becoming indifferent to it; that is my idea of the difference between enthusiasts and enthusiasm. If I were one of the public and wanted to see a play at its very perfection, I should go to see it when it had been played three weeks (I speak, of course, of a successful play), when the excitement had not died out, and when it had not been played sufficiently often for people to become indifferent, but the enthusiasm proper still continued.

If an audience is very attentive to a play, they get the very best that an artist can give them ; whilst, on the contrary, if you feel the public are not with you, you become self-conscious, and can do nothing. One's feeling of the audience is more a general impression than noticing particular persons. Sometimes one notices more, sometimes less. The only people that I can see in a theatre are those who are very near to me—the people in the first row or two of the stalls, and the people in the private boxes. I always feel very conscious of them, because they seem to be so near, but otherwise one can have no judgment of the effect one is producing, because one cannot see—at least, there are only a very few people with long sight who can see—all over the house. But you can instinctively *feel* whether the people are listening to you or whether you are gaining their attention. I never had but one instance in my life of a man who was so bored by my interpretation that he yawned loudly through it ; and it was at the first production of 'The Squire.' A man came into the stalls rather late, and looked about a good deal, and yawned so markedly, one could not avoid noticing him. It was very trying, but at the end of the second act he went out altogether and didn't return. That little episode made me cry for about three days. It made me unhappy, and it recoiled upon myself, because I felt that had I been right, I must have gained his attention more than I did.

Then as to the income of an actor or actress. That is always over-estimated. The other day a man sent my husband a play from Germany. He said, "I know you have £6000 a year private property ; under these circumstances, I want so much for my play" !

What is my favourite performance ? Oh ! that I could not tell. You fancy yourself in some particular thing, but it is not always that in which you most fancy yourself that you do best or which has the best effect upon your audience. We may sometimes attempt to work out a very charming subtlety or idea, and it does not reach the audience ; or, *vice versâ*, we sometimes may by the simplest thing produce an effect which we are unconscious of. That is just the chance of sympathy between yourself and the audience. It is not possible, either, to judge by results, and lay down a rule that, if a play has proved successful, it must have been a good performance ? I always think you act best what you would like yourself to be. As Adelaide Proctor says, "We always can be what we might have been."

That is my idea of the standpoint of art. If I am impersonating the character of a high-minded woman, it is what I should like to be, and I always fancy my wish is so strong that it makes me impersonate that part best. This makes it impossible for one to judge oneself of what one's best performance is. When you feel most at your ease, and least self-conscious, you are told for the following ten days after the production of the play that this is perhaps the most disappointing of all your performances.

It is a matter of opinion as to whether the press controls the public. I am sometimes asked whether I consider that, when the public hear that adverse criticism of a great favourite actor, the public keeps away. That is only answered by the question, Does the British public slavishly follow the opinions of the press? In some cases Yes, in some cases No. Should the artist be strong enough to withstand all this, and if his or her popularity with the public goes far beyond the criticism; or if, again, the artist takes to heart what the press has said and tries to improve, all this may or may not be obviated. One of the greatest favourites of the public and the press has lately not succeeded in a *rôle*. The press has been very adverse, and departed from its usual tone when criticising a performance of this artist; but whether that has any influence with the public, I, who am not in the theatre, cannot say. I cannot say whether the artist to whom I refer has suffered pecuniarily. Some of my friends say, "Take no notice, the world goes on rapidly. What has been read yesterday morning is forgotten to-morrow. The public go to the theatre. They forget what was the criticism that has been passed upon the play, therefore do not worry yourself. It hurts, it wounds. But it goes no further than your own vanity." Other people say to me, "I did not go to such-and-such a performance, for it was abused in the papers." Therefore, I say, it is an open question whether a given artist is sufficiently strong in his or her position with the public, and whether the press has or has not paramount influence. Nowadays when everybody goes to the play, and when the public themselves judge more than they used to do, the theatre is becoming more a universal entertainment. In some instances artists have been found fault with, and the public have been enchanted, and *vice versâ*. You can never arrive at the bottom of the question. I have known a play continue to run 100 nights in spite of adverse criticism. If a play goes with the

audience, and the press praises it as well, the combination is extremely good, because the pulse of the press goes with the heart of the public, and then "strength is victory."

Of our own plays I think 'Impulse' was the greatest success pecuniarily that we ever had. I say this in an unbiassed spirit, as I played an extremely small part in it. The success was mainly due to Miss Linda Dietz, who played the sentimental part, and to my husband, who had *the* part of the play.

Now here is an instance of a strange peculiarity of the press. All the modesty of my family has departed from me. I am not modest, and I believe it must have gone out of my soul and entered into my husband's when I became his wife; for a more modest artist than he could not possibly breathe. He played that part for an entire year; he brought to the coffers of the St. James's Theatre, through his marvellous performance, a considerable sum of money—perhaps as much as any actor has been known in his life to bring in the same space of time. But no one ever wrote sheaves of praise of my husband. If he had been one of those men who could ever speak of himself, this, perhaps, would have been impressed upon the mind of the public; but, as he cannot do that, he lives in the admiration of his wife and children. The silence of the press made no difference to the coffers of the St. James's Theatre, I am proud to say, and therefore our mutual admiration party was one of jollity, and sincerity, and had its wings tipped with gold. I wish I could tell you, or remember, some of the love-letters Mr. Kendal received during the time he enacted this brilliant artilleryman. The anonymous letters would fill books, and they used to afford the most intense amusement to all of us.

I should say that Mr. Pinero and Mr. Sidney Grundy are the most popular English playwrights of the present day. Mr. H. A. Jones is a man of high position. Mr. Robert Buchanan is a very, very clever man. Of course, the most poetical writer that we have is Mr. Wills. I have acted in only one play by Mr. Wills, 'William and Susan.' Few are sufficiently gifted to realize all that this writer's exquisitely poetical language admits of! It is a positive recreation to speak his lines. How simple, how pathetic, was that tiny part of the old woman who comes to hear tidings of her sailor boy! The poor lad is dead, and William has to break the sad news to her. I shall never forget the first time I heard that scene. The prayer, too, spoken by Susan, is a masterpiece of writing. It is always

a subject of regret to me that this one play has afforded the only opportunity I have had of trying to interpret Mr. Wills' language and ideas, for which I have the greatest admiration, I may almost say reverence!

Mr. "Bolton Row" and Mr. "Saville Row" excited a great deal of curiosity when 'Diplomacy' was first announced. Since then I have acted in a one-act play called 'The Cape Mail,' by Mr. Clement Scott, which gives a great opportunity to an emotional actress; but it is always difficult to put a delicate little play of half-an-hour's duration in an evening's programme.

Mr. Stephenson's 'Impulse' is too well known to need comment from me, and that touching song, "Let me dream again," and the comic opera 'Dorothy,' will endear him to all musical amateurs.

We opened the St. James's Theatre with the 'Queen's Shilling,' which my husband had produced some seasons previously at Manchester. Mr. Godfrey's play of 'Queen Mab' was written long before. His heroines are always pleasant to act, full of life and spontaneity. I was the original Lilian Vavasour in 'New Men and Old Acres,' the joint author of which, Mr. Dubourg, wrote a comedietta, 'Twenty minutes under an Umbrella,' which was a great success, and he paid me the compliment of dedicating to me his five-act romantic play of 'Vittoria Contarini.'

What can I say of Mr. Theyre Smith, whom all the world acknowledges? Amateurs will surely place wreaths of laurel round his brow, for 'A Happy Pair' and 'Uncle's Will' have been the cause of many pleasant parties, many flirtations, and more marriages than any other two pieces I can think of.

And now for Mr. Sydney Grundy. Of course, I like his plays; who doesn't? We produced his first comedietta at the Haymarket, 'A Little Change,' and his last play, 'A White Lie.' He is one of those authors who must positively have his *exact* words spoken; his lines are so terse and epigrammatic—they do not admit of one word being interpolated by the actor. He always writes me the *rôle* of a very high-minded, noble-hearted woman (I think I have already said, one often acts the antithesis of one's own character best). Mr. Grundy is, I must tell you, a very gallant man, and has known me for a long time, and thirdly, he comes from Manchester. I can offer no other explanation of why he always assigns to me such womanly, beautiful characters; unless, indeed, he means to convey a sly hint to me to endeavour to become like

them in real life. As Lord Tennyson makes Ulysses say, "I am a part of all that I have met." I have met a great many authors, and they have invariably been generosity and kindness itself—generous in all their dealings with me and with my husband—(for man and wife are one—when I write *I*, I mean *we*, and when I write *we*, I mean *he*)—all except one!

If I am asked how children on the stage are treated by grown-up actors, I reply that I have never in my life seen anything but uniform kindness; they are encouraged in every possible way. Bulwer Lytton, in one of his books, says that if you wish to be *en rapport* with all the world, as it is of to-day, you should live with old people when you are a child, and live with children when you are old. Therefore, I believe that you must take children and surround them with the atmosphere and the treatment of art from childhood if you wish them to be artists. Whether that will ever develop art in them, depends upon the individual character. In many instances it does so, especially with women; and as boys are fathers of the men, I do not see why the same should not hold good with *girls!*

I do not think it is an absolute law that great actors *must* begin as children, but as a rule, the enormous influence exercised upon the mind by what becomes habitual in the most receptive period of life cannot be replaced by later training. It has been said that no one can hope to make a first-rate violin player who has not begun to study the instrument as a little child; and so it is, in my opinion, with acting. If you take a very mobile girl of seventeen and make her work hard until she is twenty, you may mould her into an actress; but if she does not begin until then she will find it very uphill work. On the other hand, how easy it will be for 'Little Lord Fauntleroy'—Vera Beringer—to play a boy. Directly I found she was to play a boy, she was put into trousers, that her movements might be those of a boy, that she might put her hands in her pockets and walk in boyish fashion. I rehearsed her in trousers, so that when the child came before the public she did not feel that she was dressed in anything unusual. If you want to wear classic dress and to have the peculiar movements that are necessary to carry the classic robes, you must wear them when you are sufficiently young not to know that you have got them on. If I thought one of my children was capable of going on the stage—for I should like them to do so, if they have talent for it—I should certainly make them begin early.

Little children do not feel shy and awkward. How can they? In 'The Squire,' the part of a village child was given to a girl about four years old. I said to the little creature, "Now, when I ask your name, I want you to say 'Stores' very loudly, and if you say it very loudly and very nicely, every night you will get an orange." She simply shouted it; I never had to tell her twice. She probably did not know in the least what "Stores" meant. But she got her orange, and ended by making the theatre reverberate with her voice.

Audiences always delight in witnessing the performance of children. There is something peculiarly attractive in the charm that youth, extreme youth, brings to everything. What can be more beautiful than a graceful little girl acting some pretty child-like part?

What a duck of a thing that little girl was in 'Partners'! I loved to see her. It was all I could do to keep from jumping out of the box and kissing her.

Since then, this little child I so admired—"Minnie Terry"—has acted with us in 'A White Lie.' She only rehearsed a week, she was so quick, caught up every idea, every intonation of the voice; she is even better in health, so her mother told me, when she is at work. She rests all the afternoon, and looks forward with joy to the evening's amusement, for, to children, the theatre is a delightful place—full of friends who pet them before and behind the curtain. Another delightful performer was little Miss Clitherow, in 'The Silver King.'

Then, too, the talent of the grown-up actor can, as I have said, generally be discerned in the child. Although the little monkeys only try to imitate their elders, they have their own way of doing it, some better and some worse.

Often of course we are disappointed afterwards. Lots of children have been brilliant while young, but then if they exhaust their stock of brains, it is like the wearing out of a clock's works, which once exhausted can never be repaired.

Again, there are children and children. There are thousands of plays in which none appear, and when you want a child it is sometimes most difficult to find a clever one. There was a child of about four, the boy in 'William and Susan.' We used to teach him to play with his little boat and to say "Aye, aye, your honour." Sometimes we had the most dreadful trouble. One morning he would not do it at all, while the next

he would be ready with his "Aye, aye, your honour," at the right moment. If you employ a child so young, you must take the consequences. I had to look at him if he forgot, and give him a little touch, then perhaps he would say "Aye, aye," so confidentially that the audience would not hear. Another time he would burst it out at the top of his voice.

Of course even the smallest children must soon get beyond this. Then before long comes the time when they are neither little children nor grown up, and when there is nothing for them to do.

Six or seven is a common age for a child to go on the stage. When they have been in the theatre for a year or two, and are eight or nine, they begin to take great interest, and an intelligent interest too, in the profession. They are very old-fashioned, from always being with their elders. They naturally must dress in the room where "grown-ups" are, and their minds become prematurely advanced. Thus throughout their lives they give the impression of being older than their years. I have experienced this myself. I have been on the stage since I was a child. Suppose a case of a woman of my age who was not an actress, and who began her career at twenty instead of, as I did, at three. How much younger her mind would be than mine! How much more room there would be in it! With me the feelings, sensations, experiences which pass through my heart and try to find relief in words are so merged one into another, so crowded and tumultuous, that fast as I talk, I cannot express the half of them.

But to return to the children: their grand time is in the Pantomime season, when enormous numbers are employed.

And what an excellent thing! Oh, think of the families at Christmas that are positively kept from starving by the Fairies' weekly stipend! Think of fairies, and then think of dinner—so unfairylike! But oh, what joy! Could any fairy of Hans Andersen's creation give more joy than the flesh and blood fairy of the stage, when on Saturday mornings she takes 15*s.* or 18*s.* to the mother, and there is meat for dinner on Sundays! What else in the world but a fairy at Christmas time can do that? Then fancy the bacon which they have lived on all the rest of the year disappearing and mutton taking its place! Look how beautifully the poetry of life can be elicited even from the pantomime! The Duke's child sits in front in the dress-circle and feasts its eyes upon the fairies in all their glory; but what are its feelings compared to those of the poor mother who

sees the fairy come home, wingless and uncrowned indeed, but bringing in her hand the well-earned salary? That is the joy the pantomime gives to me, who sometimes go behind the scenes. Then think of the kindness—the uniform kindness of actors and actresses—to these children: there is nothing under the sun too good for them. There are such noble things done, that outsiders would be amazed at the record. Far be it from me to advocate that children's whole lives should be passed in a theatre, but there are times when it can do nothing but good; and when you come to think that managers who produce pantomimes sometimes engage as many as 150 little children, to none of whom they ever give less than 12*s.* a week, it will not surprise you to hear that hundreds of children are seen waiting at the stage-door of Drury Lane and Covent Garden and the "Standard" at Christmas time.

It is sometimes urged that harm comes to the children. But what does this amount to? Of course they have late hours, but when they do get home, they have plenty of time for sleep. Then, of course, the School Board interferes nowadays. People frequently come to me, and ask my opinion upon certain matters connected with the employment of these children. They want to know what I think of their being taken away from school and made to play in the pantomimes, and to rehearse, considering that it constitutes a serious interference with their education. I reply, My dear ladies, I really do not know anything about that. But this I do know, that by giving children the recreation of going to a theatre and dancing, you are providing for them an immense pleasure; you employ them in a childish pursuit, and you enable large numbers to make merry together. Why, the dancing mistress at Drury Lane is simply worshipped by the children. Again, the manager, as a rule, if he keeps them certain hours over time will give them food. And, when they return home, the little child of the lowest and poorest woman in the world will certainly be looked upon and treated with more urbanity and kindness, for being the bread-winner. Even where the mother is neglectful, the knowledge that this is the child who brings money home, rather than the child whom she has to supply with a penny for school, will make a difference. And if they have to go through the rain and sleet and snow to the pantomime, must they not do the same to go to school? With this difference, that at the end of the second week of the pantomime, the mother will have money enough to

buy her child a waterproof. At the pantomime, the wages are often 12*s.* a week, and this is as much as a labourer gets in many parts of the country. It is true that when the pantomimes are over, the children have to return to their *moutons*, or rather want of *moutons*, but they have all had several weeks of profitable work, and that is so much to the good, and may balance the few cases where, as the good ladies would say, the little heads have got filled with "inflated theatrical notions," perhaps even the serious disaster of having lost their places in the class!

It may be it has its evil sides. No doubt it has. They acquire a silly love of admiration, and there is the reaction after parting with the kind friends they have made. But often the friends they have made in the theatre are able to help them in after life.

I may be told that however correct my views are with regard to the children who perform at the pantomime, the conditions under which young people of a better class begin their career are very different. I am told that if my own children went upon the stage, they would be looked after far more closely, and that I should admit the existence of a number of bad influences which I should take uncommonly good care to keep them out of. I entirely deny this. What influences would there have been, for instance, at the St. James's Theatre that I should have had to keep my girl out of? Whom would she see? There are the same influences behind the scenes of a theatre as there are in a drawing-room. If a girl is pretty, weak and vain, and some man says to her, "I love you," those magical words will, as long as the world goes round, turn the heads of *some* girls and have no effect upon others. I do not care whether they are sitting behind the scenes in a theatre, in a drawing-room, in a ball-room, in a lodging-house parlour, or anywhere else, the words will take effect or not according to the ground they are thrown upon. They may be said to an unresponsive ear and an unresponsive heart, or they may be said to an ear, a heart, a soul, that are responsive. It would depend entirely upon the impression on the girl's heart at the moment whether any echo of the words reverberated in her soul. It does not signify *where* these words are spoken. It is the magic sympathy of one life with another that decides their influence.

Consider, too, what love-making on the stage really means. A young girl comes into a theatre to play *ingénue* parts. She

stands in the wing ready to be called upon the stage, and she sees a man and a woman making love. The man says, "Dearest, fly with me." The woman says, "I dare not." The man says, "We will go at once. Come." The first time such words as those fall on the ears of a young girl unaccustomed to them, they might, if said with fervour and passion, mean something; but this is the way it generally goes:

"Dearest, fly with me."

"No, no, no!" from the stage-manager; "when you say that, you stand at the back of the chair, you lean over Miss Snooks' back; she waves her hand against you. Now, try it."

This is gone over twenty times, until at last the idea of "Fly with me," as understood by the young *ingénue*, must be of a most appalling kind. The gentleman has had his right arm, his left arm, his right leg, his left leg, his back, his chest, both his hands, his head—all talked over. He has tried it in a high voice, he has tried it in a low voice, he has tried it in a thin voice, he has tried it in a heavy voice, until there is no sense left of what "Fly with me" might under other circumstances mean. All the romance of love-making is gone. Therefore, what effect can it have? In love, is it not the fact that some of the charm lies in treating of an unknown land?

Since writing the above, the Bill, about which so much discussion took place, has passed, and children are forbidden to act, or do any kind of work in a theatre, until they are ten years of age!—but this will, of course, be reconsidered, and *well* considered.

What says the poet? "What would the world be to us if the children were no more!" Fancy pantomimes without children, without fairies! Fancy anyone's life without fairies! Don't we all know it's the fairies who whisper the good things to us? Every human creature carries a tiny fairy in his or her heart, who whispers messages of hope, ambition, and love. Now fancy "lovers" without a fairy to fetch and carry pretty speeches one to the other! All the pretty tales we have told our children about the "good deeds" of the good fairies will be dispelled, unless at Christmas-time they can *see* the fairies creep out of the flowers, and rise out of the water in the moonlight, and dance! and *prove* all that their mothers have told them is true! What will poor mothers do when their babies are ill, and, "Oh! tell me a fairy tale!" is swept away? What will the district visitor

fall back upon if Cinderella cannot have a fairy godmother? And all the tales become *facts* when Christmas is here, and the fairies are actually to be seen—*seen* at the theatre!

Then, please, dear, good, kind gentlemen, don't deprive us of them. Why, how could "Titania and Oberon" have ruled their court without their changeling? Certainly they did quarrel about him, and have a difference of opinion like wretched mortals, but still he *united* them again! Titania summons all her little fairies to scratch Bottom's ears, and delight his eyes. Then how can we believe in "Caliban" if we cannot believe in the fairies? And oh! above all, don't deprive us of "Prince Arthur!" If you deprive us of Prince Arthur, you deprive us of a lesson of love and faith that men, women, and children can all understand, sympathise with, and delight in. Then the two Princes! Only the seeing of Richard the Third makes us more and more appreciate Sir John Millais's picture of the two frightened little fellows clinging to each other, because, please remember, that though the Prince of Wales was a *big* boy, yet the Duke of York was only a baby less than ten, and, if you see an older child, half your sympathy is gone.

Then again, "Puck." Oh, really, you must *not* deprive us of Puck. Why, lovers would no longer quarrel and make it up without Puck to show us how he led them "up and down" and threw dust in their eyes.

Imagine that jolly old knight, "Sir John Falstaff," without "Little Robin" as a contrast! or "Banquo's" going on his journey without "Fleance!" Why, you destroy Macbeth's chief ambition, and upset all his future arrangements. *This can never be!* Not many plays of Shakespeare could be acted.

And oh! horror of horrors! what would become of *me*, the "*domestic* actress," who can do nothing without a baby? At least, so Mr. Punch says, and *he* ought to know, for he has a great many of his own—so is a good judge!

But seriously this question of not allowing children under ten years of age in a theatre is not to be lightly thought of. These "Baby fingers, waxen touches, weigh upon the actors' rest" (humble apologies to Lord Tennyson will follow), for the drama cannot live without its children, and the kind people who, with the best intentions, have taken up this question, will assuredly be taught they are wrong.

There are, of course, many points for and against, but I am all for "for." With few exceptions, nearly all the actors and actresses

who have "achieved greatness" have begun early in life. *Before* they were ten years old, the first germ of their talent has been seen. If I dare mention names, I could give example upon example; but now I am packing up for America, and thinking of the ocean, and—(now, if I were that funny man Mr. Punch, shouldn't I write something here about a "*Water Baby!*")—and saying "Au revoir" to my friends. Like these papers, I must leave to you, my dear, kind, gentle readers, the settling of this great question about our dramatic offsprings! Deal gently, justly with them, and oh! deal *more* than gently, *more* than justly with these silly scraps of "Dramatic Opinions," jotted down just as they came into my silly head, for

> "Strong gales keep the clouds from raining,
> Work lulls the sad heart's complaining."

And my heart is sad often, and sadder still at saying Good-bye to you who have helped me with your encouragement and applause (for I address my reader as a play-goer). With one more apology to a poet:

> "Be to my good points *more* than kind,
> And to my faults—why, blind, blind, *blind!*"

THE END.

An International Census of Hallucinations.

AMONG the countless projects, more or less modest and reasonable, for the amelioration and advancement of things in general, to which the modern reader's attention is somewhat distractingly invited, hardly any scheme perhaps could sound to most men's ears at once more pompous and more futile than the notion of an International Census, or widely-reaching collection, of cases where sane adults have experienced hallucinatory sights and sounds. To invite civilized mankind to record, not what they have really seen, but what they fancied they saw; not what they really heard, but what they fancied they heard; not the facts of Nature, but the figments of their own brains; this certainly looks like a chase of shadows which a sensible man may fairly let alone.

Yet this is the invitation issued by a group of men who at least are not idlers or dreamers; the International Congress of Experimental Psychology lately held in Paris under the headship of Profs. Charcot, Ribot, Richet, &c.; and attended by some scores of those physicians and others who, in the various countries of Europe and America, interest themselves in that wide range of inquiries—from Heredity to Hypnotism—by which we are now learning to analyse with a new exactness the intimate constitution of man.

A few words of explanation will help to show that there is nothing paradoxical in the importance now attached to hallucinations, and that the lessons to be learnt from them, already of great value, are likely to be rapidly extended by further knowledge such as the census seeks.

Writing for a popular audience I will avoid as far as possible the use of technical terms, and must refer those who wish to see

the subject more philosophically treated to Mr. Gurney's Essay on Hallucinations, contained in 'Phantasms of the Living,' vol. i. p. 456 (*Trübner*).

In the first place, we must distinguish between *hallucinations* and *illusions*. By an *illusion* is meant the misinterpretation of some real sensory object, as when Sir Walter Scott took a hat-stand with cloaks upon it for Lord Byron, or the late Mr. Proctor took a surplice hanging on his bedroom door for a ghost with outstretched arms. Such misinterpretations are very apt to spread by suggestion from one observer to another, as a crowd of peasants have sometimes taken an odd cloud in the sky for a fiery cross or a fiery hand. In fact we almost always observe objects in a summary manner; we look at them just enough to recognize them, that is, to fill up our observation with memories of what we have observed before. Illusions, naturally, are extremely common, and vary in degree from the very slightest mistake or misreading of the objects on which we look to a degree of mis-sight or error which involves a good deal of actual seeing of what is not there to be seen, or hallucination, properly so called.

Of hallucination the best definition is, I think, Mr. Gurney's: "A sensory hallucination is a percept which lacks, but which can only by distinct reflection be recognized as lacking, the objective basis which it suggests."

An example will make these distinctions clear. Suppose that I have a friend Smith whom I expect to see. I see some other man in the twilight and take him for Smith. This is a mere *mistake;* but it probably involves something of *illusion;* that is to say, that my mental interpretation of the vague figure actually seen contains certain elements drawn from my recollection of Smith. I go into the house and see Smith, as I fancy, sitting in a chair by the fire. On going closer I find that what I saw was only a coat thrown over the back of the chair. This is a full-blown illusion, and it possibly contains something of hallucination also. Part of the form of Smith, perhaps, was actually invented, was actually externalised, by my mind,—was not merely the result of unconscious *selection* amongst the confused lines of the coat and chair. I then sit down and think of Smith. If I have good visualizing memory I can fancy Smith sitting in the chair—can draw a sketch of him as he would look in the chair, correcting my drawing from time to time by reference to the picture of him in my "mind's eye." But

this is *not* a hallucination. I am not deceived by my self-summoned picture. It is called into being by the conscious part of my mind, and I know perfectly well that it is only my imagination.

And now suppose that I suddenly see Smith walk into the room—as I think. I start up to greet him, but the figure passes on and walks out through the wall. This is a *hallucination;* it is a percept, or thing seen (I am here for simplicity's sake taking *sight* as the representative sense), which lacks the objective basis which it suggests; that is to say, which does not really tell me truly that Smith is there in the room, and would be seen by other persons as well as myself. And note at the same time that it has required a distinct—though of course a momentary—act of reflection on my part to assure me that this figure was not actually Smith. This act of reflection was not needed when I had merely summoned up a mind's-eye picture of Smith. That was not a hallucination, it was a figure which my conscious self summoned up, and I knew (in a certain sense) why it came and how it got there. But the unexpected figure of Smith coming in at the door was summoned up by some unconscious part of myself: it took me by surprise, it was a hallucination.

Once more. Suppose that I go to sleep and *dream* that I see Smith. Is this a hallucination? The answer must be, Yes, dreams are hallucinations. It is a figure evoked not by conscious effort, but from some unconscious region of my mind. And an act of reflection is needed to enable me to be sure that it is not a reality. The act of reflection in this case is of course so habitual and easy that it generally passes unnoticed; but a dream may easily slide into a waking hallucination. I may dream of Smith, and after waking I may still seem for a few moments to see him standing beside me. In such a case the dream actually manifests itself as a sensory hallucination; there is the dream-image; and for a few moments it deceives even the waking senses.

Well then, hallucinations are images—sensations of sight, sound, taste, smell, touch—which are not due to any object in the world about us, and are not set going by our conscious mind, but by some working of the brain of which we, our recognized habitual selves, are not aware. And, having got thus far with our definition, we see at once both why hallucinations have in times past been neglected even by philosophers, or treated as

mere meaningless disturbances of our rational being; and also why, with the gradual rise of a more searching psychology, they come to have a profound interest of their own.

The reason is that they are messages whose obvious superficial meaning is false or nonsensical; but from which, nevertheless, an indication may be drawn of the nature of processes within us which we cannot get at in any other way.

The value in diagnosis of the indications given by the hallucinations of the *insane* has long been recognized. With the hallucinations of insanity or delirium, however, we have here nothing to do; our present inquiry is restricted to sane persons, most of them, as we shall soon see, in perfectly normal health. Now until lately it was hardly thought possible for a sane and healthy person to undergo a hallucination. Hallucinations were vaguely confounded with *nightmares;* and if any one said that he had "seen a ghost," the recognized joke was to bid him "cure it with a pill" and avoid late suppers. Now late suppers will certainly produce nightmares,—vague dreamy oppressions of circulation or breathing, &c.; but, oddly enough, we cannot find among several hundreds of recent first-hand cases, which we have collected and studied, a single one where over-eating seems to have been the exciting cause of any definite hallucinatory figure or voice. *Starvation,* indeed, does produce hallucinations; so that if my reader should "see a ghost," and wish to ascribe it to his own interior condition, he may at least console himself by supposing that he has eaten too little instead of too much.

But the fact is that until a few years ago hardly anything was known as to these casual hallucinations of the sane. The same scanty anecdotes were repeated over and over again; and it hardly occurred to any one that the *content* of the hallucinatory pictures might be a valuable key to mental processes impossible to reach by other means. Two independent researches were then made which have given quite a new aspect to the study. In the first place the French hypnotists (Liébeault, Richet, Bernheim, &c.) showed again, as the older mesmerists had shown long ago, that it was possible to create in certain healthy subjects vivid and prolonged hallucinations by *suggestion* in the hypnotic state,—such suggestion taking effect either immediately, or at any subsequent date which the operator may choose to assign. That is, the hypnotiser can either say to his subject, "See, there is B.! Go and shake hands with him;" or

he can say, "At noon next Tuesday, B. will enter your room, and you will shake hands with him," and in each case the subject will see B. at the time and in the attitude thus previously fixed for him. In this way hallucinations can be manufactured in any quantity; and we can analyse the elements of which they are composed, noting how much of the detail is due to the hypnotiser's suggestion, and how much to the subject's own mind.

An important step had thus been made in the study of the mechanism of *experimental* hallucination. There still remained the need of some wider knowledge as to what hallucinations *spontaneously* occur. It is to the late Mr. Edmund Gurney that we owe the first systematic attempt to supply this information on a large scale. He set on foot the first census of hallucinations, in 1885, and succeeded, after much trouble, in getting 5705 persons, selected at random, to answer questions somewhat resembling those which I shall presently describe. With the resulting information to go upon, the study of the hallucinations of the sane has left the anecdotical and entered on the scientific stage. A multitude of psychological questions are opened up; nor can any discussion on the nature of memory, the association of ideas, the scheme of images by which thought is carried on, the relation between the conscious and the unconscious mind, &c., be henceforth conducted without reference to what the study of hallucination has taught us.

Still more recently, a further discovery, or rather *re*-discovery of an ancient phenomenon, has shown still further possibilities of instruction. In a paper on "Some recent Experiments in Crystal-gazing," in Part XIV. of the 'Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research' (*Trübner*), we find the rational interpretation of many a discredited story from the Dark Ages or the East. Crystal-gazing, in fact, is simply an empirical method of inducing artificial hallucination. If a person gifted with the right kind of visual memory—or whatever the faculty be—looks intently into some clear object, undisturbed by reflections, he will gradually see scenes or figures shaping themselves therein. These figures are plainly analogous to figures seen in dreams; they seem generally to proceed from some unconscious stratum of the gazer's own mind; they rarely depict anything which he might not conceivably have dreamt. But at any rate there the figures are; they are hallucinations experimentally produced; the gazer can watch their behaviour—sometimes even through

a magnifying-glass—and become, as it were, the conscious spectator of the automatic working of his own mind. Little is as yet known as to the conditions which tend to produce these figures; but there seems thus far to be no evidence that they are morbid phenomena, but rather to the contrary, that they come in times of healthy tranquillity, and are put a stop to by illness or fatigue.

These self-induced hallucinations, however, lie outside of our present subject. I mention them here in order to illustrate the growing change in our attitude towards hallucinations. We are ceasing to look on them exclusively as signs of injury or disturbance; we are beginning to regard them as messages transmitted upwards from the unconscious to the conscious self.

Enough, perhaps, has been said to show that there may be a good deal of knowledge to be gained from the study of these singular bye-products of the human mind. Let us see in what way the Census attempts to gather it.

Professor Sidgwick, Hillside, Cambridge, will send to any one willing to aid a Paper A., affording space for twenty-five answers, Yes or No, to the following question :—"Have you ever, when believing yourself to be completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being or inanimate object, or of hearing a voice; which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?"

This question has been carefully framed so as to exclude, as far as possible, both *dreams* and mere *illusions*, or misinterpretations of real sights and sounds; and to include all hallucinations, except those of taste or smell, which are rare and difficult to distinguish from mere illusions. It will be observed, moreover, that reports of sounds other than voices are not asked for; the reason being that it is difficult to be sure that such sounds have not some physical, but undetected cause. The first point which we wish to make out is *what percentage* of sane adults have had any kind of hallucination. It is therefore just as important to collect negative answers as affirmative. The question should be put indifferently to any acquaintance of the collector's; he should not single out those whom he knows to have had some hallucination. Such persons should indeed be asked for their experiences, but a mark should be put to their names in the census-paper to indicate that the collector knew before he asked them that their answer would be Yes. With a little care in this and other points, which I need not here explain in detail, it is

possible to get a very fair sample of the experience of the community at large. There were good reasons for thinking that even Mr. Gurney's 5700 formed a fair sample; and the number of replies which we now hope to collect should be five or ten times larger.

When, however, these answers Yes or No have been collected, the greater part of the work still remains to be done. It remains to elicit the real meaning of the affirmative answers; and for this purpose, a Paper B. is submitted to each informant who has answered Yes to the question on Paper A.

After asking for an account of the actual experience, Paper B. proceeds to inquire whether the percipient—the person who experienced the hallucination—was in grief or anxiety at the time. Grief and anxiety are popularly supposed to be strongly predisposing causes of hallucination; and no doubt they are so to some extent. But the result of our collections thus far,—both of Mr. Gurney's census and of many other inquiries made in different ways—has been to show that the influence of these moral causes has been much exaggerated, and that *emotional* hallucinations (so to term them) form a small proportion of the total numbers. And here we approach the most curious point in the whole inquiry; the evidence, namely, that the percipient's hallucination is often due not to his own state, but to the state of some other person. The next question on Paper B. runs as follows:—"Was the impression that of some one whom you were in the habit of seeing, and do you know what he or she was doing at the time?" Now in a proportion of cases which, as it stands at present, is far too large for chance to explain, the answer to this question would have to be, "the person whose figure I saw was *dying* at the time, although I was in no way aware of it."

It might have been expected that relatives watching by a death-bed, or anxiously awaiting the news of a death, might experience some imaginary sound or sight. But no ordinary explanation will meet the unquestionable fact that many trustworthy men and women have experienced the sole hallucination of their lives in the shape of the figure of a friend, at the moment when that friend, about whom they felt no anxiety whatever, was actually dying in some distant place. This, as some of my readers may know, is the main thesis which the testimony collected in 'Phantasms of the Living' tends to prove; and during the three years which have passed since the

publication of that work the evidence for that thesis, in this and other countries, has become materially stronger. The force of evidence of this kind is *cumulative;* and inasmuch as the detailed cases are tedious reading, and the whole conception of *telepathy*, or influence exercised at a distance by one mind upon another, is strange and repugnant to many minds, it will be necessary to go on patiently gathering fresh evidence for a long time before we can expect its weight to be generally admitted. But I beg of the reader to observe that in advocating and carrying out this present census we are offering to those who differ from us the only possible method of conclusively *disproving* our own view. Suppose that 50,000 answers, or more, are collected from England, France, America, &c., and that among those answers we find few or no *veridical* or truth-telling hallucinations—sights or sounds which in some way coincide with some actual event, like a death, occurring at a distance, but a great multitude of *falsehood*-telling images; figures of friends whom the percipient supposes to be dying, but who are really in their ordinary state, and the like—then it may become plain that we must explain away as the effect of chance even the close and detailed coincidences of which 'Phantasms of the Living' affords many specimens. If the inquiry is pushed far enough, it must either refute or confirm our theory in a decisive manner. Other points of interest there will be on which the census will probably suggest as many problems as it solves. But on this point of *coincidence*, if only the inquiry goes far enough, the mere doctrine of chances must afford a conclusive reply.

Those of us who believe in these truth-telling or veridical hallucinations have at least, therefore, done all that we could to put our view to the test. We formed that view on the strength of evidence collected in a less systematic mode than the census offers, but greatly exceeding in amount all previously existing first-hand evidence as to the hallucinations of the sane. We tested this evidence as well as we could; travelling many hundred miles in order to obtain personal knowledge of our informants. We then published the evidence in full detail, endeavouring to bring out its weak as well as its strong points. Mr. Gurney then laboriously carried out his census, in order to ascertain whether there was such a multitude of merely delusive hallucinations in the world that the coincidences which we had discovered could be explicable by chance. The figures resulting

from his census told strongly—I might say conclusively—against the explanation by chance. But it was still his wish—which is now being carried out—so largely to extend this basis of inquiry, that the result, on one side or the other, might come out with the clearness of a mathematical operation.

The public may, I think, be confident that the census will be fairly conducted. The name of Professor Sidgwick, whom the Congress has set over the task in England, does not need my comments. M. Marillier, who is managing the Census in France, is necessarily less known to my readers; so I may say without offence that he was selected simply for his scientific competence, and that he is at present unconvinced of the existence of any veridical hallucinations at all, and inclined to press the explanations of *chance* and *defective testimony* to the utmost.

Whatever the truth may ultimately prove to be, surely the patient dispassionate collection of actual contemporary facts is the only course worthy of fair-minded men in an age of science.

The next question on Paper B. brings us to a point of singular significance. "Were there other persons present with you at the time? and, if so, did they in any way share the experience?" Now hitherto hallucinations, strictly speaking, have been supposed as a matter of course to be confined to the one mind which creates them. Of course, *insane delusions*, of persecution and the like, are frequently propagated by suggestion from one insane person to another. But who would think of asking whether a stranger coming into the room while Nicolai was watching his phantasmal figures would have observed any greyish people passing through the apartment? The delusion depending on the state of Nicolai's brain must obviously be confined to the sufferer himself. Well, we have discovered a good many cases in which, contrary to all apparent probability, the same phantasmal figure has been observed, or voice heard—simultaneously, distinctly, and without traceable suggestion—by more than one percipient at the same moment. Look at this fact how you will, it is one of the greatest puzzles which psychology has ever encountered. We cannot wonder that persons who have had such an experience as this should altogether repudiate the idea of a *hallucination*—should assert that what they saw must have been in some sense a *reality*. And in the present state of our knowledge we cannot answer such remonstrances. We cannot bring forward cases where hallucinations which were provably the mere result of morbid states have been communicated without suggestion from one

person to another. And, if the word hallucination be objected to, it may be dropped altogether. Its use has been avoided in the census-papers which I am describing, in order to avoid even the appearance of prejudging any question which the inquiry raises.

As an illustration of the kind of difficulty which meets us here, I will give a brief sketch of a case, not of an emotional or exciting kind, communicated to us independently by the two percipients, who have never talked of the matter and scarcely met since the month of the incident, and whose accounts coincide with remarkable closeness, considering that one account was written down nineteen years, and the other twenty-three years, after the incident. It is worth noting, by the way, that it is impossible to generalize as to the degree of correctness of memory after the lapse of a given number of years. Sometimes details are utterly distorted after a few years' interval; sometimes, as here, independent accounts will reproduce the incident many years afterwards with no more discrepancy than there might have been were the story a week old. We printed this case in 'Phantasms of the Living' (vol. ii. p. 348), on the strength of Mrs. Elgee's sole testimony, being then unable to trace her fellow-percipient, now Mrs. Ramsay, but whose married name Mrs. Elgee did not know. By a fortunate accident we lit on Mrs. Ramsay, who kindly consented to write out *her* account before reading Mrs. Elgee's; and we had then the satisfaction of perceiving that our confidence in Mrs. Elgee's accuracy of recollection had been fully justified. These two ladies, who were travelling to India together, but not otherwise intimate, were sleeping in the same room at the Hôtel de l'Europe, Cairo, in November, 1864. Both of them, without any communication, saw by the early morning light a figure in the room. It is absolutely impossible that the figure can have been a real person; and it was in fact recognized by Mrs. Elgee as the phantasmal likeness of [General, then] Major Elgee's intimate friend, Colonel L. (since dead), who was at that time in England, and who, as Mrs. Elgee learnt from himself subsequently, was at that moment—unless some error has crept into the dates—earnestly desiring to consult her as to an offered appointment. Well, if Mrs. Elgee alone had seen the figure, the hallucination (though unique in her life) might have been deemed a purely subjective phenomenon, and the coincidence with Colonel L.'s earnest thought of her might have been ascribed to chance. But

the curious thing is that Miss Dennys (now Mrs. Ramsay)—who had never seen Colonel L., and knew nothing about him—actually saw the figure *first.* Mosquitoes had kept her broad awake; she saw the figure-form itself in the room and advance to Mrs. Elgee, and she saw Mrs. Elgee wake and show perturbation at the sight. Each lady describes the figure's movements and expression in much the same way, but the lady who did not know Colonel L. thinks that the figure had a beard, whereas Colonel L. had only whiskers and moustache. Mrs. Ramsay, like Mrs. Elgee, has never seen any other hallucinatory figure whatever. Now we do not of course expect that every one will implicitly accept the explanations offered in 'Phantasms of the Living' for this or cognate phenomena. Far from it; there must be a much wider attention directed to these problems before any consensus as to their solution can be attained. But the man who thinks that there is here *no* problem to solve—that the collection of further cases of the kind could teach us *nothing*—has surely marked out the limits of human knowledge with his own foot-rule in somewhat too confident a spirit.

The next question on our census-paper is as follows: "Please state whether you have had such an experience more than once, and, if so, give particulars of the different occasions." This question also has brought some interesting replies. In the first place, it is clear that if a percipient (like Mrs. Elgee and Mrs. Ramsay above) has had one single hallucination only in the course of his life, and if that one hallucination has coincided with the death or grave crisis of the person whose phantom is seen, the *evidential* value of the case is greatly strengthened. If the single hallucination of my life represents my friend Smith, and Smith dies at that moment, there is more ground for supporting a real connection between the two events than if I had several hallucinations every week; and it so happens that the majority of the persons who have had a *coincidental* or *veridical* hallucination have had no other hallucination whatever. But there are cases where the same percipient has had several, or many, hallucinations. Sometimes all of these seem to be merely subjective, and to occur only under special conditions of health. Sometimes, on the contrary, the same percipient will have experienced several hallucinations of varying kinds, all of which seem to have coincided with some external event which they in some way notified or represented. And sometimes—and these are not the least instructive cases—the same percipient

will have had some truth-telling and some delusive hallucinations, which two classes will sometimes be distinguishable by his own sensations at the time, before the event is known.

I have indicated some of the more important points which the census-papers are intended to bring out. Thus far the collector's work, and the percipient's, will go; the task of weighing and analysing the evidence is a more complicated one, and cannot be described here. Suffice it to say that our principle has always been to give our material fully to the world; to afford our readers (as far as we can) the same opportunity with ourselves for independent judgment; and carefully to point out any mistakes into which we may discover ourselves to have fallen.

We will do our best, I say, to present the evidence in such form that others may be able to judge of its value as well as ourselves. But we cannot make bricks without straw. The success of the inquiry depends in reality on the number of persons whom we can persuade to expend a certain amount of time, trouble, and tact, in collecting first-hand evidence from their own acquaintances. Our group of active and capable volunteer collectors is a growing one; and we observe that, as soon as any one has looked deeply enough into the matter to feel its *reality*, his interest is pretty certain to continue and to increase. Considering how many people there are who are anxious for more light on the deepest problems, we may fairly hope that more and more of them will come to see that it is by collecting facts, and not by cherishing aspirations or spinning fancies, that light is ultimately won.

Light, I repeat, on the deepest problems which can occupy mankind. For although I have thought it right to explain that in the view of the majority of the *savants* who have set their sanction on this inquiry the fresh knowledge to be looked for is such as will fall within the domain of accepted science, ordinary psychology, yet I have no wish to conceal my own confident hope that more light will thus be shed, even as (I hold) much light has already been shed, on man's inmost nature, and his prospect of survival after death.

Up till the present time there has been scarcely any serious attempt to collect and weigh the actual *evidence* for our survival, in the same way as we collect and weigh the evidence—often still more sporadic and inferential—for all kinds of phenomena in the past or present history of the earth and man. The inquiry is virtually a new one; and although to those who are wont to scale the Infinite with leaps and bounds ours may seem a sadly *terre-*

à-terre proceeding, yet the advantage of *terre-à-terre* progress is that at least you feel firm ground beneath your feet.

A pike and a perch—my readers will recognize that this is a fact and not an apologue—were once confined in a tank, each on one side of a glass partition. For some months the pike butted constantly against the transparent barrier, with no result except bruises on his nose. At last he concluded that the perch could not be caught, and ceased to try for it. The partition was then removed; and the pike could have swallowed the perch at any moment. But he had made up his mind that the thing was impossible, and he let his prey swim under his jaws without even making a snatch at it.

Now let the pike represent mankind, and let the perch stand for knowledge of an unseen world. The sheet of glass will be the supposed impassable demarcation between "material" and "spiritual"—"natural" and "supernatural" things. Perhaps if we make a bold dash we shall find that there is no barrier at all, and that perches innumerable are swimming about in our midst. Let us hope that the meshes of our census may be drawn tightly enough to catch them.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

Fleets and Forts.

A GREAT deal of discussion has been going on of late between those who desire to persuade the public that this country can and should be defended against any formidable attack by the Navy, and nothing but the Navy, and those who, while admitting that the Navy should be developed to its utmost possible strength, yet hold that land-defences in considerable measure are equally necessary for a perfect and efficient system of defence; but it seems to me that there is still room for something to be said, in order that the public may fairly and thoroughly understand the position.

I have said a "formidable attack," because those who think strong land-defences a costly mistake, admit the advantage of slight, lightly-armed works, capable of keeping off chance cruisers bent on the petty operations which General Lloyd, who studied these questions in the interest of the French more than a hundred years ago, derided as "operations for robbing hen-roosts." They only deny, and with some scorn, the necessity or the advantage of such extensive, strong, and heavily armed defences as were projected and carried out some thirty years ago, according to the necessities and conditions of those days.

The presumption from tradition is entirely in favour of the forts, for throughout the whole of our history the wise men who have ruled our destinies have provided strong defensive works on certain parts of our coasts, in many cases in the same places as our most recent works. At Dover, for instance, may be seen a succession of works of the strongest kind, beginning with those erected in Norman times, followed by additions and improvements in the later medieval periods; then by samples of the new fortification introduced by the Italians in Henry VIII.'s reign. Of these Holinshed says: "The most prouident prince that

ever raigned in this land for the fortification thereof against all outward enemies was the late prince of famous memorie, King Henry Eight, who besides that he repaired such as were alreadie standing, builded sundry out of the ground. . . . Having offended the Pope, the Emperor, and the French King, he determined to stand upon his own defence, and therefore with no small speede and like charge he builded sundry blockhouses, castells, and platformes upon diverse frontieres of his realme . . . whereby no doubt he did verie much qualify the concieved grudges of his aduersaries, *and utterly put off their hastie purpose of invasion.*" Other works were constructed at Dover, when invasion seemed possible in the 17th, 18th, and early part of the 19th century, so that a history of the Art of Fortification might easily be illustrated by examples taken from existing works there. Portsmouth has been a fortress for centuries; Plymouth has its citadel, erected in the time of Charles II., and large defensive works have been constructed at both places at subsequent periods; and elsewhere forts, expressly intended to guard against invasion on a large scale, have been systematically provided for three hundred years or more. Our forefathers late in the last and early in the present century established for themselves a more decided superiority at sea than we could hope to have at the beginning of a war, and the commerce they had to protect was incomparably less than our Navy would now have on its hands; yet they did not think land-defences by any means superfluous. It is well known that the large works of thirty years ago were carried into effect at the instance and by the advice of statesmen soldiers and sailors, some of whom had a practical experience of warfare, and of the necessities of this country in regard to defence incomparably larger than any of our statesmen soldiers or sailors now living; and in the case of several of them the views they held as to the most effective means of providing against the contingencies of the future, and of the conditions under which any future contest would be carried on, were founded on a vivid personal recollection of the times when England was struggling for existence. They were as well aware as we are now that the conditions had been altered for the worse for England, inasmuch as she depends for her food in these days on the efficiency with which her Navy keeps open the lines of sea commerce by which it is brought, and they found in that a reason the more for the land works they recommended.

We ought therefore to hesitate a long time before accepting

the views of the new lights, who tell us in effect that during all these years we have been blindly throwing away money by not relying solely on the Navy, because we try to guard against the contingency of the Navy by some mischance failing us temporarily at the critical moment.

I believe the arguments of these latter days are correctly represented as follows: 1. There are two conceivable ways by which England may be brought to her knees and put at the mercy of an enemy, viz., by successful invasion of the territory, or by stoppage of her commerce, especially that by which she is supplied with food. 2. The latter is so much the easier, that any enemy which had sufficient naval strength would undoubtedly select it by preference for effecting his object. 3. To prevent this we must have a fleet powerful enough to have command of the sea. 4. If we thus have command of the sea no invasion is possible, so that we need make no provision against this contingency. We should limit our land-defences to means of resisting small flying attacks on our coast towns or principal ports.

This argument has such an attractive appearance, and sounds so sensible and so obvious, that one wonders how it happens that it has only just been revealed. On examination the reason will be found in observing that the keystone of this argument lies in the words "command of the sea," which is a somewhat elastic term, and it is necessary to consider in what sense it is used by those who hold these views. Have we the necessary command of the sea in that sense now? I believe they would say, No. Have we ever during the present generation, or, say, during the last fifty years, had it? I believe that a great body of authoritative naval opinion would also answer to this question, No. I certainly have been an attentive observer of these matters for a considerable time, and I do not think that there have ever been, say, five consecutive years in which it has not been alleged on excellent authority that our Navy was in a disgracefully dangerous state of weakness, compared with those of other naval powers, and in which, consequently, special efforts have not been put forth to repair the errors or neglect of past administrations, to be followed after an interval by a renewal of similar depreciation of our naval condition. I am aware that we are now making one of these special efforts, and no doubt a considerable addition to our strength of ships will result by 1894; meanwhile we are admittedly too weak, and I do not

feel any confidence that, before our deficiency is remedied, other powers will not have put forward similar efforts, or that the progress of knowledge and invention may not prove our efforts to have taken a wrong direction, or that we shall be in such unquestioned superiority as the foregoing argument requires, even if what we are doing is supposed to put us into that position. In fact, I see that professional opinion already asserts that, when all is done that is now projected, we shall not be in a position to defy a possible combination against us.

It will be instructive to recall what our grandfathers had to do in order to obtain command of the sea, and what standard of superiority constituted protection against invasion according to their views.

From 1792 to 1798 we had four successful stand-up fights with the French fleet, besides numerous other engagements and single actions with men-of-war, and two victories over the Dutch fleets. This did not prevent the French from sending in 1798 an invading army of 30,000 men from Toulon to Egypt, capturing Malta on the way, and landing troops to help the Irish rebellion besides.

Up to 1802 we had taken and destroyed 541 ships of French, Spanish, and other powers in alliance with them, of which 277 were ships of the line and frigates; yet in 1803 the most formidable preparations for invasion were at once commenced, and the strategy by which Napoleon designed to secure the necessary temporary superiority in the Channel was as nearly as possible successful. It was not until the French and Spanish fleets were absolutely destroyed at Trafalgar that we ceased to be in danger; but even then we felt it necessary to take or destroy the Danish and Russian fleets, and between 1802 and 1814 we took or destroyed 569 ships, of which 281 were line-of-battle ships and frigates. After all these years of successful naval war, we still found it necessary to spend £18,786,509 per annum on our Navy, and to maintain a force of 901 ships, of which 177 were line-of-battle ships, to guard the commerce and the colonies of those days.

I do not think that the naval strength which would be necessary to put us in a corresponding position of superiority now has ever been laid down by any responsible person and accepted by competent naval authorities; estimates have certainly been made by men having the highest claims to attention of the force necessary to keep our commercial routes open, and

these have been at once set aside as beyond the possibility of realization. We have to take into account naval powers which had no existence half a century ago, so that, on the whole, I venture to think that until this crucial point is settled—first by satisfying ourselves that we can provide a naval force which *at the commencement of a war* would secure to us such absolute and unquestioned command of the sea as the argument assumes; and, secondly, by actually finding ourselves in possession of such a force and providing permanently for keeping it up—it would be infatuation to reject such help as has always hitherto been sought by the provision of land works.

Our food supplies may come to us from the North of Europe, from the South of Europe, from America, or from India and Australia by the Cape of Good Hope. Would an enemy find it easier to permanently block all these routes than to achieve a temporary superiority, say, in the Channel? The task thrown upon our Navy would be to keep all of these lines open, to protect the commerce passing along them, and, with the help of local works and local forces, to prevent an enemy from ruining our colonies and capturing or destroying our coaling stations. Surely this task is so large that the Navy might welcome such help from land works as would justify our naval commanders in not feeling absolutely tied to our shores, and make them so far free in their movements that they might leave these coasts for a time with confidence in their being able to take care of themselves.

There are some who hold that the command of the sea is ensured to us by simply having a certain number of ships in excess of our strongest possible enemy. But this view ignores altogether the art of war, which is to contrive to be in superior force *at the decisive point.* A skilful strategist may achieve this, though on the whole inferior to his enemy. It is what Napoleon aimed at in 1805, and failed in only by reason of the faint-heartedness of his Admiral at one critical moment, which alone saved us from his formidable invasion. He wanted only twelve hours for the crossing, and three weeks in the country, for he said, "Je n'allais pas soumettre et occuper comme César la fière Albion; j'allais ruiner ses chantiers, ses arsenaux, ses manufactures." If, therefore, we depend for our "command of the sea" on any such limited superiority, we must assume the certainty of our fleet being so skilfully managed that it may not be outmanœuvred and find itself in inferior force at the

decisive point; for, if we may be allowed to assume the loss of this superiority for a time in any of the various localities our fleet would have to guard, that might be the particular one an enemy had selected for an invasion. What guarantee have we that our naval affairs will be so skilfully conducted? Is our system of government and of naval administration such as to make it even probable that we shall have the highest naval ability at the head of affairs when the critical moment arrives? As it seems to me, the unquestionable command of the sea at all times and places which is necessary to justify the arguments of those who would have us rely on the Navy, and nothing but the Navy, is only possible when we shall have crushed and destroyed the fleets of our enemies as we finally did at Trafalgar. Until that event happened, both Napoleon and our forefathers believed invasion to be practicable, although we certainly held command of the sea more effectively than we could now hope to do at the beginning of a war.

We have for so long been accustomed to the remembrance of our naval successes in the last great war with France as to forget that not many years before that period the French fleet was superior to us in the Channel, and that our supremacy has frequently been far from assured and unquestioned. It has become, too, an article of faith among us, that if an English and a foreign fleet of anything like equal force meet in battle we are bound to be victorious; but I venture to think that we have to prove our superiority afresh under modern conditions, as we did under the old conditions. Most of the elements of our superiority in the old war have disappeared in the changes of naval construction and armament that have occurred since those days, and it is not wise to leave out of account the possibility of disaster which might imperil our superiority, and make us welcome any assistance our Navy could receive by being temporarily relieved from one of its tasks.

It should be remembered that an invasion is a very much easier operation if the enemy has not to make provision for the attack of formidable works of fortification. To transport and disembark an army fit for fighting a battle or two is one thing —to transport and disembark an army, with means of laying siege to strong and extensive works, is quite another; and the time required for the former operation is so much less than for the latter, that it would be fair to say that the one might be

effected by an enemy who could outmanœuvre our fleet, as Napoleon did at the beginning of the century; while the latter implies a very much more prolonged superiority of the enemy in our home waters than mere outmanœuvring could effect.

If the principles laid down by those who deny the necessity for extensive land works, and disparage those which were erected on the advice of the Royal Commission of 1859, and who contend that all our resources should be expended on building and arming ships, had prevailed at that time, we should have spent the money the Government decided to spend on the land works the Commission recommended, in building ships of the type in favour at that period. The most advanced type of ship at that time was the *Warrior*, which had four and a half inches of armour, and cost £400,000. For our six millions we should have had fifteen of these ships, and should have now what remained of them after nearly thirty years' service. Would anybody say that these obsolete and worn-out vessels could give protection to our naval ports and arsenals which could compare with what the works actually put up on the land and sea fronts give them; or in fact any protection at all? On the other hand, the land works, if in some respects not abreast of the latest ideas, could without great difficulty be made so, or nearly so. Those on the land fronts, intended to prevent an enemy contemplating the possibility of capturing these ports by a force landed to right or left of them, fulfil that object as well as when first erected, for it cannot be doubted that these works would prove so formidable an obstacle to the designs of any enemy, as immensely to increase the difficulty of an attack on the places they defend, and so make the attempt highly improbable.

Ships have over fixed works the advantage of mobility; they can go where it is supposed they are wanted; but the same mobility may take them away from where they are wanted, and thus the fort has this advantage, that it is sure to be on the spot when required. It stands to reason that, gun for gun, the ship, which is a floating battery with capacity for rapid movement, must cost more than a fort which rests on solid ground, and it is subject to contingencies a fort cannot suffer from. A sunken rock, a storm, a ram or a torpedo may send it to the bottom even in time of peace, like the *Captain*, the *Vanguard*, the *Sultan*, and the *Grosser Kurfurst*, and of course the cost of repair and maintenance of the ship vastly exceeds that of a fort; while its

natural life is incomparably shorter. It used to be estimated that a ship lasted on an average thirty years, but the strain of firing the enormous guns now carried will much reduce this, and prevent vessels keeping the sea so long as formerly.

It would be unreasonable to deny that there must be some limit to our capacity for creating and manning fleets. The warships of the present day are machines of the most intricate construction, twenty-nine hydraulic machines are required to work the largest guns, and each ship must carry, besides ordinary seamen, a considerable trained staff to manage the machinery and work the guns. The available supply of this staff must be limited in amount, so that it would be difficult to increase their numbers or to replace losses. How unwise, then, it would be to throw upon this one limited class the whole burden of the defence of the country, instead of taking advantage of all its resources in preparing our system of defence! Instead of saying, Dispense with land defences as much as possible, it would be much more reasonable to say, Dispense with naval defences wherever it is possible, that is, wherever the objects to be defended are themselves fixed, and so set the Navy free for duties which it alone can fulfil, viz., those for which mobility is required.

The works which have already been constructed in accordance with these views should therefore be kept up in full efficiency, and be altered or strengthened so as to meet the change and advances in the form of weapons of attack since they were constructed. Further, effect should be given to the well-considered recommendations as to the provision of an arsenal or arsenals instead of, or in addition to, our only one at Woolwich, where its capture and destruction would be one of the early objects of an invasion.

The necessary steps should also be taken to make it clear that an enemy could not hope to capture the Capital unless he were able to devote to the operation the time and means required for the attack of a fortified position, for such a conviction would go very far to prevent such an operation being contemplated.

The subjects, to the discussion of which I have ventured to contribute this article, are of such vital importance, that an authoritative conclusion, such as the public could place confidence in, should be come to upon them. This will not be effected by speeches in Parliament carried on between persons who have not and do not pretend to any technical knowledge, but have to get

up the case like a counsel from his brief—nor by individual writers in the press, whose difference of opinion gives the politician who shrinks from the expenditure involved the convenient excuse that the experts are not agreed among themselves. It might well be made the duty of a Royal Commission to examine these questions and settle the principles on which our defence against invasion should be founded. They should consider and report:—1. What naval force would be necessary by itself to assure us *at the beginning of a war* such superiority at sea as would protect our colonies and our commerce, secure us our food supplies, and also give us complete immunity from invasion? 2. Could we create and keep up such a force, and at what cost? or, 3. Is it necessary to continue and develop the system of guarding our territory by land defences so as to assist the Navy in repelling an invasion and give it greater freedom for performing its other duties? 4. Would it be desirable to protect London either by a system of works surrounding it, or by several independent fortified positions on or near the line of an enemy's advance? 5. What steps should be taken to remove the disadvantage arising from our only or chief arsenal being in such an exposed position as Woolwich?

E. F. Du Cane.

Joel Quaife's Return.

I.

In one of the most solitary ranges of the South Downs a man was fighting his way against a storm of wind and rain, which seemed to beat upon him from all quarters of the heavens at once. Night was coming on, and heavy clouds were blowing up from seaward. Sometimes the "denes," or valleys, were full of mist, and the man looked round him every now and then as if he were not sure of his track. A sort of mystery always hovers over the South Downs in the dim light of a winter's evening. The winds rush in and out of the hollows with strange wild sounds. Sometimes they fill the air with cries which seem to come from human beings in pain. A nervous or superstitious person might imagine that the weird spirits which, as the old people believe, still linger in these secluded hills were holding high carnival, and seeking to drive the intruding mortal from their domain. Every such sound evidently had an effect upon the man who was battling against the storm on this December night. Wet, cold, and miserable, he looked eagerly round for some place of shelter. There was nothing better than the thick furze, which, in some places, had grown to a height of ten or twelve feet. A pile which had been cut for fuel stood ready to be carted off by the side of the faint track the man was following. He threw himself down at the back of it, so as to get some shelter from the wind, and lit a short black pipe. For a little while he sat motionless, puffing jets of smoke from his mouth; then he began talking in a low voice, as if some one had silently joined him.

"I was a fool to come here at all," he said; "but I never till now fancied there was any danger in it. Night and day, something was always pushing me on to come back. If it all turns out right, I shall say it was luck; anyhow, it can't be worse than it was over there in Canady. *There's* a starvation hole for

you, if you like! I thought I might as well be hard up here as there—if you've got to starve, may as well do it in your own country It comes a bit easier at home—anyhow, I fancied so. Must die somewhere—what's the odds where, provided it isn't——" Here the man stopped short, and stood up and looked round him nervously. There was a hunted look in his eyes; for a moment or two his hand shook so that the pipe fell from it, and lay in fragments on the ground. This mishap appeared to rouse him from his dreams.

"That's gone," said he, with an oath, as he kicked the broken pipe from him; "it was about the only thing I had left. What the deuce came over me all at once?" He shook himself impatiently, and strode on towards the ridge of the hill, in the hope of descrying some cottage or barn before the night set in. His head was bent down, his eyes were fixed upon the ground, and he went along at a pace which showed that he was still in the full vigour of his powers. By the time he neared the ridge, there was so little daylight left that he could scarcely see more than a few yards round him in any direction. The only object on which his eyes fell was a small cottage, in a hollow of the Downs, with a large rambling barn standing near it—a place where, at least, a rough shelter might be found. The man quickened his steps until he got close to the cottage, when some unaccountable impulse seemed to stop him, and again the hunted look came into his face. In a moment he had hurried from the direction of the cottage down towards the valley.

"Anywhere but there," he muttered, as he tried to retrace his steps. "I thought I was miles away from here. The round tops of these hills are enough to confuse the very deuce. But I know where I am now. I can get to Newhaven in an hour."

The darkness had come on so quickly that the hour had passed away, and another after it, and still the traveller was as far as ever from Newhaven.

II.

A few minutes after he had turned away from the cottage, a strange-looking figure was advancing towards it from an opposite direction. It was dressed in a long coat reaching to the heels; on its head was a dilapidated felt hat; in the right hand it brandished a long ash stick, which it sometimes threw with sure aim at a small herd of cows. Presently a cry was heard from the

direction of the cottage, a cry several times repeated—"Barbara, Barbara!" The person in the long coat answered with a peculiar whoop, which rung through the hollows far and near. Apparently the signal was understood, for the call was not renewed. The cows were shut up in the barn, and the long-coated figure made its way towards the cottage, at the door of which an old man was standing.

"Here you be at last," said he querulously; "I began to be afeared you was lost. Come in, gal, come in! My rheumatics is worse than ever, and I be that dog-tired I can scarcely stand. I brought in the 'ood, and lit the fire; let us have our bit o' supper afore it gets bed-time. What's the good o' bein' so late?"

The long coat was taken off, and the wearer shook her black hair free from the rain which had gathered in it. Her frame was vigorous and strong, but in her eyes there was a half vacant and wandering look, and she seemed unconscious even of her father's presence after the first greeting. She went about the cottage talking to herself as she spread a homely, but clean, cloth for the evening meal. In the corner stood her father's crook, the true crook of a South Down shepherd. It had belonged to John Zone's grandfather, and few are to be seen like it in these degenerate days. The girl touched it in a friendly way as she passed, threw a fresh heap of faggots upon the fire, and then took her supper by fits and starts, the father watching her with uneasy glances. At last she sat down on a low stool by the side of the fire, and rocked herself to and fro, humming broken snatches of songs, as if she were singing a child to sleep.

"Ay, that's the way she goes on now," said the old man with a heavy sigh. "That's been her way ever since the night her mother died. It's over ten years ago this very month, and she gets worse and worse. At first she would talk to me now and then; now she says nothing for two or three days together, unless I ask her about them cows. Barbara, Barbara, I say!" and here the shepherd raised his voice a little, "the beastës have got the disease down at Mus' Vinall's farm. It be a spreadin' all over. Has any o' your cows been took?"

"No, father; there's one a little lame, but it be'ant the disease. I don't let them go near Mus' Vinall's land." Then she relapsed into dead silence.

"Ask her a question about the beastës," muttered the shepherd, "and she'll answer you like any Christian; but if you speak to her 'bout sothin' else, she turns deaf or foolish, like she is

now." The girl was looking straight at him, but apparently she did not see him. Her mind, for the moment, was a perfect blank.

"She saw that man," muttered the father, in a lower tone; "perhaps she actually saw it done. She was took the same night as her mother died—I thought she knew who did it. But she could not speak; for a long time she was a' daft. She were allus fond of her mother, poor gal, and still thinks she's comin' home some day."

The shepherd lit his pipe, and sat down opposite his daughter at the fireside, but she took no heed of him. Her hands were clasped round her knees, and except for the crooning sound which she occasionally made, and her rocking motion, she showed no sign of life or consciousness. The shepherd had fallen half asleep, and his daughter appeared to be asleep too; but at length she turned her head towards the door, and drew herself up in a listening attitude. The storm had increased in violence, and swept over the Downs in sudden gusts which shook the cottage until doors and windows rattled. But these were not the sounds which roused the girl. She stood up and put her hands on her father's shoulder.

"What's the matter with thee now?" he asked. "One of thy bad dreams comin' on? Better have it out upstairs, gal. Go to bed; it's a'most nine, I reckon." But she did not change her position. She pointed to the door, and said, "There is some one coming; we must let him in."

The father looked up astonished. "It's one of they tramps," he replied; "why should we let him in? He must go on furder, I reckon, for I won't have him here. The last one we took in gave us a lot of trouble before we were rid an him. There were no tramps on these Downs when I was a lad; but now they're all over the country, for beggin' comes easier than workin' to some folk. I allus thought it must have been a tramp that was here the night your mother died; but no one can tell now —unless it be you."

"There it is again," said the girl, apparently not hearing him. Three loud blows upon the door resounded through the little room.

"It be the wind; haven't ye larned to know its tricks yet? Doesn't it sometimes nearly break the door in, ay, and make the walls quake like as if they'd coom down? I tell ye there be nobody theer; why dost look so scared? If it is

a tramp, ye needn't be so afeared—ye've seen one afore to-day, surelye?"

"I know who it is," said the girl, with a strange fire in her eye, "and he must come in. I knew he'd be here at last."

"Who do you mean?" asked the shepherd, taking the girl by the shoulder, as if trying to awaken her. "Why don't ye go to bed?"

"I tell you, father, he must come in," she repeated; and there was something in her manner which compelled him to give way. She motioned him towards the door, and a spell seemed to be upon him. He took up his crook, and went to the door, while his daughter watched him as if all power of movement and speech had been taken from her.

III.

The bolt was drawn back, at the same moment the latch was lifted from without, and a man hustled himself into the room. For a moment or two he stood as if bewildered, and there was a strange silence. The stranger's gaze was fixed from the first moment upon Barbara. He stood staring at her as if she had been the ghost of one whom he had known long ago, and under the first influence of some strong emotion he turned to the door to face the storm and darkness again, but a look from the girl seemed to hold him fast. He was a man of about fifty, with a grizzled beard and thin hair, wrinkled and worn in feature, and a restless look hovered over his face.

"Well, some of you here know me, I suppose," said he, with a hard laugh, as he threw his hat upon the floor, and passed his hands over his dripping clothes. "I've been out there long enough, and thought I'd just drop in to see you, in a friendly way. I reckon *you've* seen me before, anyhow," and he turned to the shepherd as he spoke. John Zone looked at him doubtfully, then went up closer to him and peered into his face.

"So you're back again," said he, when he had finished his scrutiny; "I thought you were dead long ago, Joel Quaife!" The daughter started slightly when the name was mentioned, and she again fixed her eyes searchingly upon the stranger. Her gaze irritated him, and he turned impatiently away.

"Dead men don't come back, John Zone," said he, "whatever they may tell 'ee. The women folk may, though," he added, with a sort of shiver; "leastways, I know of one as does, and

not only at night nuther; I've seen her at times when I knew I was awake. You can't keep 'em from worrittin' of ye, livin' or dead." He moved round to the fire as he spoke, and sat down on the stool before it.

"What brings thee back here when every one thought thee dead?" asked the shepherd, suspiciously.

"I came back because I was tired of furrin parts," replied the stranger. "I thought all my old friends would be glad to see me again; but you don't seem to be over glad."

"Have ye been far away?" said the shepherd, not committing himself to any opinion.

"Ay, to Ameriky, Canady, all sorts of places. At last I wanted to see the old country again; but I'm thinkin' I'd better ha' stayed where I was. I've been wanderin' round this house the last three hours at least—lost! These Downs all look alike at night."

"Coom a little nearer the fire," said the shepherd, moved to sympathy, in spite of his distrust.

"I'll be glad enough to do that, for I'm nearly starved with the cold. I did my best to get on to Newhaven, but somehow I was always brought back to your cottage, and glad I was at last to see the light in your window. I thought to sleep among the furze, but it was too cold and wet. So I had to come here after all—it's what they call fate, and you can't run away from that. Anyhow, I'm here, and I can't stand that cold outside any more to-night. So you'll let me bide here, John, for the sake of old times?" As he spoke his eye rested upon Barbara, and a fit of ague seemed to seize him. He trembled all over, and his teeth chattered violently. The shepherd looked at him in alarm.

"Don't be scared," said the man, "you've seen the shakes before to-day, down in the brooks yonder. I caught mine in Ameriky. They're bigger over there, to match the country." As he spoke, Barbara came softly to the fire and threw more fuel upon it.

"That's right," said the stranger, rubbing his hands gleefully; "there was always lots o' dry fuzz about here, and it makes a good fire when you can't get nothing better. On with it, lass. There's a wind outside enough to freeze a man's heart in him, if he had any to freeze. Who is she?" he said to Zone, pointing to Barbara. "She stares at me as if I had come out of a wild-beast show. What ails her?"

"It's my darter. Don't you remember her?"

"I never see her before as I know on, but she'll remember *me* next time." The girl laughed aloud, but there was a ring in her laugh which the stranger evidently did not like. He left off rubbing his hands, and looked hard and long at the girl.

"Is she a natural, or what?" he asked. He seemed to shrink as the girl returned his gaze in an undaunted manner.

"She's never been right," exclaimed Zone, "since that awful night we had here ten years and more ago. We found her in the marnin', all soft and foolish like, tryin' to hide away from us, and her senses never came back to her. You were away then, I reckon? Did you hear tell of it?"

"Hear of what? What are you mumbling about? You've got a nice family party here!—one of ye quite cracked, and the other three parts. You must make each other lively these long nights!" He burst into a hard grating laugh, which seemed to jar on Barbara's nerves. She shivered as she turned her face from the man.

"The night when the poor missis died," said Zone, who had been plunged in his own thoughts. "Of course you've heard how it all happened?"

"How should I hear of it when I was in another country?" replied the stranger irritably. "What's the good of rakin' up all your old troubles? Let 'em sleep, man; that's what I do, leastways, when I can. It doesn't pay to go pokin' and rummagin' into one's past life—you a'most always find something you didn't want to see again. Let sleeping dogs lie, and tell that gal o' your'n to get me something to eat. You've got a crust of bread and cheese, I suppose? Now, my lass!" he added sharply.

"Let her bide," said the shepherd. "She don't understand 'ee. Once in a while she can tell what I say to her, but it's all unsartain like. She's got one of her fits on her now." The poor old man looked at her attentively and shook his head. "Anybody would think," said he, "that there was something about you that frightened her. She ain't often like this." Barbara had crouched down in a corner near the door, moaning softly as if in pain. "I told you she's been light-headed ever since she was a child. It was cruel hard on me, comin' just after I lost her mother. Nay, man," he went on, seeing that the stranger was rapidly losing his temper, "never mind her starin' at ye like that; it's only her way. Likely as not she doesn't even see you. She's in a sort o' mizmaze."

"Well, anyhow, let's have something to drink," said the man, with a dark look still on his face. "It may be all right what you say about the gal, but I shouldn't care to see her often. You've got whisky, I suppose? Pull it out; my throat is as dry as a limekiln. This place and your mad wench have upset me. Give us something to drink, and be quick about it." His manner was rapidly becoming insolent, and now he struck his fist heavily on the table as he spoke.

"I got nothin' but a little whisky that I keep for the rheumatics," said the shepherd nervously. Little observant though he was, he could not fail to notice that his unwelcome guest had already been drinking, and he rose reluctantly to get his bottle. Once more the stranger struck the table so violently that the girl was startled into consciousness, and made a sudden movement to reach a knife that lay upon the table; but in an instant her mood changed, she nodded to the man vacantly, and again turned away.

"Roof all off," said the man, touching his head. "Why don't you shut her up in an asylum? It's all she's good for. Out with the whisky," he went on impatiently. "Pack the gal off to bed; we've had enough of her." He seized the bottle, and tossed off a glass of the spirit with a quick, nervous movement. "Keep it for rheumatics, do you?" said he, as he put down the glass. "That's about all it's good for. I needn't have come all this way to drink bad whisky—there's plenty of it in Ameriky. And so the girl was born like that?"

"No, no; I told you it was only since her mother died. Sometimes we think she must have seen what happened in the old barn yonder. All her singin' stops short when she comes in sight of that place. If she saw that night's work, it was enough to drive her crazed, surelye. The poor missis had never done harm to any living creature, and"—the shepherd lowered his voice and spoke in an awe-struck whisper—"they murdered her for my week's wages. And you never to hear tell on it! Why, everybody was a talkin' about it, and folks did say as it war in a' the papers. The people actially knew of it away up in Lonnon."

"Well, I didn't," interrupted the man, more and more irritably, "and for a good reason. I was far enough from here long before that night as you keep on talkin' of. Don't you remember me goin' off to get work? Well, I've been knockin' about ever since. I wasn't doin' well, and I thought I'd like to

see the old home again, down yonder." His voice and manner softened a little as he spoke these words. "That's a feeling you don't seem to get over, no matter where you go. Though I don't suppose there'd be any one but you hereabouts who'd know me now; that's why I thought I'd look in on you, and ask you to let me stay the night. You won't mind doin' that much for an old friend?"

"Ay, do it, father," broke in the girl suddenly, to the intense astonishment of both the men. "We'll take care of him till the marning, and then"—again she burst into a loud, vacant laugh, which seemed to send a thrill through the stranger.

"Never mind her, I tell 'ee," interrupted the shepherd, seeing that the visitor had risen from his chair and seized the girl by the wrist; "she don't know what she says. Why, man, you look as if you were afeard of her. Let her go, and sit 'ee down, if ye don't want to make everybody oncomfortable. She ain't much to frighten anybody! She just picks up a word here and there, but don't understand you, nor nobody else. She'll never be different now, they tell me. Doctor says it was a shock as did it. A shock of some kind, that's what the doctor says. And a great shock it must ha' been if she saw her mother killed. My poor missis was a lyin' in the barn over yonder, stretched out on the straw, stark dead, with a great big cruel stab in her. It was done for the little wage she'd been down to the farm to get. It must have been dark when she got back, for it was about this very time of the year, and she never left the house till nigh fower."

"Cut the story short," said the man, muttering an oath. "Haven't you got anything more sociable like to talk about?"

"Not till nigh fower," the shepherd went on, too intent upon his story to heed interruption. "I was makin' a fold for the sheep down in the bottom, where the feed was, and once I thought I heard a strange kind of cry. But I was hammerin' at the wattles, and worn't sure; besides, you know how the wind sounds up here very often, just like women and children screamin' and shoutin'. It is as if some one was close behind you. But that night when I stopped to listen I didn't hear nothin'; it was still as death all at once. After an hour or so I got home, but the missis worn't there. I thought mebbe she'd gone into Lewes to do some marketin' and taken the girl with her; she was about ten year old then. Neither of them came

home. I waited, and waited; bimeby summat or other took me out to the barn, and what do you think I seed there?"

"Confound you—how should I know?" The stranger poured out another glass of spirits, and drank it almost at a gulp. He gave a vicious kick at the fire, and was evidently falling into a half drunken, quarrelsome fit. The girl had her head hidden in her hands, apparently fast asleep.

"It was my missis lyin' all bleedin', her bonnet tore off, her pocket cut out of her gownd, and all the money gone."

"Did she say anything?" asked the man eagerly. In spite of himself this part of the shepherd's story seemed to interest him.

"How could she say anything? Don't I tell 'ee she was stone dead?"

"And did you see nobody about?"

"Nobody but the old dog. My little gal—her as you see theer—had run away or suthin'. But the next marnin', when I opened the door, there she was sittin' down outside, all shrivelled up with the cold, and lookin' to'rds the barn as if she see'd some'at that scared her. Soon as I opened the door she ran in and throwed herself on her bed upstairs alongside our'n; and there she lay for a week, and scarce ever raised her head. The doctor came over once from Newhaven and said she wouldn't get well; but she did, except here," and the shepherd placed his hand gently upon her head. "She is fit for nuthin' now but mindin' the cows, and that she does better than any one else. Bless ye, she gives 'em all names, and they knows her ever so far off."

Joel Quaife nodded sullenly, and again helped himself to Zone's hoard of whisky, which was now all gone. Then he drew from his pocket a flat stone bottle, and quickly emptied that, and before the shepherd had finished his story—for he went over it more than once—he had fallen into a stupid, heavy, drunken sleep. The shepherd also was tired and drowsy. His voice fell, his chin sunk upon his breast, and soon all was silent in the room.

Barbara raised her head, and looked cautiously round. Her first glance was at the stranger. She soon saw that he was unconscious of everything around him. She approached him closely, and bent over him for two or three minutes, intently scrutinising every feature. A strange excitement was upon her, and yet there was an alertness in her movements, and a keen

look in her eyes, which her father had never seen there before. She touched him slightly, and he looked round at her in a gaze of startled amazement.

"What's the matter, gal?" He spoke in a whisper, so much had the change in his daughter's face surprised him.

"Hush!" She put her finger on her lips, and whispered back a few words to the old man. He seemed as if he had not understood her. She moved quickly and silently to the other side of the table, and as she did so her sleeve touched the stone bottle, and it fell with a crash to the floor. The noise awoke the stranger in an instant. He stood up and gave a quick glance of alarm round the room, and snatched the heavy iron poker from the fender. The girl watched every movement closely, but evidently without a trace of fear.

"Where am I?" said he, turning to the shepherd. No one answered him. He looked unsteadily round, and sat down again. "It's all right," he murmured to himself. "There's only that old fool and his idiot girl here. I must have been dreamin'." He was about to sink off into his drunken sleep again, when the shepherd went up to him and shook him.

"When be you a goin', Joel Quaife?" he shouted in the man's ear; "it be a-gettin' late, and we must be up airly. You've drank all the whisky long ago." But the man did not seem to hear him. His senses were confused, and blank oblivion was evidently stealing over him.

"Better for 'ee to go over to the barn, if ye cannot get on further to-night," said Zone, still speaking as if his guest were deaf.

"Didn't you say *she* was killed in there?" murmured the man, with a partial gleam of consciousness.

"What's that to thee? It was ower ten years ago, and there's nothing to harm any one now. We've nowhere else to put 'ee. So come along, man—here, Barbara, bring the lantern. It's warm and comfortable in there; but if he likes outside better he can stay there among the fuzz."

"This way," said the girl, taking the man by the other arm, and leading him along. A curse was growled from between his teeth, but both father and daughter were strong, and with little trouble they got him over the few paces which separated the cottage from the barn. Scarcely had he crossed the threshold than he sank down in a heap on the floor among the straw, the shepherd took up the lantern, and his daughter followed him

back to the cottage—though not before she had put up the heavy wooden bar which secured the door of the barn. What was inside now had to stay there till the morning.

IV.

How long Joel Quaife had been sleeping he knew not, but suddenly he was roused by a voice calling to him out of the darkness. He sat up and listened, but there was no sound. He tried to go to sleep again, but a light seemed to be dancing before his eyes, and the shepherd's story about the murdered woman found its tangled way into his drink-sodden brain. In the midst of the unearthly stillness of the night a wild shriek seemed now and then to rend the air, and once more his name was called aloud. He tried to drag himself to the door, but he seemed unable to make the slightest exertion. All his senses were partially stupefied. With uncertain and rambling fingers, he gathered the straw round him, and relapsed into a deep but uneasy sleep.

An hour later all was still. In the cottage the inmates were apparently at rest; there was no light, and no one was stirring. But Barbara Zone was still waiting and watching, all her delusions gone, and a new intelligence alive within her long-shattered mind. There was no clock in the house, but she was accustomed to read the heavens, and knew the signs of the hours written there, by day or night. The moon was in its decline, and began to show its white crescent face over the top of the Downs. The bark of a dog miles away rang clear in the frosty air. From the fold below there reached her ears the tinkling of a sheep bell, melting as it travelled along into a soft and plaintive melody. The wind had fallen, and but for these sounds the heavens and the earth alike were wrapped in silence.

Barbara Zone rose up and seized the short stake with which her cattle were familiar, and put on her hat and the long tattered coat. She moved with a noiseless step, evidently fearful of waking the old man in the chamber above. She took a stout rope, which was sometimes used for tethering up the cows, gently opened the door, and passed out into the night. The steep "combes," deep in couch grass, were hidden in the darkness, but here and there could be discerned the white top of one of the old chalk roads, or "borstalls," which climb the sides of the Downs, and which for hundreds of years have been

high roads between the scattered hamlets of the hills and the people of the plains. The girl looked round her nervously, for the old legends of the Downs were all realities to her. She had seen the rings on the grass made by the fairies in their midnight dances, and knew that they sometimes came in a single night. A few miles off, in one of the hollows, a gipsy woman had been found many a year ago, frozen to death. She still wandered about the Downs in dark or stormy weather; people had met her with a basket of knitted work upon her arm, on her way from village to village, just as she used to go when their fathers were little children. Barbara Zone had often looked out for her; but since her mother's death it was a different form which she was ever watching for, and which she sometimes believed she saw gliding through the furze, or along the lonely hollows. To-night she knew for certain that this form was near her, and that she was going to meet it. But every trace of nervousness passed from her face, and she walked with a firm and light step towards the barn.

She crept stealthily to the door, and listened breathlessly for any sound from within. There was none. Then she slowly and cautiously let down the bar, and opened the door wide enough to enable her to slide through. Once inside, she stood and listened again, and this time she could hear the heavy breathing of a man in a deep sleep. A few faint rays of moonlight were visible here and there through the chinks of the wall and roof, but Barbara could have found her way in the dark. She moved carefully over the floor, until she came to the sleeping man. As she stood over him she could see that he was being racked with terrible dreams. There were moments when he was trying to cry out, and others when he was enacting some part in a fierce struggle, for his chest heaved convulsively, his hands clutched at the straw on which he was lying, and he made a desperate effort to rise to his feet. Barbara looked on with a hard, fierce expression in her eyes, and noiselessly lit a candle, placed it in her lantern, and stood it on the ground in such a way as that the light was hidden from the man's eyes. She then stooped down and gazed into the sleeper's face. There was something in her own expression as she watched which seemed to take all traces of the woman out of her features. Her lips were compressed, and a fierce light gleamed in her eyes. She crawled nearer and nearer to the man, who was still stupefied with the whisky, and with a quick and

dexterous movement she passed the rope she had brought with her round his arms above his elbows, and again round his wrists, and with still greater rapidity she carried one end of it in a loop round his neck, and made it fast to the head of the stall to which the man had retreated for warmth. Then she stood back and laughed, for she saw that, the more violently her prisoner struggled, the more certain he was to strangle himself.

V.

So expertly had Joel Quaife been pinioned that he was not fully roused from his sleep before he was entirely helpless. The great physical strength of the girl, and her skilful handling of the rope, had put the stranger in her power before he regained consciousness. The first movement he made tightened the rope round his neck, and a cry of terror burst from his lips. He tried to spring up, but the noose held his neck as in a vice; he tried to get his hands free, but the harder he pulled the tighter became his bonds. The shepherd's daughter sat down and watched his efforts with a savage delight. "Father taught me how to tie a rope like that years ago," she said to herself; "I never thought it would be so useful as it is to-night." As Quaife's senses slowly returned, he looked at the girl with a sort of dim surprise. "It's only the mad wench," he muttered. "At first I thought it was—the other one. I must get out of this place, or I shall go mad myself." But he could not move without pain, and presently he lay back and looked at the girl, and a horrible fear crept into his very heart. He roused himself from this, and cursed the girl from between his blanched lips.

"What devil's tricks are you up to now?" he said hoarsely. "Come and undo this rope, you crack-brained hussey, or I'll wring your neck for you. What are you staring like that for? Do you know me?"

"Ay, well I do," replied the girl, with a calmness which increased the dread that had stolen over her prisoner. Was her madness of the night before merely feigned? The rope seemed to be eating into his neck as the suspicion crossed his mind. "Well do I know thee," she continued. "Do you think I could forget you after what I have seen? I knew I should find you some day, because she has come in the night and told me so. But it seemed a long time waiting for you, and sometimes I thought you were never coming. When you put your face in at the door

last night I knew you the first moment. This is the very place —do you remember?"

"Remember what, you mad moll? I've never seen you before, nor you me."

"Ay, keep on saying that, Joel Quaife, and see who'll believe you after they've heard what I've got to tell 'em. I was lookin' in at yonder door, ten years ago, when a man came out of the barn with a knife in his hand. He turned round and almost saw me, but I hid myself, and ran away, and crouched down in the furze. I saw him all the while, though he didn't know it." The man uttered a growl like that of a wild beast, and glared at the girl with a fury which might well have made her tremble, but she looked on at him calm and unconcerned.

"Many a time since," she went on, "I have seen that man's cruel face, on the Downs or in the combes, and always as it was as he came out of that door—with a streak of blood across it. I forgot everything else, but not that. My head has been in a whirl these many years, but now it is right again. You were that man, Joel Quaife!"

"It's a lie, you lunatic," growled the man.

"Last night, as you sat by the fire, I made up my mind what I would do. Father could not have helped me, and I should have been afraid for him to go near you. So I had to manage you myself, and I think I have done it pretty well."

Quaife gave one more violent wrench at the rope, but was soon obliged to admit that the girl spoke the truth. Her work had been done so well that there was no chance of undoing it.

"I am going to wait till father comes," said the girl, watching every movement of her prisoner; "he will go over to Lewes, and fetch the police. You will be tried for killing my mother, and hanged over yonder at the jail."

"Why, you idiot," said Quaife, with a forced laugh, "do you think any one will believe you? Don't everybody know you ought to have been sent to the 'sylum long ago? Come, undo this rope, you Jezebel, or I'll make it worse for you."

"I'm not afraid about their believing me," said the girl quietly "You've washed the blood off your face, but you can't wash out the murder. You killed her for a few shillings, and she was buried in the little churchyard below. But she has been following you ever since, and at last she has brought you here again—to be hung. You couldn't help comin,' and you can't help yourself now."

"Come now," said Quaife, in a coaxing tone, "there's been enough of this. I tell ye, I never saw your mother in my life You've made a mistake, my girl. Undo this rope like a good wench, and I'll give thee a sovereign. There's plenty of time for me to get away before your father comes, and I'll tell no one what has happened. You've had a kind of nightmare, but I don't bear thee any grudge. Only loose this rope, and let me be off."

"The rope has made a red mark round your neck," said the girl, in a tone which made Quaife's blood run cold. "It is the hangman's mark! He will know you by it when he sees you, and he'll not have long to wait."

The man uttered a groan, and threw himself down under the head of the stall, in such a position as to lessen the strain of the rope. "Go and fetch your father," he groaned. "Tell him to come and see the wild-beast show as you've set up here. "Tell him there's two tigers, a male and a she-male, and hang me if the she-male isn't the savagest."

At that moment the voice of John Zone was heard calling for his daughter. She gave the peculiar cry which was her usual signal, and in a few minutes her father appeared in the doorway.

"Come in, father," said the girl, with a faint smile; "it's only Joe Quaife. He is waiting to go to the big jail. We both began to think you was never coming. Get your breakfast first, father—I don't want any to-day—and then you can go and fetch a policeman."

"Barbara, my lass," said Zone, with a half-frightened glance at his daughter, "what ails thee? Go back in the cottage, and get thy breakfast. This is goin' to be one of thy bad days. Why, what have you been doing in here?" His eye for the first time fell upon Joel Quaife, and he started back astounded, for he had taken his daughter's words as nothing more than an indication of a fresh delusion. When he saw Quaife a prisoner, unable to move without pain, the old shepherd trembled, for the event which he had in secret long dreaded seemed now to have happened—the harmless craze of poor Barbara had turned into a dangerous form of madness.

"Why, Joel," said he, in a sorrowful voice, "how cam'st thou to let her tie thee up like this?"

"She came on me when I was asleep, four or five hours ago. And she's been watching me ever since. She'll bring thee into

trouble, John Zone; you've no right to have a raving lunatic like this at large, trying to murder people. Come, man, don't stand gaping there—take that knife from your mad wench, and cut the rope. I ought to have been well on my way to Newhaven long ago." He saw that Zone was hesitating, and in his nervous anxiety he bit at the rope round his wrists, and struggled until it almost cut into his flesh.

The shepherd stood helpless and stupefied. The first fear of his daughter's utter madness had taken possession of his senses; but as he looked at her, and noticed her calmness, a new idea came into his mind. Evidently, she knew what she was about. Had Quaife been trying to rob him, and had the girl discovered it in time? There was not much to lose in his poor cottage, but enough to tempt a ne'er-do-well like Quaife. "What made you do this?" he asked the girl.

"Come on, John Zone," the prisoner burst out feverishly, "she doesn't know what she's doing. Cut this cursed rope, and I'll say no more about it. The gal is not responsible for anything she does. Only look sharp, man. If you'd ha' been tied up here like a hog all these hours, you'd be ready to be cast off by now. So look alive."

As John Zone moved forward to obey him, his daughter stood in his way and caught him by the arm. Her cool manner and her deliberate words made him pause in a moment.

"You must not let him go, father," said she. "The police must come; if you undo that rope now, he will murder you—the same as he killed my mother!"

The shepherd fell back as if he had received a heavy blow.

"He—Joel Quaife—killed your mother?"

"She lies!" hissed out Quaife; but his lips were white and parched, and a horrible fear once more entered into his heart. "If you keep me here much longer, it will not be *me* that the police will want, but *you*, John Zone! You shall pay for this as sure as you're born. I never see the gal or her mother afore, and don't want to see 'em again."

"Go to Lewes, father," said the girl, in the same quiet tones which had overawed the old shepherd, "and tell the police what I have done, and ask them to come up here. I saw this man come out of the barn the night my mother was killed. I was only a child then, but I recollect it. What happened to me, father?" She put her hand upon her father's arm, and looked earnestly into his face, as if to read the mystery which was

hidden from her. "Have I been ill? I remember all that happened that night—the man there; my poor mother lying bleeding; the knife on the ground. Then I felt something break in my head, and the hills all turned round, and since that I cannot recollect anything, till last night. Have I been away, father? Is it long ago since that night? The man there—I see him just the same as he was when mother died. He came over the hill in the evening, after she got back with your wages. It was bitter cold, snow was comin' on, and mother went into the barn for some wood. This man was watching her from the thick furze—I saw it all, though I did not know what it meant. I saw him go into the barn, and afterwards I heard mother scream. I ran and looked in, and mother was lyin' down, and then this man ran past me, and threw down a knife. I picked it up, and went in to see what was the matter with mother, but I could not make her hear me. See, there are two letters on the handle of the knife—J. Q. I never told anybody where I found it, but there's many who know it to be Joel Quaife's. Twenty in the village can prove it to be his'n. So now let the police settle with him. Ask him if he did it? He will not deny it when all the people come before the Judge." The girl leaned over Quaife as she spoke, with the knife outstretched, and glared at him with a look that made him shudder.

"It's his knife, sure enough," said the shepherd. "I remember it well, for I've borrowed it off him before now."

"She stole it out of my pocket a few minutes before you came in," said Quaife desperately. "Come and uncut the rope with it, and don't be a fool."

"Not just yet," replied the shepherd slowly. "There may be something in what the gal says. Anyhow, she's got the knife, and some one else ought to hear her story. I shall just do as she says, and go and tell the police. But suppose he gets loose while I'm away?" He turned to the girl as he said this.

"No fear," said she, with a hard laugh. "And, if he did, you forget I have this!" She held the knife up as she spoke, and Quaife fell back in silence. He seemed to have made up his mind to give up the struggle, and the shepherd was far on his road before he knew that he was gone.

VI.

"We've suspected Master Joel all along," said the Superintendent, when he had heard John Zone's story; "but we hadn't much to lay hold of, except something that was said long after by a woman he had lodged with. She dropped a few hints about this and that, but she was generally drunk, and her story would not have been believed without anything else at the back of it. She went away from these parts, but I rather think I can lay my hands upon her. Didn't they say Quaife was dead?"

"Everybody believed it," replied a policeman, who had known Quaife well.

"I've heerd it dozens of times," struck in Zone; "he died about six years ago. That was what folks said, and I donno as it isn't true."

"But I thought you said he was up at your barn now?"

"Well, so he be," replied the shepherd, half doubting the reality of all he had seen and heard during the past twelve hours; "or else it is some one as might pass for him. My darter found it all out; she has come back to her senses all at once. At first I thought the person as came to my cottage was a ghost, though they do tell as there be no such things any more. I reckon you couldn't tie a ghost up with a rope to a stall, and hold him there all night?"

"I never heard of it being done," said the Superintendent gravely.

"That's what my darter did. She is main strong in the wrist, pretty much what her mother was at her age. Joel Quaife is the only one that's mad up there now, 'cardin' to my opinion."

"Well, if the girl can tell her story straight, I wouldn't give much for that fellow's chances," murmured the Superintendent, as he slipped on his great-coat. "There's a good deal of other evidence that would help, though it mightn't have been enough without this. Come along, Zone. I'll go with you myself." He whispered an order to one of his men, and in a few minutes the dog-cart was bowling swiftly towards the Downs.

"Never walk when you can ride," said the Superintendent to the shepherd, who now began to think there must be something in his daughter's story, or why should so clever a man as the Superintendent put himself out of the way about it? "I suppose

you don't often see a four-in-hand up your part of the world? Well, never mind, we'll go as far as we can with this trap, and see what happens."

VII.

Barbara Zone stood on the summit of the Down, with her face turned in the direction of the town to which her prisoner had been taken a few weeks before. Her eyes were strained as though she expected to see some one in the far distance, but the clouds were dark and lowering, and even the valley below was hidden. Little by little, a damp white mist gradually crept up the sides of the hill, and stretched its cold and clammy fingers over the edges of the combes—a ghost-like mist, which seemed as if it had power to blot life and sunshine out of the world. The girl stood watching it, until it reached the Downs, and completely enshrouded her form. Then she stood rigid, motionless, listening intently, her whole being absorbed in that one act of listening. Suddenly her eyes flashed, and a wild gleam of exultation passed across her face. Through the mist and over the valley there came the sound for which she had been waiting —the dull and mournful tolling of the prison bell, counting out at each heavy stroke the fast ebbing moments of the life of Joel Quaife.

L. J. JENNINGS.

Achilles.

HORACE'S 13th Epode.

ROUGH times have made the welkin one great frown,
Rainfall and snowflakes draw the sky-lord down;
Now mere and weald roar to the wind of Thrace,
We'll meet the day, lads, we'll take heart of grace;
And while we're lissom as the greenwood boughs,
We'll fitly sweep sad eld from ruffled brows.
From jars that bear my birthday on the seal,
Draw wine, boy. With the rest let silence deal.
What irks us now God will perhaps allay,
And smooth us to the peace of yesterday.
Now for the drenching nard of Eastern kings,
Now for the twanging of mercurial strings,
Now for the cure of sour imaginings.
As sang Sir Chiron to the page full grown;
O peerless knight, o'ermatched by death alone!
O sea-queen's child! The land which Asrac rules
Awaits thee; which Scamander's brooklet cools,
And shimmering Simöis tricks with glassy pools.
Thy fate-spun threads of thence returning crack,
Nor shall thine azure mother waft thee back.
There ease all plagues with wine and tune and lay,
Sweet counter-charms for grief and foul decay.

OFELLA.

Wintering in Florida.

IT is a glorious day. There is a charming inconsistency about the air—the mildness of milk and yet the sparkle of champagne. The sky is literally cloudless, the sun gives all the warmth of an English summer, and there is a geniality in the breeze which sends one's spirits up with a bound. Yes, the day is as perfect as most things can be had in this "best of all possible worlds." Moreover, it is a typical winter's day in Florida.

As the great white steamer churns its way up the broad river of St. John, the blue-green pine-woods give place to square miles —ay—and square leagues of orange-groves and fruit-gardens. From whole landscapes of orange-trees—from their dark and glossy foliage—there twinkle millions of the golden fruit which it seems Florida's special mission to provide. The great orange season is at hand, for the winter has begun. Is not this suggestive enough of the nature of that season? Or need I go into careful description and elaborate statistics to prove my point?

And this is my point—that to winter in Florida is to spend several months of the year in the most delightful climate on the whole continent of America, and to mix among the many English who have "gone in" for fruit-culture—men and women of so superior a grade as to afford a society the like of which you cannot meet out of England, unless it be in that always exceptional country—India. For it is not merely the physical or horticultural character of Florida which attracts the English gaze so steadily. Much of the interest now felt in that peninsula is owing to the many lives which have gone from among us and are being lived out more or less successfully there —lives which were the very best we could spare as a nation, and which as individuals we felt wholly unable to be without. It is this which rivets the interest of English people to Florida, which brings the elderly as well as the young people over in Cunarders and White Star Liners, and which keeps up a constant current

and interchange of thought and feeling between those who dwell in the "right little, tight little island" on the verge of Europe, and the hopeful young settlers in the most unique peninsula in the world.

Florida has been called the Italy of America, but I think the comparison is not wholly to her advantage. Of course there is no comparison possible except on physical grounds. For Florida shares with the rest of the United States that hopeless blank of ancient history. America has no Bologna, no Padua, of course she can have no Rome. And yet of all the States Florida has, I think, the lion's share of history and romance. The Spanish, the French, and the English have all fought and wrestled with one another at different times upon her sandy plains and under her interminable pines. A few hundreds of the aboriginal Seminoles still survive, and to this day we hear talk of "Spanish grants" and see the descendants of old Spanish settlers dwelling under their own fig-tree. And Florida contains the oldest city in the United States, St. Augustine. It is built of coquina, and its massive old fort, its city-gates, its ancient streets, all take one back to days when Drake and Dampier and their ilk were bold buccaneers upon the Spanish Main.

But to return to the comparison with Italy on physical and climatic grounds. While Italy is shivering in those cold mountain winds which sweep over the peaks of Monte Rosa or down the Splügen and Simplon Passes, Florida is basking in the daily breeze which comes from the tepid Gulf of Mexico on the one side, and the no less tepid Gulf Stream which washes it on the other. While insufferable siroccos drive the unacclimatized out of Rome, and send them as fast as modern expresses or old-time diligences can take them to the temperate delights of Zermatt, Saas, or Davos, the Floridian rejoices in that punctual breeze which daily through the summer heat arises at the hour of ten, and blows until it has brought up the refreshing showers of the afternoon. Who has travelled through Italy and not wondered at the extent of her irrigation works? In Florida such things are unknown: her rainfall is distributed over the summer and autumn seasons. Are snow-capped mountains the kind of scenery to buoy up the spirits of the invalid? Florida knows neither mountains nor snow. Florida is certainly, like Italy, a peninsula; but she extends into the Gulf Stream, that caloric river which prevents all Western Europe from becoming ice-bound; she thrusts herself into the region of the trade-winds,

the children of the equatorial ocean, while Italy is surrounded by the waters of an inland sea no warmer than those of the external Atlantic.

Italy can be compared with Spain, with Greece, with California—but not with Florida. Florida is homogeneous in virtues and failings alike; she is unique.

A brief description of the country which some eighty thousand 'cute Yankees annually come south to winter in may probably interest the English winter-wayfarer. On reaching Florida by rail or by steamer from New York, one first passes through a district given up to pears, peaches, strawberries and vegetables, and secondarily to oranges. That is to say, the orange industry is not supreme here; but the pursuit of "trucking"—ordinary fruit and vegetable farming—takes its place. The rivers St. Mary and St. John are broad, affording in their lagoon-like reaches ample opportunity for yachting and fishing. Here and there the peculiar wire-grass of Florida is disappearing before the assiduous attacks of those who think that the Blue Grass Regions of Kentucky can here be excelled by proper draining and sowing. In this district the pine-forests are fairly plentiful, and the clumsy but efficacious "train" of the lumberer is a frequent feature.

At Jacksonville one first feels in touch with the whole State, for it is practically the metropolis of Florida—the mirror of the entire country. To the traveller the great attraction of Jacksonville will be the splendid hotels which surround the City Square or line Bay Street. It is indeed a cheerful sight to see the verandahs—which are very wide and long—crowded with people on pleasure bent, attaining that pleasure in a multitude of ways. Not far from Jacksonville and easily reached by rail is the seaside resort of Pablo Beach. Here a magnificent hotel has been built, and every comfort in the shape of swimming baths and tennis-grounds provided. The beach itself is as hard as a road. You can drive to the mouth of St. John's River, a distance of twenty miles, without your wheels making a rut in the sand, or your horse experiencing fatigue. In the neighbourhood of Pablo Beach there is excellent wild-duck and snipe shooting, and at Mayport—an easy drive—first-class fishing.

Returning to Jacksonville, and sampling the sporting and travelling requisites which crowd so many of the shops and for which fabulous prices are asked, one leaves by a river steamer

for the South. For no one stops short at Jacksonville; it is merely the gateway of the State. From it one can go west to Tallahassee, the legislative capital, and thence it is a comparatively short run west to New Orleans, Queen of the South, or north-west into Alabama, the "Brummagem" State. But in winter-time nine-tenths of the visitors follow the steps of the emigrant—and the flight of the swallow—by going south. They steam up the river St. John, pausing here at Mandarin or Magnolia Springs, and there at Palatka or Sandford, until the river widens out into Lake George, and they enter upon a vast basin of gleaming water, reflecting on every side the golden-fruited orange-groves which reach to the very shore.

When the visitor has "done" Lake George he will have formed an excellent idea of an orange-grove, or, maybe, of the habits of the alligator, but he will not yet know the variety of scene which constitutes one of Florida's great charms—a variety of scene only less diffused than the character of her soil. By going east, west, or south in this the distinctive region of the orange culture—the Orange Belt, as one may call it—you may ride over the high dry ridges of what would seem barren sand did it not support such a growth of pine-trees and willow-leaved oaks; you may ride through white sand scrubs covered with "blackjack" oak—through the dense sub-tropical vegetation of fertile though malarious hammocks, or across those open grassy marshes—with anything from a few inches to a foot or so of standing water—which are here known as "prairies." Here you may have to negotiate a small and shallow lake and there to ride for miles over undulating grassy pine-land. Above all, there is reserved for the visitor who likes to wander afield that typical Florida scene—the Cypress Swamp.

It forms one of the most desolate scenes I have ever beheld. I have gazed on the black rocks of St. Paul's, standing almost alone in the vast expanse of the Southern Indian Ocean; upon the repellent rufous hills of St. Helena; the salt marshes of the delta of the Godavery; the cruel solitude of Cape Agulhas—but I do not think that I have ever seen anything so dismal, so desolate as the Cypress Swamps of Florida. You enter them almost without warning; you hold your breath, as it were, while passing through them, and the feeling of relief on leaving them is only less strong than the strangely morbid attraction they have for you, and which makes you visit them again and again. The white-barked cypresses stand overhead, reaching to a great

height and spreading their limbs widely round, and yet there is not a leaf, not a single green leaf to be seen. From bough and branch and twig there hang long tails and festoons of Spanish moss—an air-fed plant, grey in colour, and looking for all the world like the dishevelled tresses of an aged woman. Everywhere you look, these sad grey hairs are either hanging listlessly, or swaying mournfully in the breeze. The water, which is often four and five feet deep, even in the paths—if paths they can be called—which are selected by your guide, is coloured a dark reddish-brown by the quantity of tannin exhaled by the spongy mass of vegetation which everywhere underlies it. As you ride slowly through this dismal scene in Indian file—as the horse cautiously forges ahead—the water washes up to your stirrups, and a sharp eye has to be kept, unless, by a momentary departure from the narrow track you cannot see, you are to get a ducking. This dark ruddy water, silent and motionless, save where your party is churning it into something like frothing beer, is made even more dismal by its perfect reflections of the ghostly desolation overhead. It reproduces with startling vividness the long white trunks of the cypress-trees and the tangled grey hairs of the Spanish moss. Now and again the harsh piping cry of some lonely water-bird accentuates the stillness; here and there the deadly mocassin coils about the spreading roots, black and grimy with the stagnant water, and adds by its very movement to the uncanny—the desperate desolation of it all. Such is a Cypress Swamp in Florida. None who visit this favoured peninsula should omit a ride through the labyrinths of its gloomiest feature.

There is a reverse to the medal, however. Many a time when riding through the open pine-forests, or sailing on some wide and alligator-haunted lake, or dropping down the larger rivers, one meets with an Englishman's home. The house is invariably built of wood and roofed with "shingles." It is more often of one story than two, and in other respects of the spécies bungalow. In every case there is one prominent feature—the verandah. It runs round at least three sides of the house, and it is wide enough to form an agreeable arena for the social festivities of the English settlers. The roof of the house is usually painted white, but the walls, windows, and verandah revel in variety. Buff and pale blue are favourite "ground-colours," and they are picked out with white, red, green, and chocolate. The result is gay and joyous, though, perhaps, not always harmonious.

The house usually stands in a small garden of tea-roses and gardenias, camellias, japonicas, and poinsettias; and from the nucleus of the garden there radiate in every direction long lines of orange-trees. Orange and lemon-trees are always planted in avenues—much as the Kentish hop-grower plants his vine—and as a rule radiate from the owner's house. The result is charming. Sitting under the deep roof of the verandah, one's eyes wander away from cluster to cluster, and tree to tree, until the very distance closes up the view with the dark glossy foliage and golden fruit of the orange. Here and there, breaking the monotony of beauty, there shoots up a lofty palmetto or a group of stately pines. Around are paddocks and stables, and all the appurtenances of a well-kept property. It is indeed a lovely spot—a lovely home; and it belongs to a fellow-countryman.

For as you draw rein outside the entrance-gate to pause and admire this not infrequent feature in a long day's ride, there comes down the sandy drive a sturdy, well set-up man, jolly and genial. His hearty welcome—those deep chest-notes of his—stamp him as a Briton. No American slouch, no Yankee nasals about him! His loose grey clothes of such excellent tweed were never made in New England; they hail with their wearer from the mother-country. And the pleasurable feelings which you rightly experience are enhanced when he calls to a negro groom to take your horse, and leads you out of the white sunshine into the cool darkness of his drawing-room; when, before you have barely noted that the cane lounges and swinging hammocks are unusually dainty, he introduces you to an English lady and a bevy of charming fair-haired children.

I have described a home which is common enough in Florida a home in which the wayfarer may find a hearty welcome. Hospitality and open house are the order of the day in most new countries, but I defy Canada or the Cape, Australia or New Zealand, to produce in such unbroken sequence the chain of refined and delightful English homes which runs throughout Florida. It is impossible for them to do so, for the emigrant element is so unlike. The social status and qualities of the Florida fruit-grower place the English society in that State on a plane of importance out of all proportion to its numerical strength. It is indeed true that there have gone out from Britain to that balmy land the very best that she can afford to spare.

Among the hospitalities of the Briton who is satisfactorily settled in Florida is "a day's shooting." Unfortunately, there being no game laws, or at any rate none enforced in that State, such game as once abounded everywhere is now nearly everywhere scarce or shy. It is most difficult to get a good bag of quail or duck within ordinary distance of a settlement. Alligators are very plentiful still, but they are poor sport. When you have once shot a twelve-footer, ambition is generally satisfied and rests on its laurels. A few rabbits may be bagged in a day's stroll through the woods, a few brace of quail, perhaps a turkey or two, rarely a deer. In fact, in the settled parts of the orange and "trucking" regions of Florida game, though present, is never plentiful.

It is different when the "gunner" seeks his quarry further afield. He then has a rich choice of game, and that in abundance. In the Okefinokee Swamp, which lies in the extreme north of the State and extends into Georgia, he can sail from creek to lake and from lake again to creek or island day after day. On his way he can bag as much duck and snipe as he has ammunition for. On the islands he can shoot both deer and bear. From this swamp he can sail "down de S'wannee ribber," if he pleases, through several counties of Florida, and finally emerge into the Gulf of Mexico. There will be plenty of sport on either bank. Or he may return to Jacksonville and wander away down the east coast. Near St. Augustine quail and snipe are to be had in abundance, especially on the Matanzas River. Here, too, there is sometimes a chance of a deer. Following down the east coast, that most interesting section of Florida, the Indian River, is reached. Though called a river, it is properly a huge salt-water lagoon, fed through the Indian River Inlet, a hundred miles south of its head. In summer the mosquitoes of this region would render sport rather a trial, but in winter the weather is simply perfect, and a good deal of execution can be done with both gun and rod. Mallard, widgeon, teal, even the much-prized "canvas-back" duck are met with, and coot and black duck simply appal you with their density. The black or "raft" duck gather in cohorts of a few thousand at a time, and float down the river in one solid phalanx, just like some huge lumber raft. Indian River duck share the perverseness of their kind: they are shy to a degree. Good sport can be had with turkey, plover, snipe and curlew; 'coon can be "treed" with great success on any moonlight night; foxes can be view-halloed to your heart's

content, and every now and again, in the more southern and less settled parts of the Indian River, wild-cat and bear and panther may fall to your gun. On the long narrow coralline strips of land between the Indian River and the Atlantic bear is common and can be shot on moonlight nights on the shores, whither they come to eat the turtle-eggs or anything else edible.

Details as to sport would be out of place here. It is enough if I generalize. I would therefore say that round most of the large lakes fair sport can be had; that on the Great Lake Okeechobee and up the rivers in its vicinity—the Kissimmee and Caloosahatchee—there is a large quantity of duck, and within tramping distance of the shores turkey and deer. Between the Suwannee and St. Mark's Rivers some of the best quail shooting in the State is to be had. If any one intends to go on a "shoot" in Florida, he should remember that the weather is one of the great charms. I have a photograph before me now—a reminiscence of a shooting party in mid-winter—and not one of us has coat or waistcoat on. Moreover we were camping out in tents without experiencing the least discomfort.

The subject of sport in Florida cannot be left without some reference to the boundless opportunities for the angler. It is a country of lakes—there are over twelve hundred of them—and a country of rivers. It is surrounded by seas which, owing to their warmth, swarm with strange varieties of fish. The rail and water communications are so extensive, that any part of the State can be reached with comparative ease. From the mouth of the St. John's River on the north-east to Charlotte Harbour on the south-west one can practically "fish the country" without a break. You can hook a 20 lb. catfish within half-an-hour's walk of your hotel in Jacksonville, or capture a 150 lb. tarpon off Charlotte Harbour. The wayward Walton may even tackle a manatee in the southern waters of Florida. A few miles off the north-eastern coast 15 lb. "red snappers" give first-rate sport; farther south, sheephead, channel and sea-bass are very much in evidence, and at the mouth of the Indian River Inlet there is a perfect *omnium gatherum* of the finny tribe. A well-known American fisherman has stated that he has caught no fewer than fifty-three sheephead in one hour! What is perhaps more remarkable is that he has probably told the truth. But I would advise every angler who visits Florida to make straight for Charlotte Harbour and put up at the very comfortable hotel on Pine Island. He will not only have the best of sport with a

whole catalogue of varieties, but he will be able to indulge in the most glorious of all piscatorial triumphs—the capture of that bolting, jumping, fighting king of fish, the tarpon.

But there are many who when they visit a new country do not go ardently in for such sport—the elements of which are identical all the wide world over. The fittest study may seem to them to be man—man and his habitations. I have already pointed out how pleasurable they will find this study in Florida. To others, and I think this sort is in the majority, a fairly well-organized ramble through the country—a perpetual picnic on horseback, on the steamboats, or in the railway cars—recommends itself. To such Florida will be no disappointment. It embraces most of the charms of a Lotos-Eater's land. It is a land of streams, a land where the charmed sunset lingers in the red West, a land in which

> "To hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
> Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine."

Such a land is worth seeing; and there are few parts of it which more amply repay the traveller than the Ocklawaha River and the trip up that tortuous stream to Silver Springs. It is better to ascend the river than descend it, and Palatka, on the St. John's River, is the proper starting-point. Usually, the steamer starts about nine in the morning, ascends the St. John's to Wakala, which it reaches about noon, and then, turning sharply to the right, plunges you in a few moments into a wonderful succession of scenes. Some idea of the tortuousness of the Ocklawaha may be gathered from the fact that though, on an air-line, Silver Springs are not fifty miles from Palatka, the steamer spans out no fewer than a hundred and forty miles in its navigation of the river.

And what delightful navigation it is! Here are vast trees with clinging vines and creepers, as thick as your arm, reaching down to the water, there you see the blossoming orchids making whole branches scarlet or purple or pearly white; here again you pass through the desolate silence of a cypress swamp, and there, once more, is the long grey drapery of Spanish moss investing the trees with weeds of weird romance. Near the banks grow lofty rushes, on the bosom of the stream the broad-leaved water-lily. As the quaint little steamers, expressly built for the navigation of the narrow and twisting stream, puff and snort their laborious way through this avenue of novelty, there is a

general tremor and excitement among animated nature. Great white herons and blue herons take alarm, and in their company long-necked snake-birds, erratic cormorants, flamingoes, cranes and limpkins seek security in flight. The alligator, who is taking his siesta on the bank, is roughly awakened from his slumbers and plunges into the river—keeping his snout and his eyes just above the water for purposes of scrutiny. They used to shoot at these creatures in days not so long gone by—rifles, breech-loaders, and pistols all doing more or less ineffective service. The traveller who prefers peace and nature to the hey-day of sporting cockneydom should thank his stars that this is no longer allowed.

But the greatest attraction of the trip up the Ocklawaha comes when the surrounding forest is wrapped in the darkness of night. As we pace the forward deck—from side to side—during the day, we again and again pause and look at a queer sort of iron fire-pan, which stands on the top of the pilot-house. This pan is full of resinous light-wood knots. When night has fallen, a burning pine-torch is thrust into this inflammable pile, and at once a bright flame springs up and glares into the surrounding forest. The effect is unearthly; it is like a dream summoned by the incantations of a wizard. The roosting birds fly through the tangled profusion of vine and moss and creeper, flapping their wings loudly, and screaming hoarsely in their fear. The gaunt grey trunks of the trees appear like advancing ghosts behind their hangings of parasitic vegetation. As the flame swirls and rises with the motion of the steamer, great black waves of shadow rush frantically around and give life and motion to the gnarled and twisted roots, and turn them into huge boas and pythons. Ahead there looms an inky blackness which seems waiting to engulf you. There is a vagueness, a weirdness about the whole scene which lingers in the memory long after the sights which have been seen by day have faded on the mind.

The goal is Silver Springs—and, lest any one may think I am describing rarities, let me at once say that there is a score of such springs and at least a dozen of such rivers in Florida. But these are lying within easy reach—only just off, if off at all, the beaten track. It is on the second morning that the steamer enters that nine-mile branch of the Ocklawaha which is the direct effluent of the Springs, and changes the ruddy turbid water of the river for the crystal clearness of the "Run."

Despite the swiftness of its current the long grasses and ferns at the bottom are as clearly seen as if they were in your hand. Suddenly the channel widens, the view ahead expands, and you are at Silver Springs.

The Springs form a lake, on whose bosom you can row about until you tire, and watch the unspeakably clear water well up from a cavern fifty feet below in a stream a hundred feet wide. So clear is the water that you can drop a "quarter"—alias, a shilling—down to the bottom, in some places sixty, eighty, and even ninety feet deep, and see it with perfect ease. You look, as it were, through glass upon an aquarium, for amid waving aquatic plants of rainbow hues you can watch the fish and turtles and the alligators moving to and fro, pursuing their ordinary avocations and the even tenor of their way. So still is the water, so distinct its bed, that you can almost fancy yourself gazing through air upon another world!

Having gone thus far on the road to wintering in Florida, my reader may naturally want to know what the winter climate is actually like, and require more detailed information than the opening passage of this article conveyed. I have wintered in Florida, and I have lived the seasons through in all quarters of the globe, and I can truly say that I believe the winter climate of Florida impossible to beat. My statement may gain a little in value if I add that I have not a shilling invested nor an acre of land in that country.

During winter time there is no prevalent "local" menace to health. The malaria which Florida has in fairly plentiful store in common with nearly all the States in the Union is very much in the background—is, in fact, hibernating. Through the later months of the summer it has been prevalent, and during the autumn months of September and October has claimed nearly as much attention as the Dengue or "break-bone" fever. But in winter there is little to fear from malaria. Moreover, as no hotel is built on hammock and few on limestone soil, the chance is rendered infinitesimal. Should any one contract malaria in the winter season, there is little doubt that he has been guilty of some rash imprudence, or gone out of his way to seek the ills that flesh is heir too. On the other hand, the consumptive, asthmatic, and rheumatic have in Florida a climate where life may be prolonged, where the lungs may do their work without let or hindrance, and where the limbs which were fettered by rheumatic pains in the unkindly North regain their suppleness

and use. Indeed, the climate of Florida has gained so good a name among those who dwell in the regions of the blizzard, that Florida estate agents have been accused of "selling the climate at so much per acre!" It is true that there are a few days in every winter when it is either raw or tempestuous, but it is in this very fact that the merit of the winter lies. They are so glaringly the exception, that clear and cloudless days have been accepted as the rule.

Some comparison of Florida winter statistics with those of European winter resorts may be of interest to many who fly from our shores when the northern hemisphere is tilted away from the sun. Take the rainy days. During the last five years Jacksonville, which fairly represents the great central belt of the peninsula, has annually averaged in the five winter months from November to March thirty-seven of such days. What the meteorologists mean by "rainy days" are days on which even a slight shower may have fallen. Mentone, with its average of thirty-seven and a half days, shows to a slight disadvantage in comparison. Some people have complained of the extreme dampness of the Florida climate. Let statistics speak. The mean relative humidity of Mentone and Cannes during the same winter period is 74·5; that of Jacksonville 72·7. Here again Florida scores. But put this dampness question another way, and take the rainfall. The winter average fall of Nice is 16·86 inches, of Mentone 16·50 inches, of Genoa 23·40, and of Jacksonville 16·62. Florida is a good second in this matter of rainfall, and when we take the record of Punta Rassa, which in the south is to the great central belt of Florida what Jacksonville is in the north, and find that this record is only 8·77, it is perfectly obvious that the general distribution of rain is very slight. And this is a well-known fact. Florida owes her prosperity to the winter being her dry season. California, on the other hand, has cold and wet together. Any one with a mere rudimentary knowledge of agriculture can see how favourable such a climatic condition must be to vegetation; and it is because of this that Florida can rely on being unrivalled as a caterer in early fruits and vegetables for the rest of the United States.

In fact, the ethics of Florida's climate are extremely simple. Her peninsular portion has no ridge of mountains to obstruct the free passage of the winds from the Atlantic or the Gulf; there is consequently a general and genial distribution of

humidity, which brings up the dew-point many degrees, and thereby equalizes day and night temperature. This equableness applies to a whole season as well as to a complete day. In an official report the Surgeon-General of the United States Army says: "The climate of Florida is remarkably equable and agreeable, being subject to fewer atmospheric variations, and its thermometer ranges much less than any other part of the United States." No wonder that the people who annually come south in their thousands liken the winter to the well-known "Indian Summer" of the Middle States. No wonder that with its high atmospheric pressure the country is ignorant of the cyclones and the devastating tempests so common in the North-Central States of the Union; or that, taking its latitude into account, the summers are cooler and the winters warmer than those in countries not insular or peninsular. The high temperature of the Gulf and the Gulf Stream, the relative absorbing and radiating power of large bodies of water, the daily ocean breezes, are all factors in the genial winter climate. In a word, the seasons of Florida are moulded by the surrounding seas; its climate, though sub-tropical, is essentially temperate.

Can we wonder that as many as eighty thousand 'cute Northerners, year after year, come south to winter in Florida? Or that so many English people cross the Herring-Pond, and visit their kinsfolk and the orange-groves of this favoured land in the winter season?

ARTHUR MONTEFIORE.

The Railways of Scotland.

V.

THE Prince of Wales every spring sends his hunters from Sandringham to Windsor for change of air; but in England, as a rule, less aristocratic animals have to do without an annual outing as best they may. Not so, however, in Scotland. In the fall of the year tens of thousands of the small Highland sheep from Skye and Stornaway are landed at Strome Ferry, and carried by the Highland Railway to the warm belt of rich country lying along the shores of the Moray Frith. There, to the great contentment of the Moray and Nairnshire farmer, they eat his turnips and manure his fields till spring comes round again, and they can return once more to their mountain pastures. The railway rate is sixpence per double mile for a truck-load of, say, fifty sheep; or, roughly, half a farthing per head. The Caledonian has a somewhat similar traffic, though on a much smaller scale, from the Perthshire hills to the low ground of Forfar and Kincardine.

But by no means all the Highland sheep provide themselves with return tickets. In or about the month of October each year there is an enormous exodus southwards. Dalwhinnie alone sometimes sends away 20,000 sheep within a few weeks, a large proportion of them going to the Carlisle market. Talking of markets, the July wool market at Inverness is of a somewhat remarkable character. Not a pound of wool is shown, for the best of reasons, namely that it is still growing on the backs of the sheep perhaps a hundred miles away; but at this market the bulk of the Highland clip for the year is sold. The price apparently is settled by the reputation of the flocks of the different breeders. To the lay mind it seems not a little strange that, if home-grown wool can be dealt with in this summary fashion, in the case of colonial wool for the London sales, it is necessary to cart up every bale from the docks to the sale-room

in the heart of the City, and then cart it away again to the railway station on its road to the West Riding or the Stroud manufacturer.

This spring the sheep and cattle traffic from the West Highlands was largely swollen by exceptional circumstances. The grass on the East Coast farms grew so luxuriantly that the farmers were at a loss what to do with it, and bought great numbers of Highland cattle to eat it down. One great market for these latter is at the Muir of Ord, a point a few miles south of Dingwall, where the Skye line * diverges from the main road to the north. I was there one day last June, and was watching a mob of them being coaxed and driven into the railway trucks. All of a sudden up drove two long, low, narrow, covered carts, and from out of the carefully padded interior there stepped two yearling bulls of the black polled-Angus breed. They were beautiful little creatures, well worthy to take a prize at the Windsor Agricultural Show to which they were bound, and when their clothing was removed—for they were as tenderly cared for as any racehorse—their coats shone like satin; but by the side of those noble savages, the Highland cattle, with their straight sharp horns and their bright eyes gleaming through the shaggy masses of red hair, they looked about as much out of place as a couple of palefaces in evening dress would have looked in the midst of a party of Indian braves.

To make up for the unusually large cattle traffic there was this spring a considerable falling off in the West Highland herring fishery. In 1888 the weight of fish caught was over 7000 tons; this year the amount was but little over 4000. Last year steam carriers which took the fish as far south as Fleetwood entered for the first time into competition with Strome Ferry and Oban, and as there was plenty of fish for all three routes, they did well enough; but this spring their owners have probably been forced to the reluctant conclusion that, taking the rough with the smooth, railway rates may not be so much too high after all. To add to the Fleetwood association's disappointment, after their boats had been taken off, the fish that

* The Skye line is the usual name for the branch which runs across Ross-shire from Dingwall to Strome Ferry. It is of course named—on the same principle which induced the sanguine promoters of the railway from Aberystwith to Pencader to christen their road the "Manchester and Milford"—because it is the natural route to the Island of Skye. But the first time I heard it, having no opportunity of seeing the spelling, I thought it was a mere nick-name, analogous to the Michigan "Air" line, or the "Nickel Plate" Railway.

according to all precedent ought to have come to be caught in May and June, did come later on in September and October; and the fish trucks, that in the earlier months were standing idle by hundreds at Strome Ferry, then had a busy enough time of it.

Fish and cattle traffic not only comes in rushes and by fits and starts, but also, needless to say, must be worked, when it does come, with the utmost promptitude. The endeavour to do so over long stretches of single line without delaying the rest of the traffic has given rise to one or two interesting developments of what is probably the most perfect method of single-line working, that which is known as Tyer's Electric Tablet System. Elsewhere* I have described that system fully, and pointed out its superiority over the ordinary method of staff and ticket. Suffice it here to say that the line is divided into sections; that to every section there is assigned a set of metal tablets with the name of the section engraved upon them; and that no train is permitted to pass over any section unless one of the corresponding tablets is in the driver's possession. When the section is unoccupied, the whole of the tablets, and when a train is in it, all except the one in the driver's possession, are kept in boxes at either end, which are securely locked by an electric current. Now the Callander and Oban line mounts a steep incline for the first two miles after leaving Oban, and then runs along the level for another four miles to Connal Ferry station, where the tablet is exchanged for one bearing the name of the succeeding, Connal Ferry to Taynuilt, section. Up the incline the trains often need the assistance of a "bank" engine, which is detached at the top, and returns by itself—or to use the technical phrase, "light"—to Oban. There would, therefore, be a possibility that a down train, starting from Connal Ferry as soon as the up train had passed, might catch it up and run into it before it got back home. To obviate this risk, there has been introduced, in addition to the tablet which is carried in the ordinary way by the train engine, a staff not unlike a small policeman's truncheon, which is given to the driver of the "bank" engine. This staff forms a part of the electric lock which closes the tablet-boxes, and the result is therefore that, till the "bank" engine has got back to Oban, and returned its staff to the box at that end, it is impossible for the signalman at Connal Ferry to get a tablet out of his box, so as to send forward a down train which may be waiting there. Another and

* 'Railways of England,' p. 394.

more amusing, except perhaps for the station-masters, if less ingenious modification is this. A fish or cattle boat may arrive at Oban after the line is closed for the night, and it may be desirable to send forward its cargo immediately. Arrangements have therefore been made by which the act of closing and locking the door of the booking office at intermediate stations diverts an electric circuit through a bell which is placed in the station-master's bedroom, a current therefore can at any moment be sent along the line, which will ring the bells and warn the station-masters to get up and make the necessary arrangements for working the coming train.

One of the chief disadvantages of the tablet system is found in the fact that it is necessary to stop or at least to slacken speed at the various stations to exchange tablets. It is true that on some lines, in order that they may be exchanged the more speedily, the tablets are hung on wire rings of perhaps a foot in diameter, through which driver and signalman respectively thrust their arms as the train runs by. But this plan is certainly not free from risk. I have never heard of any accident actually happening, but it is at least conceivable that a man might be knocked down insensible by a disc of metal a couple of pounds in weight striking him on the head, that his arm might almost be pulled out of the socket, or even that he might be dragged under the wheels of the train. On the Great North of Scotland, where the tablet system is in use on the newly opened Buckie Extension, the locomotive superintendent has accordingly devoted much time and thought to the construction of an apparatus which should exchange tablets automatically, much in the same fashion as the travelling post-office apparatus exchanges mail-bags. I had the opportunity of seeing the new invention at work on the second day of its performance in public some time last May, and being on the engine could watch its action closely. Everything worked without a hitch, even the driver expressed his approval—and it is no small triumph to win the approval of an engine-driver to new-fangled innovations—and I have since heard that six months' experience has only confirmed the first impressions.

Briefly, the apparatus consists of an iron post some five feet in height, standing at one end of the platform, just far enough back from the rails to clear in safety the engine and carriages of a passing train. From the side of the engine, a little above the foot-plate, a corresponding arm, which can be drawn back, and

even altogether removed when not in use, projects level with the top of the platform post. Both post and arm have sticking out on either side of them what looks something like a pair of exaggerated tuning-forks, and the two pairs of course correspond with one another except that their action is reversed. For the pair fixed on the post has strong jaws facing the approaching train to receive and grasp firmly the tablet which it brings, while the jaws on the other side are much more lightly constructed, and hold but loosely the tablet which the train will have to pick up. The arm on the engine, on the other hand, has for the same reason the jaws in front strong, while those behind are weak. Imagine then a train approaching the station. A tablet, enclosed in a square envelope of stout india-rubber, is placed both by engine-driver and signalman in the weak, that is the delivery, fork. The engine reaches the post, its projecting arm sweeps over the top, a sharp click is heard, the delivery forks are empty while the two receiving forks have each safely caught their tablet, which a moment later is extracted from their tightly clenched jaws by the help of a strong brass disgorger. As I saw the apparatus at work, when everything was new and the operators unfamiliar with their duties, the speed of the train was reduced on each occasion to some 15 to 20 miles an hour. But now that further experience has been gained, the exchange is daily made at what is practically full speed. One point more must just be added. Mr. Manson has refused to patent his invention, and it may be adopted freely by any company that wishes to do so. No pecuniary interests of his own, so he quietly replied when I asked the reason, should delay for one hour the introduction of an apparatus which he hoped would tend to protect railway servants from risk of injury in the discharge of their duties.

The question of single-line working naturally recalls us to the Ayrshire and Wigtownshire, with its thirty miles of line all single, to which we promised to revert several months ago. This plucky little company, which may be taken as the single exception proving the rule that in Scotland the small undertakings have all been amalgamated into fair-sized systems, has a curious history. Its *raison d'être* was the construction of a line from Girvan in South Ayrshire, the terminus of the Glasgow and South Western, to Challoch, where a junction was made with the Portpatrick and Wigtownshire, so affording direct access from Glasgow to Stranraer and Portpatrick. The

line was duly made, but at the cost of £600,000, a sum ridiculously disproportionate not only to the necessary expense of construction but also to the possible returns of the traffic. For though the country at either end is fertile enough, the Ayrshire and Wigtownshire itself runs through a desert. Mile after mile there is scarcely a sign of life, unless it be the wooden labels hung at intervals along the telegraph wires to give notice to the grouse not to fly too high. If the line was to live at all, it would have to exist not by local but by through traffic. And that was hardly to be obtained at prices which would more than pay for working expenses over so heavy a road.

From the very first the line was in difficulties. It was worked by the Glasgow and South Western, and the South Western gave it a service which in its proprietors' opinion only starved the line, but which the South Western in their turn declared could not be given by them except at a loss. More than once the line was closed altogether. Finally the Court of Session ordered it to be sold out and out for what it would fetch. The only railway in the neighbourhood, except the South Western itself, is the Wigtownshire and Portpatrick, which is the joint property of the South Western, the Midland, the Caledonian, and the North Western. The joint board agreed not to bid, and then it was supposed that the South Western would be able to buy the line almost at its own price. How much exactly it offered, I cannot say. I was told £150,000 on authority which I should have supposed conclusive, had I not been assured by another gentleman who ought to have been equally well informed that the bid was only £100,000. Be that as it may, to everybody's surprise, a private syndicate of London capitalists bid £155,000, got the line at the price, and what is more, determined to work it themselves. From the energy with which they have undertaken their task, it is even possible that, with so small a capital, they may be able to work it at a fair profit. In that case, the South Western, which sooner or later is almost certain to have to buy the line, will need to offer a considerable advance on £150,000.

Meanwhile the task is unquestionably an uphill one. It is true that Portpatrick is a harbour with a history, as it was in former times the route by which the mails were sent to Ireland; and hereafter perhaps, if, after finishing the Channel Tunnel and the Eiffel Tower, Sir Edward Watkin has time to turn his attention to the subject, it may rise to fame as the starting-

point of the new Irish Tunnel to Donaghadee; but at the present moment it is little better than a fishing village. In fact the whole place struck me, when I saw it, as very much like a large-scale model. There was a toy harbour with a toy breakwater in front, with the stump of a toy lighthouse upon it. Close beside, the walls of a deserted cottage might have been made by a very slight stretch of imagination to do duty for the ruins of a miniature castle; while, to complete the illusion, the postman, who came to the station to fetch Her Majesty's mails, was a small boy who wheeled away one tiny mail-bag on a child's go-cart.

Stranraer of course is on a different scale from this, and is a place with a considerable Irish trade. At the present moment a new steamer for the cross-channel service to Larne is being built by Denny of Dumbarton, which is to be not unlike the fine new Ostend boats, and is to maintain a speed of eighteen knots an hour. But the traffic of the Stranraer route is to the East of Scotland and to England, in fact to anywhere rather than to Glasgow. From Glasgow to Belfast the goods traffic naturally goes by sea throughout, and if it does not, both the Glasgow and South Western and the Caledonian have roads of their own, though longer, round by Dumfries; while passengers prefer to join the boats which sail from Ardrossan or Greenock, rather than take a long and tedious railway journey, followed by a sea passage and then a second change into a train. Moreover, the boats leave Stranraer early in the morning to suit the arrival of the London night-mails, so that Glasgow passengers would need to reach Stranraer over-night, for an attempt that has more than once been made to start an express about 6 A.M. from Glasgow has had to be abandoned for lack of support. This last summer Messrs. Burns, the steamship owners who have monopolized the Glasgow Belfast route for more than half a century, put on a splendid new steamer of 4000 horse-power specially for passenger traffic, by which it was possible, leaving Glasgow at 8 in the morning, to be in Belfast by 1.45 P.M., and on the return journey, leaving Belfast at 3 P.M., to reach Glasgow at 9.40.* So the natural result is that, for all its energy, the little

* The *Cobra* was a fine vessel, but she did not quite come up to the specified requirements. So Messrs. Burns refused to accept her, except as a temporary stop-gap, and the Fairfield yard has got to try its hand again. It is understood that the new vessel next summer will probably sail not from Gourock but from Ardrossan. And it is worth mention, as a sample of the keenness of Scotch competition, that, though both the South Western

Ayrshire and Wigtownshire cannot do much with the through Irish traffic.

This would be bad enough, but worse remains behind. There is a considerable amount of agricultural produce, cheese more especially, sent from the neighbourhood of Stranraer to the Glasgow market. Of this, if it were a case of railway competition only, the Ayrshire and Wigtownshire ought to get a fair share. But here the coasting steamers step in and carry off the traffic by offering prices which a railway, and especially one working over heavy gradients, cannot afford to take. Considering all these disadvantages the energy and enterprise which the little line displays is worthy of high commendation. It has recently bought some excellent new carriages, and its best train runs from Dunragit to Girvan, with four intermediate stops and a long "set-back" into Girvan station, 32 miles in the level hour. Travelling by this train the other day, I had a good opportunity of seeing how hard a commercial undertaking will work for a dividend. A farmer was very anxious to send a horse by it to a station at which the train was not booked to stop. It was pointed out to him that to take the horse-box would delay the train at least five minutes, as the engine would have to draw it away on to the other line, and then come back and couple up to the carriages. But the man persisted in urging his request. So finally the horse-box was attached at the tail of the train, a second brake-van being placed behind it for safety's sake, and the one horse and the two vehicles were hauled off to New Luce and there detached. The farmer was satisfied, and the Ayrshire and the Wigtownshire was richer by perhaps five shillings. If every crown is as hardly earned, there should not be many people to grudge the new proprietors their modest 1½ per cent. of dividend. Let those who look forward to a millennium of State-owned railways—a body which seems to be increasing in numbers in Great Britain at present, though curiously enough in Germany, after a decade's experience of State-ownership, the trend of public opinion in all the other way—say whether Government officials would be likely to give their subjects equal facilities.

In the first of these articles it was stated that "in universal

and the Caledonian have railway piers at Ardrossan, it is understood that the boat will be run in connection with a Caledonian train service, because from the pier of this latter company a vessel can steam straight away, while in the case of the South Western it is necessary for her to turn round.

and ubiquitous competition is to be found the key-note of the Scotch railway system," and as this statement has since been taken by one of the Scotch chairmen as the text of his discourse at the half-yearly meeting of his shareholders, perhaps it may now be considered as having received an official *imprimatur*. From that competition there flow naturally two results. On the one hand the companies are driven to do their utmost to economize in working their traffic. The average proportion of the gross earnings absorbed in working expenses is about 47 per cent. in Scotland as against something like 52 per cent. in England. One instance in which economy has been effected that must be patent to every traveller in Scotland, is to be found in the abolition of second-class. Second-class carriages still run all over the Highland line, and on the East Coast and West Coast through English trains. But elsewhere they have practically ceased to exist. A year or two back they disappeared from the Edinburgh and Glasgow expresses; this summer they were given up on the "coast" trains from Glasgow. The Great North has, it is true, not abandoned second-class, but that is for the best possible reason—it never had any. We have lately been told on good authority that Sir James Allport, though he only succeeded in abolishing second-class on the Midland in 1875, urged upon the Sheffield board the propriety of adopting such a policy as far back as 1850. Whether it was from Sir James that the Great North learnt wisdom, probably no one now alive can say, but the fact is certain that the line has never possessed any second-class carriages.

Whether, however, their former habit of charging what practically were second-class fares for ordinary third-class accommodation was an improvement on the usual practice, is a different question. From a "Bradshaw" only ten years old one can see that from Aberdeen to Banff, 65 miles, the first-class fare was 10*s.*, third-class 7*s.* 2*d.*, "Government" 4*s.* 9½*d.*; to Boat of Garten, 101 miles, the charges were 17*s.* 6*d.*, 12*s.* 6*d.*, and 8*s.* 5*d.* respectively. In those days there was only one "Government" train each way in the 24 hours, and as it took 7 hours and 20 minutes over its 100 miles, it did not much exceed its parliamentary minimum of 12 miles an hour. Needless to say, nowadays, almost all over the kingdom—the most conspicuous and least justifiable exception with which I am acquainted is to be found on the Wye Valley section of the Great Western system —"parliamentary" and "third-class" are convertible terms, and

any passenger who knows the distance he is going to travel knows, not always the minimum, but certainly the maximum number of pence he will have to pay.

But to come back to the abolition of second-class, for my own part I can scarcely doubt that the Scotch companies have done wisely. No doubt they have sacrificed a portion of the fares of the passengers who formerly went second and now travel third, but in return they have done a good deal to simplify and to lighten their trains. And this is a very serious matter. The question is often discussed as though it were merely one of dividing a train into two or three subdivisions. In fact a main line train is as a rule composed of portions for, say, four different places, and on each portion the company is expected to provide accommodation for ordinary passengers, for smokers, and latterly also for ladies, of all three classes. Thirty-six subdivisions in all, or a good long train, even if one compartment apiece was all that was required. Strike out second-class, and you reduce your possible subdivision at one blow from thirty-six to twenty-four. It may be said: Why not then abolish first-class also, for it pays, if Mr. Findlay's figures may be relied on, even worse than second? The answer is here, not that it is theoretically wrong, but that it is practically impossible. It would be not a reform but a revolution, and no company dare lead the way. The great iron-masters, or coal-owners, or manufacturers, who found themselves suddenly compelled to travel third-class, would avenge themselves for the discomfort by sending tens of thousands of pounds' worth of traffic by the rival line. Besides as long as society in Great Britain is organized as it is, it must be admitted that most people would find it incongruous, if Lord Salisbury for instance had to travel between King's Cross and Hatfield in a third-class compartment. With second-class passengers there are no such difficulties. They are neither distinguished nor influential, and as long as compartments—third as well as first—are reserved for ladies travelling alone, the only class likely to be in any way inconvenienced by the change is amply protected.

The other result of competition may be said to be the concession of advantages and facilities even beyond those to which we are accustomed on the most liberal lines in England. For instance, to meet the steamboat competition, passengers are carried every Tuesday and Friday—not in summer only, but all the year round—from Edinburgh to Aberdeen, 160 miles, for

7s. 6d. All over the Great North system, return tickets are issued every Saturday at very little more than single fares for the double journey. "Guest tickets" again are a peculiarly Scotch institution. Holders of season-tickets, say between Glasgow and Largs or Moffat, can obtain batches of return tickets for the use of their families or friends coming to stay with them at a single fare and a quarter.

Here are some samples of liberal treatment within my own personal knowledge. A gentleman the other day took a monthly season-ticket from Glasgow to the sea-side. Two days after the ticket was issued he was taken ill, and it was over three weeks before he was able to return to business. He stated the fact to the company, which at once consented to cancel the ticket, and hand him back the money less the ordinary return fare for the two days on which it had actually been used. Some years since, coming down from England by the night-mail, a party of three, of whom I was one, missed the connection from Kilmarnock to Ayr, owing to the unpunctuality not of the Scotch but of the English company; and consequently we reached our destination about two hours late. More out of curiosity to see what he would say than for any other reason, I wrote to the general manager of the Glasgow and South Western, at that time an entire stranger to me, and laid my grievance before him. Next day a reply was despatched, expressing regret that the station-master at Kilmarnock had not sent us forward "special" at once, and stating that orders had been given that this course should always be adopted in future. It ought to be added that in this instance the traffic is entirely non-competitive.

As for children, the liberality with which they are treated is almost ridiculous. I remember a gentleman going with his wife, two nurses, and six children, ranging in age from twelve down to three, to spend the day at a place twenty miles away. With the full approval of the responsible officials, though the company had a right to charge for seven, he took four tickets for the entire party. Again, a boy of fourteen at school in Edinburgh came down to stop from Saturday to Monday with his people at their house in the country, some sixty miles away. He tendered half a guest-ticket to the collector, but it was promptly returned, with the remark that his father was a season-ticket holder and that was quite sufficient. School children indeed make use of the railway in Scotland to a much larger extent than is the case in England.

It is impossible not to notice the numbers of them who come into the country towns every morning and go back again to their homes in the afternoon. No doubt, however, this is due to the Scotch preference of a day-school over a boarding-school education, quite as much as to the liberality of the railway companies.

In one respect Scotland is distinctly in advance of England. Two of the leading companies have begun to experiment in heating their carriages by methods less primitive than the universal English hot-water tin. On the Glasgow and South Western the waste heat from the roof-lamps of the carriages is the agent employed. Above the flame of the lamp is fixed a miniature wrought-iron boiler, connected by two small pipes with a reservoir placed below the seat. The hot water from the boiler is forced down into the reservoir, whence it drives out the cooler water before it, and sends it up to the roof to supply its place. In fact, with the exception that in this instance the kitchen fire is placed, after the fashion now usually adopted in the most luxurious *ménages*, on the top floor, the system is merely that which is adopted for the supply of hot water in every modern house. The system in use on the Caledonian makes use on the other hand of the waste steam of the engine—or rather of so much of it as escapes from the cylinder of the Westinghouse brake. Iron pipes, connected between the coaches by pieces of old worn-out india-rubber brake-hose, run from end to end of the train. In each compartment there is, under the seat and connected with the train pipe, a pipe four inches in diameter, which serves as a radiator. To allow the water as it condenses to escape, a tiny hole is made in the bottom of the bend of each of the india-rubber connections. This system has now been in use for some time on several of the Glasgow suburban trains, and the only objection I have heard made to it is, that passengers ought to have the power of shutting off the steam when they please, as the carriage often gets unpleasantly hot.

The Caledonian locomotive and carriage works at St. Rollox are, however, busied with matters much more serious than carriage heating. Merely as engineering shops they are well worth a visit. They are not perhaps quite the finest belonging to any railway company in Great Britain—that proud position probably belongs to the still newer shops of the Lancashire and Yorkshire at Horwich—and of course they are by no means the largest; but compared to places such as Crewe or Doncaster, which consist of the gradual accretions of well-nigh half a

century, their spaciousness and general convenience is instantly visible. Strangely enough, the most famous Caledonian engine —some people might say the most famous engine at present running in Great Britain—the wonderful No. 123, which, week in, week out, for nearly two years, has taken the Carlisle-Edinburgh express up the Beattock "bank," with its gradient of 1 in 70 or 80 for 10 miles, at a speed which most lines would term express along a dead level—was not built at St. Rollox at all, but by the well-known private firm of Neilson, though of course to the designs of the Caledonian locomotive superintendent. Hitherto, moreover, the type has not been repeated, and No. 123, with her 7-foot single drivers, remains so far alone in her class. Mr. Drummond's new engines are all "4-coupled;" but if he expects them to surpass the performance of their predecessor, he must be an unusually sanguine man.

I was behind her the first time that the West Coast went from London to Edinburgh in 8 hours. She was booked to cover the 100¾ miles from Carlisle in 112 minutes, and the railway servants themselves declared that the thing was impossible. But she did it in 104, and went up the 10 miles from Beattock Station to Beattock Summit in 14 minutes, spite of a check at the signal half-way up which brought our speed down to some 15 miles an hour. Another day, long after the excitement of the great "Race" was over, and when the Edinburgh and Glasgow carriages were worked once more on the same train, I was on the footplate, when she took a train of ten coaches for several miles on end at an average speed of 65 miles an hour, not down hill but along the level. On this occasion we stopped at the foot of the incline for a "pilot," and including this stop, the 10 miles took 15 minutes. Now that the respective possibilities of West Coast and East Coast routes are being somewhat keenly canvassed, it is perhaps worth while to point out that the disadvantage to the West Coast caused by the existence of this climb of 1000 feet, as compared with a similar distance over perfectly level line, cannot at the outside be estimated at more than 5 minutes. A disadvantage it is, and must remain unquestionably, but not a disadvantage so overpowering that it cannot be abundantly compensated elsewhere in the course of a run of 400 or 500 miles.

There are already a good many of the new type of express engine, with 4-coupled 6 feet 6 inches driving-wheels and a 4-wheeled bogie in front, at work on the line, and they are

constantly put to most severe tests ; for no line, take it for all in all, hauls as heavy trains over as bad a road at higher speed than does the Caledonian. Not only their power but their endurance is constantly tested, for it has latterly become an everyday thing for the same engine to run right through, for the whole 240 miles, between Aberdeen and Carlisle. So much so indeed, that recently this was done even in the case of the Queen's special. When I was last at St. Rollox, some six months back, a batch of six of these engines, with 18-inch cylinders and 26-inch stroke, was under construction. They were alike in every particular except this, that two were to work at a boiler pressure of 150 lbs., two at 175 lbs., and two at 200 lbs.—this last a pressure that has never hitherto, as far as I am aware, been adopted for locomotives. For Mr. Drummond, who is no believer in "compounds," shares with Mr. Johnson of the Midland the opinion, that the unquestioned economy of fuel shown by engines of this type is due not to the principle of compounding, but to the higher steam-pressure at which they are usually worked. Another novel feature which they possess is a sanding apparatus, worked not by steam, which is said to be liable to condense and so clog the pipes, but by a jet of compressed air from the Westinghouse pump. These engines have also exceptionally large steam-ports, that so the back-pressure of the escaping steam, which at extreme speeds mounts up very rapidly till it finally absorbs almost the whole power of the engine, may be reduced to a minimum. They have just left the shops within the last few weeks, and those who are interested in locomotive progress will watch their future performances with interest. If there are not abundant opportunities of doing so in the course of the coming summer, at least the Scotch public will be much disappointed of their present expectations.

Compressed air is turned to another use at St. Rollox, namely to help the men in the foundry to make the moulds for their castings. By the force of compressed air the two sides of a casting-box are brought together in a fraction of the time that was needed under the old hand system ; while the turning of a tap on a flexible pipe from the air reservoir sends all the particles of loose sand away in an instant and spares the moulder much unnecessary puffing and blowing. Adjoining the locomotive shops there is an establishment which, though its like must exist on every railway, has not hitherto, as far as I am aware, won for itself a place in railway literature, and that is the

grease factory. The importance of this establishment is perhaps hardly what it was a few years back, for on passenger carriages grease is rapidly being superseded by oil; for goods and mineral trucks, however, it is still indispensable. The reason for the difference depends on the difference of the work required. Oil is a more perfect lubricant than grease, and therefore renders the friction less when the train is actually running. On the other hand, it is much thinner and less viscous, so that, when the wheel is at rest, it is squeezed out and allows the axle-box to come down hard upon the axle, while grease would have left a film between. In other words, with grease the friction at the first start is much less. Now goods trucks start and stop much oftener than passenger carriages; they stand still for a much longer time; and what is still more important, the engine of a goods train is habitually loaded to its full power, and therefore has as much as it can do to set its train in motion. Consequently for goods trucks grease still holds the field, and for the use of its 45,000 goods trucks the Caledonian railway manufactures some 600 or 700 tons of grease per annum.

The ingredients consist of palm-oil, soap, soda, tallow, and a small quantity of an extremely fluid white oil which looks not unlike the finest castor-oil. They are turned in by barrow-loads at a time into a huge boiler. This boiler is jacketed with steam, and the inner lining is perforated, so that jets of live steam can be admitted all round. More water is added to bring the mixture to the proper consistency—thicker or thinner according to the weather and the time of year—and then the whole is made to boil freely, after which it is drawn off into shallow vats and left for a day or two, to cool and harden. Finally it is dug out, placed in casks, and sent away down the line to the different goods and mineral depots.

It was mentioned above that the Caledonian is the owner of 45,000 trucks. Perhaps it would not be wrong to imagine that its shareholders have no reason to rejoice in the fact. Theoretically there can be no question that the railway companies ought to own the trucks which work over their line. The system of private ownership of railway waggons, says the great American authority, Professor Hadley, "gives to English freight trains a disreputable appearance which contrasts almost ludicrously with the solid excellence of the line and buildings. An uninstructed observer might readily suppose that the companies had spent all their money on the permanent way, and having nothing left for

equipment, were tottering on the verge of hopeless bankruptcy." Mr. Hadley further declares, and it would be difficult to contradict him, that the system "is inconvenient to both railroads and shippers. The shippers complain of damage and detention of cars; the railways complain of waste of space and power; and both parties have good ground for their complaints." He might have added that it is highly dangerous to the public safety. Spite of inspection and repairs as frequent and as thorough as railway companies, with competitors on either side hungering for their traffic, dare to enforce, one or two private traders will always persist in sending over the railway waggons, which, if they had been the property of the railway company, would have found their way to the scrap-heap years before. Ninety-nine times when these waggons break down no harm is done, except that the line is blocked and the traffic disorganized, but the hundredth time the break-down comes when a passenger train is passing on the opposite line, and a terrible disaster is the natural result.

Professor Hadley ascribes the long continuance of this indefensible system to "English conservatism," and "the inertia of English business habits." This perhaps is scarcely an adequate explanation. The evil—and it must be remembered that, in the case of a large and prosperous coal or iron company working its trucks over the line of a small, poverty-stricken railway company, it is not an evil at all—can only be stopped by general and compulsory legislation. No single railway dare promote a Bill to banish private waggons off its line altogether. The thing must be done universally or not at all. It is not enough merely to offer to buy up the traders' waggons. This the Midland set to work to do some ten years back and allocated a million pounds of capital to the operation. But the result has not been over-encouraging. They have bought a great many, and, if they were not to offend their customers, they had sometimes not to be too critical about the prices. Then they had to spend almost as much as would have built new waggons in putting the old ones into thorough repair. The Caledonian, which followed in the Midland footsteps, has had a yet more disappointing experience. The traders, having disposed of their old waggons at a very satisfactory price, forthwith proceeded to spend the money in the purchase of new ones; so that the day when the Company will own and be responsible for all the stock which runs on its line seems to be just as far off as ever.

There is another charge, which is yet more frequently brought by American writers against our railway management in this country, and that is the size of our goods waggons. If they held 30 tons as in America, instead of 5 or 10 as is the custom here (so we have been constantly assured of late in railway newspapers by a gentleman who appears to hold a brief for the American system), we should be able to work our traffic for many millions less *per annum* than is spent at present. It may be so, but, before the change is made, it might be well that we should be informed how it is proposed to manipulate a truck 36 feet long built with steel tubular framing—some people have been rude enough to describe it as gas-piping—when it comes to hoisting it on board a vessel, as is the custom in Glasgow, in order to tip its contents straight into the hold. At St. Rollox, at least, the feat is believed to be impossible. Not that they are by any means wedded to the old idea of a four-wheeled truck. On the contrary they have built a considerable number of trucks of a much larger size. These run on six wheels, two of which are fixed to the frame in the middle, while the remaining pairs are on bogies at either end. The weight is something under 10 tons, and the capacity about 15, and the length 26 feet. Beyond this size, say the Caledonian authorities, it is not profitable to go under our insular conditions.

But we have dwelt perhaps too much on Caledonian specialities. Let it, however, be said in excuse, that a writer can only describe what he has the opportunity of describing; and, be the fault whose it may, I have seen more which merits description on the Caledonian system than on that of its great rival. Still, before these sketches are brought to a close, we must note one most interesting point on the North British railway, an extremely ingenious method of electric lighting. As already mentioned, that company has a line, known as the City and District, running underground across the heart of Glasgow. Some of the trains on it start from Edinburgh and work right through as far as Helensburgh. For ten minutes they are in darkness, for the rest of the three hours in the open day. The carriages cannot be left unlighted for the ten minutes; on the other hand, it seems a gratuitous waste to keep lamps burning all the time. Here is the system which has been devised in order to comply economically with these conditions.

Through each of the three Glasgow tunnels there is laid a centre rail, raised up 4½ inches above the ordinary metals and

insulated from contact with the ground. This rail is kept charged with electricity, generated by the dynamos used for the lighting of the Queen Street station, which stands over the top of the underground railway. Underneath each carriage is an iron pulley with a spring which keeps it in contact with the rail. Originally wire brushes were used instead of pulleys, but the points of the wires were fused so rapidly that this had to be abandoned. The current is led from the pulley through incandescent roof-lamps, then passes down the wheels, and so returns along the ordinary rails. There are two lamps in each compartment; in the first-class compartments both are lit, in the third they are so arranged that, though only one is lighted, if the one is broken or removed—and two or three are stolen every week—the other is automatically thrown into circuit. It should be added that the centre rail slopes up at either end very gradually from the ground to its full height, to avoid a sudden jerk to an advancing train, and that the cost, allowing for interest, depreciation, &c., works out to about one penny per hour for each lamp actually burning. In practice, they are found to burn on an average about one hour per diem. The advantages of the system are obvious. Each carriage is independent. Electrically lighted and oil-lighted carriages can be mixed up together in the same train. The electric lamps can at any moment be taken out and ordinary lamps substituted. And last, but by no means least, neither guard nor driver—both of whom have usually quite enough to do as it is—need to pay the smallest attention to the matter.

Here these notes end. Having sketched what seemed of most general interest on the Scotch Railways as they are to-day, it only remains for the writer to add that, to judge by present indications, if any one chooses to go over the same ground again a very few years hence, he will find the circumstances vastly altered from the position of affairs in the year 1889.

W. M. ACWORTH.

Holland House.

IN the life of a famous building, as in the life of a man, there are crises and turning-points which irresistibly invite a survey of its past history. We have now reached such a turning-point in the life of Holland House, "once celebrated for its rare attractions to the furthest ends of the civilized world, and now silent and desolate as the grave." And as the old order changes, yielding place to new, a few words of fond and grateful commemoration may not be out of place, even though the writer is painfully aware that in attempting them he challenges dangerous comparison with Lord Macaulay on the one hand, and the numerous and gifted descendants of Pennialinus on the other.

All Londoners and most of their country cousins have seen on their right hand as they journey from Kensington to Hammersmith, within two miles of Hyde Park Corner, a Jacobean palace of red brick and white stone, standing secluded from the dust and traffic of the high road, in the midst of gardens and hay-fields and forest-trees. This is Holland House, and no private dwelling in London better deserves or more richly repays the attention of the artist or the historian. Some portion of its foundation seems to date from the "spacious times of great Elizabeth," but in the main features of its architecture and elevation, in its profusion of pinnacles and turrets and porticoes and arcades, it recalls the handiwork of that mysterious artist, John of Padua, and is worthy to rank with Longleat and Wollaton and Burleigh. Rightly considered, the very fabric is a history, and embodies in concrete and visible form the spirit of the age which gave it birth. In its solid and substantial strength, in its ample scope, in its accessibility to light and air, and in its complete freedom from the dim, religious mysticism of medieval architecture, Holland House is a true product of the age of the Reformation. In its richness of superadded ornament, its perfect adaptation to the requirements of a stately and luxurious life, and its constant suggestions of Italian

influence, it presents the most characteristic features of the gorgeous Renaissance. To study the general character and successive modifications of its internal equipment and decoration is to trace the rise and progress of domestic and social civilization. Its collection of pictures, of every school and in every style, recalls the days when to be a great nobleman was to be a patron of the arts. The celebrated Library was formed in an age when every fine gentleman was, or wished to be thought, a scholar. China from France and Germany, glass from Venice, and hangings from Spain, are the spoils of many a grand tour, undertaken at a time when one of the chief, and most creditable, uses of great wealth was to secure its possessors a liberal education.

Every hall and gallery is associated with famous names. The Gilt-room was decorated as we now see it for a ball given in honour of Charles I. In one chamber Vandyke painted; in another Atterbury schemed. In what is now the dining-room Addison "breathed his last, having sent for his stepson, Lord Warwick, to see in what peace a Christian can die," though Horace Walpole characteristically remarks, "unluckily, he died of Brandy." In a field belonging to Holland House, Oliver Cromwell held secret conference with Ireton, whose deafness made confidential conversation impossible in more frequented places. In the pleasure-grounds George III. courted Lady Sarah Lennox. In the kitchen-garden Colonel Best shot Lord Camelford. In days comparatively recent, the famous Library has heard the conversation of Sheridan and Byron; of Blanco White and Dr. Parr; of Lord Jeffrey and Sir Humphry Davy and Hookham Frere; of Grattan and Curran, and Romilly and Washington Irving; of Calonne and Madame de Staël; of Luttrell and Sydney Smith and Lord Macaulay. Here Samuel Rogers, intent on discovering the authorship of "Junius's Letters," ventured to inquire of old Sir Philip Francis if he "might ask him a rather delicate question," and received the discouraging but significant reply, "at your peril, sir, at your peril." Here Wilkie "gazed with modest admiration on Sir Joshua's Baretti; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz." But all this belongs to a remote and splendid past. The future fate of this most noble and interesting house is wrapped in uncertainty. "Yet a few years, and the shades

and structures may follow their illustrious masters. The wonderful city which, ancient and gigantic as it is, still continues to grow as fast as a young town of logwood by a water-priyilege in Michigan, may soon displace those turrets and gardens which are associated with so much that is interesting and noble, with the courtly munificence of Rich, with the loves of Ormonde, with the counsels of Cromwell, with the death of Addison. The time is coming when, perhaps, a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek, amidst new streets, and squares, and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling which was in their youth the favourite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. They will remember, with strange tenderness, many objects once familiar to them; the avenue and the terrace, the busts and the paintings, the carving, the grotesque gilding, and the enigmatical mottoes. With peculiar fondness they will recall that venerable chamber, in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended with all that female grace and wit could desire to embellish a drawing-room. They will recollect, not unmoved, the shelves loaded with the varied learning of many lands and many ages, and those portraits in which were preserved the features of the best and wisest Englishmen of two generations. They will recollect how many men who have guided the politics of Europe, who have moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence, who put life into bronze and canvas, or who have left to posterity things so written as it shall not willingly let them die, were there mixed with all that was loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals."

These words of beautiful but gloomy vaticination were penned nearly fifty years ago, and the process of fulfilment, though it has not advanced far, has indeed begun. Holland Park and Melbury Road have trenched upon the sacred domain, the shades which once sheltered fallen Bonapartes and exiled Bourbons have afforded a lodging to the captive Cetewayo.

But here, we trust, the course of desecration will be arrested, and, though shorn of some of its circumjacent glories, the fabric of Holland House will remain untouched. Most earnestly must all lovers of art and history re-echo the benediction which Hookham Frere traced with a diamond on the turret-window:—

> "May neither fire destroy nor waste impair,
> Nor time consume thee till the twentieth Heir.
> May Taste respect thee, and may Fashion spare."

If we turn for an instant from the material aspect of Holland House to the annals of those who have inhabited it, we see in them a curious illustration of the processes by which the greatness of English families is built up.

Its founder was Sir William Cope, a courtier of James I., and his daughter and heiress, Isabel Cope, carried "Cope Castle," as it was then called, into the family of her husband, Sir Henry Rich. The Riches were of the new nobility. An opulent mercer of the time of Henry VI. was great-grandfather to Richard, Lord Rich, Lord Chancellor in the reign of Edward VI. Lord Rich's grandson was made Earl of Warwick, and his second son, Sir Henry Rich, was created Lord Kensington in honour of his marriage with Isabel Cope, the heiress of Kensington. He was subsequently made Earl of Holland, and conferred his name on Cope Castle, which henceforth was known as Holland House. In the strife between Charles and the Parliament, Lord Holland took a devious and unfortunate course, which eventually conducted him to the scaffold. The second Earl of Holland, succeeding his cousin, became also Earl of Warwick. It was his son's wife, the Countess of Warwick, who married Addison. Her son was the last Earl of Warwick and Kensington, and, on his death without issue, his estates at Kensington passed to his cousin, William Edwardes, a Welsh squire, and ancestor of the present Lord Kensington. From the time of the Restoration to the middle of the eighteenth century, Holland House was occasionally let. William Penn was one of its tenants. William III. actually inspected it with a view to purchase. In 1749 it was let, at a rent of £182 16*s.* 9*d.* a year, to Henry Fox, first Lord Holland of the second creation, who bought it in 1767.

Here, for the second time in its history, Holland House passed into the hands of a new family. Stephen Fox, father of the first Earl of Ilchester and the first Lord Holland, began life as a choirboy in Salisbury Cathedral. He early attracted the friendly notice of Bishop Duppa, who laid the foundations of his fortunes. His eldest son, Henry Fox, a prominent politician under George II. and III., was elevated to the peerage by the name of the noble house which he had bought, and which again had acquired its designation from its previous owner. Henry Lord Holland was the father of Stephen Lord Holland, and of Charles James Fox, and the grandfather of Henry Richard Lord Holland, who made Holland House so famous as a resort of

distinguished and accomplished men in the early part of this century. That most genial of hosts was succeeded by his son, the last Lord Holland, on whose death, in 1859, Holland House passed into the hands of his widow, Mary Augusta, Lady Holland, who died, deeply and widely lamented, on the 23rd of September last.

As the last bearer of an historic name, and herself one of the most charming and accomplished women of her time, the character and career of Lady Holland demand at least some brief record, in connection with the famous house of which for more than half a century she was the most conspicuous ornament.

Lady Mary Augusta Coventry was the daughter of the 8th Earl of Coventry. She was born in 1812, and was brought up to a great extent on the Continent, where she formed many of the most binding ties of her life, and contracted habits of thought, sentiment, and conduct quite unlike those which characterize the general run of home-keeping Englishwomen. In 1833 Lady Mary Coventry married the Hon. Henry Edward Fox, afterwards fourth and last Lord Holland, and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Tuscany. From the time of her marriage Lady Holland lived principally in Italy, and though, after her husband's succession to his father's title and fortune, they spent some part of each year in England, still they always considered Naples their home. There they formed and maintained their most intimate friendships, and there they were continually surrounded by the society which they so peculiarly enjoyed. Their foreign associations were made all the stronger by the fact that they had both joined the Roman Catholic Church. After Lord Holland's death in 1859 his widow was left with full control of all his fortune, including Holland House and St. Anne's Hill—a delightful villa near Chertsey, stored with memorials and relics of Mr. Fox. Between these two homes, most unlike but each perfect in its way, Lady Holland spent the summer months, returning for the winter to Naples. For some years past, however, she had not been strong enough for the long journey to Italy, and she had lived entirely in England, except for an annual visit to some German watering-place.

The greater part of the year was spent at St. Anne's Hill, where she greatly enjoyed a constant succession of visitors from London. For about two months of the late summer and early autumn she lived at Holland House, and there her hospitalities were among the most graceful and delightful incidents of social

life. For many years her annual garden-parties were unique in their charm, combining all the solemn dignity which clings to one of the most historical of English houses with the fantastic grace and sprightly merriment of an Italian *festa.* Failing strength had brought these large parties to an end; but whenever Lady Holland was known to be in London, even in the desolate months of August and September, her shrine never lacked its devotees. Diplomatists of every nation found a second home at Holland House. To its hospitable doors every distinguished foreigner gravitated by a natural law. Some of the most accomplished of the older men of London were habitual guests, and conversation not unworthy of the great traditions of the House was to be heard at those delightful dinners, un-English in every detail of their composition and service, where half the dishes were French and half Italian, where every European language was spoken in turn, and where the gentlemen returned to the drawing-room simultaneously with the ladies, who did not disdain the peptic aid of a cigarette.

The dining-room of Holland House has certainly seen some strange vicissitudes of social manners. It has witnessed the change from the coarseness of the days when Horace Walpole described the fracture of the French Ambassador's arm as an ordinary incident of an after-dinner romp; when to drink oneself blind drunk was not a vice, but an accomplishment; or even when, in more recent times, an imperious hostess ordered Sydney Smith to pick up her handkerchief, and stopped Macaulay's conversation by telling him that "we have had enough of that;" to the finished courtesy, the exquisite refinement, the unfailing consideration for others' feelings, and the cosmopolitan sympathies which formed the natural and necessary environment of the last Lady Holland.

As years went on, and the fatigues of hospitality began to tell increasingly on her strength, Lady Holland lived less and less at Holland House, and not long ago a speculative builder approached her with what would have been to most people a tempting offer. He proposed to buy the reversion of the house, with its gardens, park, and farm, for half a million sterling. Lady Holland's reply was worthy of herself. She said that she belonged to the house of Fox, not by birth, but only by marriage, and that Holland House, with all its splendid associations, should not, by her act, pass out of the family which had made it famous. It now reverts to Lord Ilchester, who

represents the family of Fox in the male line, and St. Anne's Hill passes to the Dowager Lady Lilford, sister of the late Lord Holland.

One touch of personal description may not unfitly close this sketch. Mary, Lady Holland, was one of the smallest of women, less than five feet high, exceedingly slender, with the most exquisite hands and feet. Her features were pronounced and sharply cut. Her rich dark hair retained its colour to the last. But her most marked trait was the extraordinary brightness of her piercing eyes. They sparkled and flashed like a girl's, and when she smiled they lit up her face with a peculiarly bewitching expression. In latter years she never laid aside her "customary suit of solemn black," and a cap, which, to quote Lord Beaconfield, "should have been immortalized by Mieris or Gerard Douw."

In mind Lady Holland was singularly vivacious. Her mental gaze was of the most penetrating power. She saw through unreality, vanity, and pretence at a glance; but was full of the most genial charity towards mere error, ignorance, or indiscretion. She was extremely quick in repartee, loved a joke, and had a peculiarly keen appreciation of whatever was fine in character, conversation, art, or literature. For some years she suffered grievously; but her patience and courage in bearing pain, her anxiety that it should not distress other people, and her bright cheerfulness in forgetting it, were models to all like sufferers. In character she was one of the justest, kindest, and most generous of women; the sworn enemy of all cruelty and harshness; and the most faithful and affectionate of friends. All who knew her will join, without distinction of creed, in the beautiful benediction of the Church in which she lived and died:

"Requiem æternam dona ei, Domine,
Et lux perpetua luceat ei."

Rooks and Farmers.

Is rural England relapsing into wildness? is a question which many people have been asking during the past twelve months. For it seems hardly consistent with a growing density of population that owners and tenants of land should have to combine, in order to offer rewards to the slayer of wild creatures. It was considered an astonishing thing when it was first realized that the European rabbit was becoming a plague to Australia, that the Scotch thistle was spreading over Canada, and that the grain fields of California were being ravaged by the English sparrow. But that the same bird, with the rook and the wood-pigeon, was becoming a serious pest in England, or that the farmer had more than the usual reason for complaining of its petty pilfering, was quite incredible. However, it is in North Northumberland, was the comforting reflection, and the county always was wild. And yet those who know the district need not be told how well cultivated it is. There are hills, it is true, but the only complaint one hears on the green slopes or in the rocky glens of the Cheviots is that bird-stuffers are exterminating the rarest of the birds. No more is the golden eagle to be seen soaring over Hedgehope, the hen-harrier is driven away, and the peregrine falcon and the raven have only Henhole left as their last citadel. There are moors, bogs, and mosses too; but, as more of them are annually riven up by the ploughshare, the curlew flies further and further away to the undrained wastes, where his desolate cry fits in with the desolate scenery. But whoever will climb to the top of "Dark Flodden," or even to the soft and mossy greensward in front of Sibyl Grey's well, where the water is still as pure as when Scott was there, will have before him, as he stands with his back to Howson and the Cheviots, a valley as fertile as any in England, that through which "the deep and sullen Till" winds and twists till it reaches the Tweed. On either side, all the way from Wooler to Milfield, fruitful farms form its banks. There the rook war has raged most furiously.

From inquiries which have been made by myself and others,

it seems beyond dispute that in every agricultural district of England, except those which are closely adjacent to the large towns, there is an increase of bird life exactly similar to that in Northumberland. A glance at the causes of this will aid us in realizing, what we have all known for a long time, that very marked changes are stealing over the face of rural England. The facts themselves are hardly open to dispute, and may be verified by the most fleeting visitor to the country. One does not need to be very old to remember the time, for instance, when a tame starling was a curiosity, and when a starling's nest was as much of a discovery as a magpie's is now. If a young bird were caught, its tongue was cut with a silver sixpence, and if the owner rose at daybreak, it, as a mysterious consequence of this operation—as necessary as docking a mouse of its tail to tame it—learned to speak. But whoever wishes starlings now may have them by millions. I have seen a forty-acre field black nearly from fence to fence with them, and almost every sheep in a flock of hundreds with one on his head hunting for ticks. The increase of sparrows is not less manifest. Where once they could all rest comfortably in the roof of the cartshed, or under the eaves of the cottages, or among the thatch of the great farmhouse, they are now obliged to send colonies out in every direction. They have ousted the poor swallows from their nests of mud in the corners of the window; long before the martins arrived they had taken possession of the holes they used to build in; and there is a high thorn hedge between the paddock and the wheatfield which, from end to end, showed in spring a continuous jagged line of their slovenly straw-and-feather nests. As soon as the corn ripens they muster in myriads, and, wherever a field of grain is bounded by a thick hedge to which they can retreat, ravage the borders and headlands till there is nothing left but chaff. When scared, they first fly to the hedge, changing its green to a mass of brown feathers, and then, if a shot is fired, fly off to another part of the field. That wood-pigeons, individually the most destructive of all winged pests, for they will devour almost their own weight in corn, have increased to an equal extent, is less capable of proof, as they nest singly, and one cannot number the flocks of them. They come over here, lean and hungry, from the Norwegian forests, and speedily grow so large and fat, that at the end of the season they cannot make up their minds to return.

But the great enemy of the farmer is the rook. He is not

such a glutton as the wood-pigeon, and varies his food more, but what he wants in eating capacity he makes up in numbers. Of the multiplication of rooks all over the country during the last ten or fifteen years there is full and abundant evidence. Exactly the same thing has happened in Scotland and the Midlands and North of England. As is well known, there are two kinds of nesting-places known respectively as winter and summer rookeries. The former may be regarded as the bird's legitimate home, and the ancestral rookery is an adjunct to a country house which no one would like to be destroyed. To many who are neither poets nor painters there is no music sweeter than the first cawings of the young rooks on a May morning, or the harsher notes of their elders as they tumble and scream in the park, in anticipation of the strong October wind which is coming to sweep the withering leaves from lime and chestnut; or when, still later, the bare and leafless twigs stand out like a black tracery against a clear December sky, they hold a parliament on the tree-tops. These old rookeries they never desert all the year round, and often in the late autumn a careful mother-crow will be seen mending the house which wind or accident has damaged. But the summer rookeries have been erected merely to accommodate the surplus population. As soon as the breeding season is over they are deserted, parents and children alike joining the huge flock which nightly the "many wintered" chief leads back to the ancient roosting-place. Now the farmer, who in his patient way is willing to put up with a moderate amount of thieving, and who regards the hall or castle rookery as being, like the weather, a burden to be borne, loses patience when he finds the rooks encroaching in all directions. And within the past few years they have done this to right and left. New rookeries have been established by the score, until in some districts there is scarcely a strip of plantation or a clump of trees without nests on it. If undisturbed, these annually grow larger, until, as in the old rookery, there is hardly a branch without a nest on it.

It would be more difficult to assign a reason for this phenomenal prosperity of wild life were not the only exceptions to it those species which the gamekeeper keeps in check. There are not more magpies, hawks, ravens or carrion crows now than there used to be, but that is because he is continually reducing their numbers, never missing an opportunity of killing them in the fields, and watching by their nests in spring to shoot the parent birds. And the very efficiency with which this work is done

accounts in some measure for the increase of the smaller singing birds, the lark and the redbreast, finches—including even the once rare and delicate bull-finch and the gold-finch whenever it can find thistledown—linnets—green linnets may be seen in flocks almost rivalling the starlings—blackbirds, thrushes and others. Indeed, in some districts he does his work too well, as in those where, owing to an absurd notion that owls steal eggs and kill young game, these useful birds were shot down, until rats and mice have grown so numerous in the hedgerows, that game-preservers find it difficult to protect the eggs of pheasants and partridges from them. A chapter from the recent history of the squirrel may be adduced to prove that, unless extraordinary measures are taken, the present conditions are favourable to an inordinate increase of wild life in rural England. A Northumbrian landowner, Mr. George Grey of Milfield, writes to me: "This country did not suffer from squirrels until about fifteen or twenty years ago, and I have heard old men say that they remembered when a squirrel here would have been looked upon as a rare animal." They have, however, increased to such an extent that game-keepers for the last five years have had strict orders to shoot them, owing to the injury they do to fir-trees. "Nearly every Scotch fir in the Fenton Hill Wood," says Mr. Grey, "some mile and a half long, which my father planted, is ruined and will have to be cut down. The young plantations at Ewart Wilderness are similarly destroyed."

Now it is obvious that there must be some very cogent reason for all this. Only ten or twelve years ago, before the Wild Birds Protection Act was passed, it used to be urged that English woods and fields would soon be bereft of their fauna. To some extent, no doubt, the change is to be ascribed to that measure. Yet not wholly, for a glance over the schedule will show that it has been powerless to protect rare species, such as the golden oriole, from the bird-stuffer, and those which have flourished most amazingly are not therein mentioned. There are more potent causes, one of which, no doubt, is the stringency with which gun-licences are issued. Of old, that graceless ne'er-do-weel, the village sportsman, exercised a considerable control over the feathered and furred population within his range. At night he confined himself to game; but in the daytime, when he sallied forth to prove the virtues of his ancient muzzle-loader, he was not particular what he fired at. Whatever could move, whether on foot or wings, served as a target. And on Easter Monday,

Christmas, or any other holiday, he took part in shooting competitions at the village in which small birds served instead of pigeons. The rook season was his carnival, for, although prohibited from visiting the large rookeries, there were many outlying plantations free from restriction. But the town-loafers, who are now almost the only poachers, when they make their expeditions in a dog-cart, are too intent on business to pay the slightest regard to anything but the partridges and pheasants they are in search of.

There is, however, a stronger reason yet for the growth of wild life and the decadence of the village poacher. Need it be said that it is the gradual depopulation of the rural districts? Rustics are getting over the mad infatuation for the city which caused so many of them a few years ago to forsake the plough to be barmen in public-houses, porters in large shops, or to follow their calling in great towns. They have felt the pinch of hunger as unemployed, they have endured the privation of strikes, and they have made acquaintance with the horror and misery of the slums. Broken-hearted and palefaced, many of them have found their way back to the hamlets they came from, to spread such accounts as to effectually destroy any remaining illusion in regard to the big wages obtainable in cities. Yet they are forced away by an inevitable law. Not in one district alone, but everywhere, one sees the same thing. Ever more and more land thrown into grass, ever more and more machinery introduced, ever less and less need for men. A single shepherd now suffices where formerly several labourers had employment, not only for themselves but their families. Even the mechanics, the blacksmith, joiner, and wheelwright, who lived by mending the simple thrashing-machines and other gear at the neighbouring steadings, find their occupation gone, and the odd man who eked out a living by doing a job here and a job there has had to emigrate for want of work. His very children, who gleaned the wheat and barley fields, find their labour in vain when they have to follow a low-cutting reaper and a clean-gathering horse-rake. And the birds and beasts have gained by this change. In the wide grassy solitude there is none to disturb them as they breed and rear their young. For the inhabitants of out-of-the-way hamlets—who were partly the restless outcasts of the parish, partly those who had no regular employment, and largely men with many idle days—were extremely destructive. This was owing not only to their own poaching and shooting proclivities, but they had terriers and lurchers which nearly lived

in the fields, and half-wild cats which did equal damage, and wholly wild boys and girls who harried the nests in the hedge-rows and brought in the water-hen's eggs from the river, and the wood-pigeon's eggs from the wood, and who "speeled" the great trees and despoiled the rookeries. As these gradually move away, only the more steady and respectable classes remain, an illustration of which I saw some time ago. I was staying with a friend who wished a summer rookery destroyed. Ten years ago his game-keeper had to watch it on account of the boys from the village, who spoiled the trees with their climbing. Naturally enough, he thought he had only to send for some of these imps, and, by offering a small reward, have the nests flung down. He did so, but, though several came, not one could swarm up the trees. The art was forgotten. Is it any wonder that in these vastly changed conditions English wild life should flourish as it has never done before, should flourish until it threatens to overrun agriculture and inflict upon it losses serious enough to make the farmer look round him for a remedy?

It is frequently asserted by those who have no pecuniary interest in the matter that it is a mistake to kill the rook, inasmuch as it is so useful an aid towards ridding the land of grubs, and many controversies have arisen on this point. The belief, however, seems grounded on observations made many years ago. A rook's appetite, like that of other creatures, is adaptable. When there were fewer birds and more arable land, it is possible that he could find nearly enough worms to live upon. Latterly he has approximated to the carrion crow in his tastes, and become omnivorous. During the past year I have had occasion to test his diet in a variety of ways, and the results are surprising. That the rook will kill and eat young chickens and ducklings, that it will hunt young partridges along a hedge-row and make off with unfledged pheasants, that it will kill small birds when it can catch them and carry off the eggs of a fowl which has made its nest away from the run, are facts of common observation. During the breeding season a rook was seen to carry off a nest-egg of earthenware to its young in the rookery close to the manor-house. If any doubt had remained as to the identity of the depredators—and town naturalists are always ready to assert that country people don't know the difference between the rook and the carrion crow—it was speedily set at rest. A steel trap baited either with eggs or dead birds was set, and the rooks easily taken. Indeed the old method of taking hawks or carrion crows by means of a trap set on the top

of a high pole and baited with eggs—which used to be so effectual a quarter of a century ago—is now useless, owing to the fact that the hungry and numerous rooks take the bait so greedily as not to give the others a chance of being captured. It would seem, therefore, that the rook is rapidly developing into more of a bird of prey than he has ever been before.

Yet that is not the main ground of the farmer's complaint. This is the damage done to his crops. The ravages go on from year's end to year's end. Last spring, when the seed corn was just being put in the soil, we shot great numbers, and examined their gizzards to find that not one in ten had a worm in it, while nearly all the rest were full of the barley, wheat and oats from which the farmer expected a manifold return. Further on in the season, when the first green spear-points were being thrust through the damp mould, the rooks seeking for worms would run their bills along the tiny drills, and in their search uproot the sprouting grain and leave it to wither in the sun. During the period which intervenes between seedtime and harvest, when the land is all green with unshot corn and grass ready for the mower, and potatoes and turnips are just appearing above the ground, there is no agricultural produce to steal, and the rook is thrown almost entirely upon grubs for existence. It is then he develops his carnivorous propensities, for there are families to support, and barn-yards and game-preserves are raided. But in my opinion the rooks are often half-starved in Midsummer, especially if the season be a hot one. In a dry June or July, if shot when digging for food in a bit of old pasture or in a gravel pit or dry ditch, their stomachs are as empty and their bodies as lean as they are in the heart of a hard winter. But as soon as the grain begins to grow yellow, and when the sheaves are nearly ready for the leading-cart, they soon become fat and plump again. At that period the crops examined with a microscope showed in almost every case nothing but grain, and that of the finest kind. Nor is this the only tribute they exact from the harvest field. When the winter frosts come, and the grubs dive underground to escape it, and the land is all hard, they approach the stackyard and tear off the covering of the stacks, till they reach the corn, leaving, as they do so, holes, which if not stopped before the rain comes will be ruinous. At that time, too, they do incalculable mischief in the turnip-fields, for every root which has its skin broken by their strong bills wil fall a prey to the frost. In this way whole drills and fields are

often destroyed. The rook is also very fond of potatoes. Some naturalists say he works along the drills only for grubs, but, if watched, he will soon be noticed making off with a tuber in his mouth, flying off to his nest with the seed-potatoes in spring, and fighting with his comrades for the best of the young ones later in the year.

Taking all these things into consideration, and still giving the rook all the credit due to him for killing grubs, the farmer holds that the blackmail exacted is out of all proportion to the protection given. The lime, vitriolized bone and other manures which he uses, are much more effective grub-destroyers than the birds, and help the crops instead of damaging them. It is not as in the days when stable manure—with which grubs were actually carried to the land—was in common use. Among the farmers and proprietors in North Northumberland there was therefore practical unanimity, when it was proposed that extraordinary measures should be taken to cope with the extraordinary multiplication of the enemy. This was the origin of the "Association for controlling the numbers of Rooks, Sparrows and Wood-pigeons." It was a calumny to say that extermination ever was contemplated. Indeed the very names of the members, many of whom had more than a local reputation as sportsmen, offered a sufficient guarantee that no effort would be made to reduce the number of species of English birds. At a meeting held on the 15th of February of the present year, the following rules, which I give in a summarized form, were adopted.

That each occupier of land be asked to pay one halfpenny per acre of arable land, the owners to be asked to subscribe as may seem best to them. (To this request a very liberal response has been made.)

The Association to provide ammunition free of cost, and to pay twopence for each old rook killed, and twopence per dozen for sparrows' eggs.

Committees were appointed in each County Council Division to have the work carried on, and to them shot rooks and sparrows' eggs were to be taken.

Owners of rookeries were to appoint their own men to shoot.

It was not judged necessary to offer any reward for killing wood-pigeons, as, for obvious reasons, many proprietors had scruples about giving permission. To sum up the results as briefly as possible up to the end of August—practically the end of the year—10,650 cartridges were issued, besides powder, shot, caps, and wads for the muzzle-loaders. Claims were made and

recognized for the killing of 4263 old rooks and the destruction of 273½ dozen sparrows' eggs. But this does not represent half the work done by the members. In the early portion of the year it was customary to station men at various parts of the large rookeries at night, to shoot the old birds as they came home to roost for the evening. The party was usually composed of the gamekeepers from several adjacent estates, and on these occasions the proprietor provided ammunition, and no claim was made for the birds killed. Over 5000 old rooks were killed in this way. Thus, nearly 10,000 old rooks, besides young ones, have been destroyed. It can hardly be said that they are missed. To all appearance there are just as many as ever in the fields and plantations; but it will not be possible to estimate the diminution until next breeding season, when it will be interesting to observe if the nests are rebuilt in the summer rookeries where they have been destroyed. Some favourite rookeries, from sentimental and other reasons, have not been shot at all; probably they will next year be increased in size. What is to be noticed, however, is the very much greater shyness of those which remain. The alacrity with which a flock of old rooks would disappear from a field to which a man with a gun came was always proverbial, but now it is a difficult matter to get within sight of them at all. The labours of the little boy employed by the farmer to scare them with a wooden clapper have been very much lightened.

Why the rook war will be most closely watched in future, however, will be to notice how far it extends to other countries. That it should begin in Northumberland was only natural, but the conditions which obtain there exist more or less in all other counties. From every part there is a stream of migrants making townward and leaving a solitude in the fields. Everywhere grazing is being substituted for arable culture, and there is no prospect of this ceasing as long as corn is imported so cheaply from abroad. Not in one place alone have the gun-licenses had the effect of practically exterminating the amateur sportsman of the village or hamlet, and reducing the number of rural as distinguished from town poachers. The vast increase of wild life, interesting as it is in itself, is still more important as a symptom of these changes. If they continue, they will result in an entire revolution in what we have hitherto considered the most salient features in English country life.

ANDERSON GRAHAM.

A Highland School Forty Years Ago.

OF all the pictures imprinted on one's memory the most vivid are, I think, those which recall the scenes and events of one's boyhood from the age of seven to the age of sixteen. At the present moment, as I write, I can summon with almost startling distinctness a picture of the school into which I was first led, forty years ago, at the age of eight, by my widowed mother, and of the sixty or seventy schoolboys who directed their inquisitive eyes towards us as we entered. It was winter, and a fire was burning brightly on the left-hand side, rather more than half-way up the schoolroom, and a short distance from the schoolmaster's desk, an elevated structure, not unlike a pulpit, which had to be ascended by four steps. On a form without a back along the wall opposite the door and facing us were a dozen little fellows of about my own age, with their arms round each other's necks and swaying their bodies backwards and forwards with a regular machine-like motion, while they sang in a slow, drawling, plaintive monotonous tone out of their spelling-book:—

"B–A bay, B–E bee, B–I by, B–O boh, B–U beu, B–Y by,
C–A say, C–E see, C–I sy, C–O soh, C–U seu, C–Y sy;"

and so on through the successive consonants and vowels of the alphabet, in utter unconsciousness of, or indifference to, the rule that C should be pronounced hard before the vowels *a*, *o*, and *u*.

Of the other pupils, a few were writing in copy-books, with their backs to the schoolmaster, at long desks stretching along the right-hand wall; a few others at the same desks seemed to be ciphering, on heavy, clumsy, frameless slates, obtained (as I afterwards learnt) from a neighbouring slate-quarry; but the great majority of the pupils in the school were sitting, books in hand, and with their faces turned towards the schoolmaster's desk, on backless forms distributed with little regard to order in

the body of the schoolroom. All over the school there was a continuous buzz of voices talking unrestrainedly and apparently in no way discomposing the serene equanimity of the schoolmaster, Mr. MacTaggart, a stout old Highlander with thick grey hair and whiskers, who was sitting, spectacles on nose, at his desk, mending a quill-pen.

The floor of the schoolroom was of hard black earth, studded thickly and irregularly with smooth round stones, about the size of a cricket-ball, and projecting about an inch from the ground, in which they were firmly embedded. Over this I clattered with my mother (my boots had thick soles covered all over with hobnails) till we reached the schoolmaster's desk. There we halted. Mr. MacTaggart, wholly absorbed in his occupation of pen-mending, did not appear to notice us. When he had finished he gave a slight start at seeing us, whereupon my mother explained to him in Gaelic that we were new arrivals in Glen Büe (Yellow Valley), and that she had brought me, her only son, as a pupil to his school.

Meanwhile, some eight or nine kilted bare-legged youngsters, with eyes squinting cautiously leftwards towards the schoolmaster's desk, had softly left their seats and formed a semicircle in front of the fire. Presently, others also glided from their places and endeavoured to squeeze themselves into the semicircle. Their attempts being resisted by the first comers, a scuffle ensued, which, gradually getting more and more noisy, at last attracted the attention of Mr. MacTaggart. The old schoolmaster, grasping the situation in a moment, suddenly laid down his pen, seized his leathern five-fingered "taws," which lay conveniently near his elbow, hurried down the steps, and applied this instrument rapidly and vigorously to the naked calves of as many of the delinquents as had not succeeded in regaining their seats before his arrival. This punishment administered, he returned slowly to his desk, leisurely ascended the steps, and calmly sat down as if nothing had happened. Of the boys who had received a taste of the "taws," some were rubbing their calves and crying; some were rubbing their calves and looking generally uncomfortable, but not crying; and some were rubbing their calves and smiling, as if they did not care a bit. The smiles of these last, however, struck me as being somewhat forced. As for the rest of the school, though here and there I detected a smile or grin of amusement, the generality looked on with indifference as on an incident of very common occurrence.

What my mother thought I cannot say. She showed Mr. MacTaggart the book in which she had taught me to read; then, bidding me be a good boy, she wished the old schoolmaster good morning and left. Mr. MacTaggart then pointed to the third bench in front of that on which the little youngsters first mentioned were still swaying their bodies backwards and forwards and chanting their "b-a bay, b-e bee," &c., and called out in Gaelic to a boy named Duncan Macdonald to let the new boy look over his book, an order which Duncan obeyed with great alacrity.

Mr. MacTaggart had already heard the "B-A bay" class and the two next their morning lesson, so that it was now the turn of our class to stand in a semicircle in front of his desk and read. We had to read English, not Gaelic. The top boy began and ran through his sentence like a racehorse. I was struck. It was a sentence of at least ten or twelve lines, and he was through it in less than five seconds. Mr. MacTaggart made no remark. The second boy then began and rushed through the next sentence with the same lightning rapidity. Evidently, in Mr. MacTaggart's opinion, if a boy read fast and did not stumble or hesitate, he read well. Speed was the sole criterion of excellence. As to grasping the sense of what I heard read, it was impossible. The words ran into each other in one continuous stream, and could no more be distinguished separately and individually than can the spokes of a rapidly revolving wheel. The third boy could not read so fast, though he tried hard to do so. He hesitated three or four times, and once he stopped dead short from ignorance of the pronunciation of a somewhat long word. Mr. MacTaggart thereupon called him a "stoopid ass!" and told him how to pronounce it. The fourth boy hesitated still oftener and was obliged to make a dead stop three or four times. Him Mr. MacTaggart (who had now descended with an ominous air from his throne) belaboured with Gaelic epithets still more depreciatory than "stoopid ass!" The fifth boy fared still worse, for, in addition to a volley of epithets, he received a box on the ear, the full force of which, however, a dexterous movement of the head enabled him to elude. I trembled. Only four more boys and it would be my turn. At last it came. It came just after the boy immediately above me had his head knocked against mine by a box on the ear. I read as my mother had taught me to read, slowly and carefully and with some attention to the sense. Whether it was

my style of reading or whether it was my being a new boy I know not, but I at once became conscious from the lull which took place in the general buzz of the school that I had become a centre of interest. Fortunately I made no mistake, and though I did not gallop through my sentence like my predecessors, I did not hesitate nor stumble.

Contrary to his custom, as I afterwards found, Mr. MacTaggart addressed me in English—rather queer English.

"Wcho learnt you to rid?"

"My mother, sir."

"I see you can speck English?"

"Yes, sir."

"But your mother specks Gahlic. She is Heelander, is not she?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then your fahther was an Englishmaun or a Lowlaunder?"

"No, sir; he was a Highlander."

"Can you speck Gahlic?"

"Yes, sir; better than English."

"K'enum ha orst?" * (What is your name?)

"Albin Mac Rae, sir."

The last question seemed to be put merely to see whether I really did understand Gaelic, for my mother had already told him my name. On hearing my reply he gave utterance to a kind of grunt, expressive, I think, of perplexity, and continuing still to speak English, ordered the next boy, Roderick MacPherson, to "Pekin" (*begin*).

Roderick looked up in bewildered astonishment. He evidently did not understand the meaning of the word "Pekin." Whereupon Mr. MacTaggart called him an "Amatan" (an idiot), and gave him the same order in Gaelic.

Poor Roderick stumbled and stammered wofully, and in spite of the oft-repeated "Grace orst" (make haste), he at last came to a dead stop at the word *neighbour*. Every now and then he made an instinctive upward movement with his left arm as if to parry a box on the ear; but, to his relief and astonishment, the expected blow never came. He attributed this unusual forbearance (he afterwards told me) to my influence, though on what grounds I could not imagine.

When the reading was over and we had returned to our forms, I was immediately surrounded not only by the boys of

* I write the Gaelic words as phonetically as I can.

my own class, but also by several others, all expressing in various ways their admiration of the new boy who actually understood and could speak English. I found to my utter astonishment that with the exception of about half-a-dozen boys in the most advanced class no one understood any language but his native Gaelic. The English which many of them could read so fluently was as much an unknown tongue to them—as far as the sense was concerned—as if it were Arabic.

These were my first day's experiences of school life at Mr. MacTaggart's. It was the parochial school, and I remained there for a year. My mother was sufficiently educated to see the defects of Mr. MacTaggart's system of teaching; but there was no rival school in which to place me, and it was not convenient for her to have me always at home. When I had been nine or ten months in the school, however, an event took place one afternoon which was not only remarkable in itself, but the forerunner of another event still more remarkable. A *stranger* visited the school—a most unusual occurrence—and, stranger still, he acted most strangely, even for a stranger. He was a lame gentleman with a crutch, about thirty, smoothly shaven, and dressed in a seedy grey suit. After saying "Good morning, sir," to Mr. MacTaggart, he proceeded at once without further ceremony and with an air of authority to examine the school. We all watched him with curiosity, not unmixed with awe and trepidation. Mr. MacTaggart, from his manner, evidently shared these feelings. He did not look at all comortable. The stranger was not a Highlander, for though he generally spoke to the boys in Gaelic because they did not understand English, he spoke Gaelic very badly, and with a pronunciation which often made us smile, while he spoke English with natural ease and fluency. He began with the lowest class. His advent had created a profound silence in the school, but as his examination proceeded and the boys began by degrees to get used to him, the customary conversational buzz very soon recommenced. In a moment he stopped short, and turning round sharply ordered "Silence!" Silence immediately ensued. But the lull did not last long; in less than three minutes the confused buzzing of voices was as loud as ever. The stranger again stopped, and this time, addressing himself to the old schoolmaster, he asked him with an air of grave astonishment if it was his custom to allow his pupils full liberty of talking during lessons. The latter, by way of reply,

seized his "taws," rushed down the steps of his pulpit and administered his stripes right and left all over the school, the innocent (of whom, however, there were probably very few) receiving their full share with the guilty. A general stampede took place amongst the boys when they saw him sallying from his stronghold, and it was really a comical sight to see so many kilted youngsters scampering in all directions, dodging, vaulting over forms, upsetting forms, tumbling and falling over each other, while old Mr. MacTaggart, always aiming his blows where they would be most effective, smote, smote, smote, and spared not.

The stranger in the seedy grey suit looked on, leaning on his crutch and with a grim smile upon his sleek, smoothly-shaven face. From that moment I hated him.

At last Mr. MacTaggart, fatigued with his exertions, returned slowly to his stronghold, looking sulky, flushed and angry. Though I had had a taste of his "taws" like most of the boys, I could not help pitying him. I attributed it all to the stranger in the seedy grey suit. The latter, still leaning on his crutch, regarded the old schoolmaster for some time in silence. At last he remarked. that he should now like to examine the most advanced reading-class. Mr. MacTaggart thereupon, in an angry tone, called up the "Collection Class." This class was so named from their reading-book, which was entitled, 'A Collection of Extracts from the Best Prose Writers.'

The "Collection Class" came up. It consisted mainly of boys from fourteen to sixteen years of age. They too looked sulky and angry, and it was clear from the glances which they every now and then cast at the lame intruder in the grey suit that their wrath was directed against him rather than against Mr. MacTaggart. On receiving from the latter the order to "pekin," the top boy, nicknamed Goliath from his small size, at once obeyed. The piece happened to be 'Mark Antony's speech' as rendered by Shakspeare. The speed with which Goliath shot through this celebrated oration was more than marvellous. Accustomed as I was to hear fast reading, especially in the Collection Class, there is not the slightest doubt that upon this occasion Goliath beat the record. He felt that the credit of the school depended upon his performance; so he did his very best. Happening to know the piece, I just managed to catch the opening words, which were uttered somewhat as follows:—

"Frents Rommuns Countermen lentmuryurs
Comt berry Saysar not uppraysim."

From this point, Goliath, like a race-horse well-trained and held in, gradually increased his pace, till at last each line seemed like a single long word. He seemed to be hurriedly running through a list of strange names in some barbarous tongue. Mr. MacTaggart looked pleased, and cast a triumphant glance at the lame stranger in the seedy grey suit. The grim smile on the face of the latter gradually widened into a broad grin, followed by a peculiar low chuckle.

"Stop a moment," he said, when the second boy was about to begin; "I want to ask you one or two questions."

Then, rising from the form on which he had seated himself, and leaning on his crutch, he asked—pointing to little Goliath who was regarding him fixedly,

"Would you be so good as to inform me who delivered that celebrated oration which you have read with such remarkable fluency?"

To this question poor Goliath replied in a very crest-fallen voice, "Ha nel berl akum." The free translation of which is, "I do not understand English."

Mr. MacTaggart blushed, but did not speak. The stranger then put some questions to other boys in the Collection Class, but without eliciting any very satisfactory answers. One said that *Friends* meant "*Kahrshdun*," which was correct so far as it went; another that *ears* meant "*cluasun*," which was also right; while a third translated *bury* by "*derchkun*," which is the Gaelic for *berries*. From the generality he got either the answer "Ha nel berl akum," or "Ha nel ism" (I don't know). At last the stranger gave it up.

"That will do, my boys," he said; "you may go to your places."

This seemed plainer English to them than Shakspeare; at all events, they understood him and went.

The stranger then turned to the old schoolmaster and said that he did not wish to trouble him further; that he thought he had examined his boys quite enough to ascertain their capacities and acquirements; but still, if he (Mr. MacTaggart) wished it, he would examine the writing and arithmetic.

Mr. MacTaggart replied gruffly that he might if he liked; that he did not care whether he did or not.

The stranger, thinking perhaps that he had caused enough

discomfort for one morning, replied that he would not examine them further that day. So saying, he seized his hat—which was even seedier than his grey coat—in his right hand, placed the head of his crutch comfortably under his left armpit, and with a "Good day, sir," to Mr. MacTaggart, and a "Good-bye for the present, boys," to the school in general, he hobbled his way out.

When he was gone Mr. MacTaggart asked us if we knew who he was. Nobody knew; nobody could give him the slightest information. It was an inexplicable mystery. Poor Mr. MacTaggart, I think, took him for a School Inspector sent by the Government. Had he known the truth, he certainly would not have put up so meekly with his intrusion and interference.

The next day the murder was out. The school was full of it. "Do you know who that impudent cripple was who came yesterday?" "Yes; do you?" "Yes; everybody knows it;" and so on through the school. Everybody except myself seemed to have heard the news. The mysterious stranger in the seedy grey suit was—according to his own account, which nobody seemed inclined to doubt—a highly educated Englishman who had seen better days. He called himself Mr. Slater. He had come to Glen Büe to set up a school in rivalry to Mr. MacTaggart's, and in this purpose he was supported by the powerful influence of Mr. Sinclair, the proprietor of the neighbouring slate-quarry. Mr. Slater remorselessly exposed the shortcomings of the existing school, and made large promises on his own account. He would undertake that within a year nearly all the boys in his school should at least speak English fluently, while, if a boy of average intelligence stayed with him three years, he would guarantee that by that time he should speak not only English but also French and Latin with as much facility as his native Gaelic. Somehow people generally, though they freely expressed their disapproval of his conduct towards Mr. MacTaggart, accepted Mr. Slater at his own valuation. Many, like my mother, had been long dissatisfied with Mr. MacTaggart's parrot system of teaching, and determined to give Mr. Slater a fair trial. Before many days had elapsed, the latter opened his school with a very respectable number of boys, nearly all deserters from the older establishment. The present writer was amongst the number.

ALBIN MAC RAE.

Notes of the Month.

THE publication of Mr. Du Chaillu's work on the Viking Age has given rise to much discussion respecting our ancestors, and his theory will have to be scientifically investigated from many points of view by specialists, before it can be finally said to stand or fall. One line of inquiry seems to us of importance. To what pitch the maritime power of the "Vikings" had reached in the days of Cæsar and Tacitus we know not, for these two writers have but very little information to give us on the subject. Cæsar, however, gives us a very definite account of the maritime power and naval prowess of the Veneti, who dwelt on the shores of Brittany, whose name still survives in Vannes, and whom Strabo regards as the progenitors of the Venetians. "The attack of our fleet," wrote Cæsar, "on their vessels was of such a nature that its only advantage was in its swiftness and the power of its oars; in everything else they had the advantage."

Now Tacitus tells us of a race of Venedi, on the shores of the Baltic, on what is now the Gulf of Dantzig; it is true he regards them as mere barbarians, but he admits that he practically knew nothing about them. The correspondence in the names Venedi and Veneti is so striking that we would ask some of our readers, who are experts in historical geography, if any connection between the Veneti and Venedi has been traced. It should be mentioned that Cæsar's description of the ships of these Veneti, with their double prows, leathern sails, and chain cables, corresponds in a marked manner with what we know of Viking ships.

Three typical examples of how our Jury system works which have occurred during the last few weeks afford considerable material for reflection. First we find the judge in the Public School case of Malan *v.* Young expressing an opinion that the ends of justice might perhaps be better attained if the case were heard before him alone and not before a jury; then came the Scottish murder trial resulting in the conviction of Laurie by the verdict of a majority of jurors; and still more recently the libel case of Besant *v.* Hoskyns has ended in the discharge of the jury because it could not agree. Now we venture to think that each of these three cases represents a corresponding flaw in our legal system, and demands an appropriate reform. The opinion of the judge in Malan *v.* Young represents a widespread and increasing dissatisfaction

with the incompetence of juries to deal with the complicated cases which are unfortunately submitted to them; the Scotch verdict reminds us that north of the Tweed the penalty of death is more lightly inflicted than in England; the disagreement in the third instance shows what immense expense and delay a single ignorant or cantankerous juryman may impose upon suitors. We remember not long ago serving on a jury in a case which had been argued for three days, and had probably cost the litigants several thousand pounds; a single juryman stood out on a technical point about which he knew nothing, and a verdict was rendered impossible. We believe that a statesman who desired to earn the gratitude of the nation could take no surer path than the promotion of two measures of reform:—1. A Bill for abolishing Trial by Jury in civil actions: 2. A Bill substituting a two-thirds majority verdict for unanimity in all cases except trials for murder.

There is a certain learned Professor at one of our great Universities who has probably gone nearer than most people to living on a straw a day. He desired to reduce the necessity of taking food to a minimum, and with that object performed a series of experiments upon himself. We believe we are correct in saying that for many months he succeeded in maintaining his weight and working hard while taking only one meal in two days; and that at one time he even relegated himself to one meal in three days, but that nature abhorred so prolonged a vacuum, and through rapid loss of weight and inability to work he was soon compelled to resume a more liberal diet. It is, however, we are informed, no uncommon occurrence for him to invite a friend to dine in hall, himself sitting the whole evening without a morsel of food; his reply to any remonstrance being simply "I breakfasted to-day"!

In spite of the rapid strides which Science Instruction has made of late, it is plain that there is yet much to be done before we can congratulate ourselves upon apprehension of even the simplest truths having become at all general. We thought that the theory of the sun going round the earth had been fairly exploded by this time, but here are four lines from the brand-new Appendix to Hymns Ancient and Modern, published in the year of grace 1889, and gravely presented to the British public with all the authority of the compilers, wherein the heresy crops up rife as ever:

> "Behold the sun, that seem'd but now
> Enthronèd overhead,
> *Beginneth to decline below*
> *The globe whereon we tread.*"

The italics are not in the original.

Why is Italian wine inferior to French? and why do Italian vines, from the same vineyards, vary so much in quality from year to year?

An Italian wine-grower, lately come to England, fresh from one of the worst vintages Italy has experienced for many a year, gives us the answer.

It is in consequence of the haphazard manner in which the easy-going Italian does his work. Instead of planting his vineyard with one or two kinds of vine, as the Frenchman would do, in proportions that must never vary, he allows—say a dozen different kinds to grow together in one vineyard. Some may bear early and some late grapes, some may have one flavour and some another, but no matter, they must all find their way to the same vat, and at the same time; and according to the varying seasons, so is the wine. One year there is a preponderance of ripe or early grapes, then the wine is sweet. Another year there are more unripe or late grapes than usual, consequently the wine is sour. Or the grapes of one flavour are more abundant than those of another—so is the flavour of the wine influenced.

Then again the French wines, instead of being allowed to grow with their native freedom, as in Italy, are more regularly pruned and tended, so that the grapes may receive the amount of sun and nourishment that is best suited to them. These things all tend to make a *standard wine* which in flavour and sweetness varies as little as possible from one vintage to another. Nevertheless, wine-growers in Italy are showing signs of a desire to improve, *e.g.*, we know of an English lady in Tuscany who, dissatisfied with the native mode of growing and making wine on her own estate, spent a considerable time in Burgundy in order to master the science of vine-culture in that district, and returning, applied her knowledge to her own vineyards with very considerable success. But until the Italians, more generally, follow the example of the French, said our informant, and take more care of their vines, they will never be able to compete with French wine.

We are glad to observe that Mr. Augustus Harris is promoting the formation of a "Waterloo Exhibition," which was advocated in our pages at the beginning of the year. We were then given to understand that the project would be taken up at the New Gallery, but no doubt Mr. Harris will be able to make it equally successful. We hope he will take care to divest the Exhibition of any purely spectacular or theatrical *entourage*, for it ought to be a solemn and magnificent memorial of a glorious page in British history.

For the benefit of those among our readers to whom the elegance of 'J. G. L.'s' "Latinity" may be an unknown quantity, we append a

clever translation of the verses on St. Alban's Cathedral, printed last month at the close of Lord Grimthorpe's article:—

"If to St. Alban's fane you wend your way,
Under the tower, stranger, stand, I pray.
In the south transept see the Sisters tall
Face the great Circle in the northern wall.
See how the Five their heads in order raise,
Highest outside, and wonder while you gaze;
Then turn and look how widely circling shows
Wheels within wheels that geometric Rose.
The number nine prevails. You'd think the Muse
Of mathematics did the pattern choose.
Then look around throughout the temple vast,
See nothing overdone or overpast.
No pretty tricks pander to vulgar eyes;
No feeble structures here have dared to rise.
But solid majesty and size prevail;
And simple grandeur 'tells the wond'rous tale.'
O Protomartyr! Edmund's dreams attend,
Who to your walls new centuries doth lend.
The greedy Henry, first, and fell decay
Your house did spoil, but Edmund bade it stay.
Ages of men to come shall worship there,
Nor ruined walls nor wicked spoilers fear."

Notes from Edinburgh.

Whether an Art Congress can do much to promote the "Advancement of Art and its application to Industry," is a matter for time to prove. That it may have a chastening effect on the spirit of an audience cannot be doubted by those who were present at the opening meeting in Edinburgh. The pride of the modern Athenian was there laid low; a battery of criticism was brought to bear on the buildings of his "new town" which, if words had the force of shot and shell, would have swept Princes Street from east to west. The sanctity of the home was next invaded, and the household gods were attacked, till the householder sadly felt that his first duty in the cause of "Application of Art to Industry" would be to convert the greater part of his furniture into firewood for the benefit of the housemaid in her morning work. It was some comfort later in the week to learn from Mr. William Morris that we had better be contented with the "straightforward ugliness" of our present buildings, and not try to replace them by new ones, whose chief merit would be "eclectic eccentricity" on the one hand, and inferior workmanship on the other. We might get better designs and forms than our present "utilitarian abortions," but they would lack solid workmanship.

Mr. Morris's attack on our household furniture and crockery gave him the opportunity of making an excellent epigram adapted from La Roche-

foucauld. Alluding to the floral decorations on our ewers and basins, he said "they were a homage that Utility rendered to Art." If one result of the Congress is to make every man his own Art critic, we would venture on the opinion that Mr. Morris's theories are like a house, noble in design, and of fine proportions, but built upon sand, and unable to withstand the winds and waves of practical experience.

A very interesting and able paper was read by Mr. W. B. Richmond, A.R.A., on "The Influence of French Impressionism on English Art," of which the watchword practically was an earnest exordium to young students that they would do well "in spite of all temptations, to belong to other nations," to remember and abide by the traditions of our English school, traditions founded on the teaching of the great Italian and Dutch masters. This paper gave rise to much animated discussion, in which Art terms in different languages were thrown about with a fine insouciance, till the audience was finally left with a somewhat vague idea as to what impressionism really was.

One of the most striking and valuable papers, because of its practical bearing on the needs of the day, was the one on "Government Art Schools," by Mr. Hodgson, R.A. Deploring the almost infinitesimal gain to Art and Industry of the South Kensington system, Mr. Hodgson proposed as a remedy, or at least as a step in the right direction, the formation of district Art Schools throughout the country, which should occupy themselves with the artistic wants of the industry of that particular district. Thus we should have in the Midland Counties schools which would have for sole object the furtherance of the Ceramic Arts: and in the manufacturing district we should have schools of design for cotton-printing and carpet-weaving. That the necessity for decentralization should be forced on our attention is in itself one of the gains of an address like Mr. Hodgson's.

Perhaps no truer word was uttered during the week of much talking than by Mr. Andrew Lang in his interesting and characteristic paper on "Savage Art," when he said that it was impossible to find the cause why one nation in one period in the world's history should have been pre-eminent in art. "It came because God willed it so. It went and came as He chose, and we really know nothing about why it came and why it went."

During the Art Congress a conversazione was held one evening in the Naval and Military Exhibition now open. Here it was not words but the record of deeds that absorbed attention, awakening associations of—

> "Old, unhappy far-off things,
> And battles long ago."

Yet it is not on the unhappiness, but on the heroism that we dwell as we look on these records. Unhappiness at times is the doom of all, but it passes; valour, honour, devotion to a country or a cause are the heritage of the few, and they do not pass. Starting with the retired soldier who takes our umbrellas at the door, a V. C. man with a Crimean medal and four clasps, everything in the Exhibition appeals to sentiment, and the critical faculty, sharpened by recent lectures and discussions, gives way to a rush of unquestioning emotion. The relics are many and very various, from the prehistoric knobbed stone balls, about which conjecture itself is dumb, to the medals struck by Chinese Gordon during the siege of Khartoum (to decorate his troops), before which English historians may prefer to keep silence. Along one side of the wall are ranged weapons from early mediæval times down to the present day—weapons that belonged to Robert the Bruce, Rob Roy, Claverhouse, Colonel Gardiner, Sir John Moore, and others, whose names stir us like the sound of a trumpet. On the other side of the wall hang portraits of our great soldiers and sailors, pictures of battles, faded standards and tattered colours, colours that were brighter and less fragmentary when borne before their gallant regiments at—

> Vittoria! Salamanca! Talavera!
> Till Roncesvalles echoed to our balls!

Strange enough among the host of dead warriors whose shades fill these rooms, it is the presence of a man of peace of which we are chiefly conscious—Sir Walter Scott. "Tu duce, tu Signore, e tu Maestro."—His spirit it is that is with us leading us past much that he first taught us to know and love. Is it not of "Old Mortality" that we think as we look at the "bluidy banner" of the Covenanters hanging over the entrance door-way, the banner they carried at Drumclog and Bothwell Brig? Is it not Scott who, in the Lord of the Isles, Marmion, and the Waverley Novels, made the events, the deeds of daring of Bannockburn, Flodden, Prestonpans and Falkirk live for ever, thus giving poignant reality to the relics before us?

Other memorials there are in this collection, no less moving, notably the sword by the aid of which Sergeant Ewart of the Scots Greys captured the imperial Eagle at Waterloo—and different relics of the Mutiny, for the greater part unimportant and insignificant in themselves, but touching a chord which awakens the memory of some of the most heroic lives, and most chivalrous, dauntless natures among our countrymen.

In the Naval Section the most interesting objects are an Armada gun, lent by the Queen, and Nelson's sword and spectacles (with different glasses—one plain to suit his blind eye), and the bo'sun's whistle used on the *Victory* at Trafalgar.

A more interesting, moving collection of relics has seldom been got

together. It is the first Exhibition of the kind, and infinite credit and gratitude are due to the promoters of it, for the skilll with which they have carried out the idea.

Notes from Paris.

It is not unlikely that, in consequence of the unavoidable reaction after the Exhibition, this winter will be very quiet, at least from a social point of view. What it may be politically, no one can foresee. The general impression on the Monarchist side is that of utter hopelessness as to the ultimate success of their cause, and a sort of despairing acceptance of the Republic, as a necessary evil. The alliance of the Orleanists with the Boulangists has so thoroughly shocked the feelings of many prominent men of their party, that a considerable coolness has followed, with the loss of powerful support. That the Comte de Paris spent large sums in favour of Boulanger seems undeniable, as it is asserted on the best authority; though why he did so remains an enigma, for he could scarcely be so simple as to suppose that Boulanger would work for any one but himself. We have heard the subject discussed, by people hitherto known as Royalists, with such expressions of anger and indignation, that we could not even venture to repeat them. The character of Boulanger is so unfavourably criticised, all his friends are so low in public esteem, and he has proved himself such an unscrupulous adventurer, that the most ardent Orleanists openly declare their cause to be disgraced by having been associated with his. On our remarking that the object seemed to be simply to sweep away what now exists and is obnoxious to many, the quick retort was that it is "impossible to sweep clean with a dirty broom." As to Boulanger himself, all the glamour is gone; people seem to wake up from a state of delusion, at which they are the first to laugh sheepishly. Meanwhile time goes by; the "brav Général" is turning grey, and as one of his antagonists ingeniously remarked, "*A votre âge, Napoléon était mort.*"

The submission to the Republic, *faute de mieux*, is, however, very unwilling, and there is a lurking hope that another and a greater Boulanger will start up, and be the death of "La gueuse"—"the wretch," as the majestic female who emblematically presides over the destinies of France, is disrespectfully entitled. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the recent elections represent the true feeling of the country, for everywhere the pressure of Government authority weighed heavily in the scale; so heavily, indeed, as often to destroy all liberty of action. Every one occupying a position, in any way dependent on the Government, and their name is legion, knew that to vote against the official candidate would mean summary dismissal and loss of their situations; which in a country where fortunes are usually very limited, spelled ruin for themselves and their families. All the Prefects and Mayors knew that they would be held responsible for adverse results,

and consequently left no stone unturned to influence electors. Even the poor country parish priests were ordered to favour the Government candidates by their authority, and in cases where they showed preference, in the interests of religion, for any other, their pitiful stipend is said to have been suppressed, leaving them destitute. We could name one large town where, to our personal knowledge, the local charities have been deprived of their usual allowance because the Opposition candidate had been elected. "Vive la liberté!"

How would the Irish clergy enjoy such a régime?

The death of Emile Augier is a great loss to the French drama. Although he had ceased to write for some time, it was hoped that he would relent, and give another *chef d'œuvre* to the Comédie Française, where all his plays had assumed the importance of events in the literary world. His subjects and characters were peculiarly his own; unlike the brilliant paradoxes of Alexandre Dumas, they are intensely real, so that they come before the spectators like old acquaintances, who startle one with a claim for recognition. The crafty lawyer, Maître Guérin, so marvellously depicted by Got; old Poirier, the father-in-law of the Marquis de Presles, who has married Antoinette Poirier for the sake of her money, earned in trade, are types perfectly familiar to every Frenchman.

There is not usually much of the ideal about them; they are every-day people, but so marvellously portrayed, that we seem to see their characters revealed with microscopic distinctness. But it is all so exclusively, so thoroughly *French*, that we could not imagine the possibility of any adaptation in another country. Everything which is so wonderfully true here, would be unintelligible elsewhere. It would be as easy to create a French Ralph Nickleby, or a French Mr. Pickwick.

The death of Emile Augier causes a vacancy amongst the "Immortals," as the members of the "Académie Française" are satirically called. Who will be his successor? The name on every one's lips is that of M. de Bornier, the author of "La Fille de Rolande," and other striking works; dramas in verse rather than tragedies, in which Sarah Bernhardt gained some of her greatest and purest triumphs. M. de Bornier is about to bring out a new drama, "Mahomet," in which Mounet-Sully is to take the principal part, that of the Prophet himself. But will this play be successful? The "Académie" cannot run the risk of a failure, so, unless there is a triumph before the Academical election, M. de Bornier's chances as a candidate will be annulled. There is, however, some doubt whether "Mahomet" will be brought out after all? It is said that the Turkish Embassy has strongly objected to the Prophet appearing on the stage; and the Government may interfere to avoid political difficulties. All therefore remains doubtful.

Zola has been mentioned as a candidate; but it is strongly to be hoped that the Académie will have sufficient self-respect to blackball at once such a writer, and his chances seem feeble.

The great present sensation is Alphonse Daudet's new play, "La Lutte pour la Vie," or "Struggle for Life," a phrase impossible of pronunciation by French mouths, and yet constantly recurring. The hero, an extremely unprincipled individual, who acts on the bird-of-prey principle of devouring the weak and defenceless, is called a "*Struggle-forlifeur.*" The unfortunate actors condemned to pronounce this assemblage of difficulties, have recourse to the expedient of abridging it; so it becomes "Struglaife" throughout the play; the "Struglaife" mysteriously explaining, and almost justifying, a series of very black misdeeds.

The most pleasing character in this clever but disagreeable play is a secondary one; a short part of very touching simplicity, most admirably embodied by a young *débutant*, named Burguet, a pupil of the Conservatoire, unknown yesterday, and now on the high road to fame and fortune. His exquisite acting was received with enthusiastic applause, the audience calling for him twice, causing such overpowering astonishment and delight to the young actor, that he finally burst into tears. In all probability he will soon shine at the Comédie Française.

Some interest and amusement has been awakened by the discovery of several small boys, who had run away from their homes "to see the Eiffel Tower."

The first were found, huddled up, on a heap of feathers, plucked from the fowls on sale at the Halles Centrales; and, when taken to the police station, gave out their respective ages to be ten, eleven, and twelve years. The two youngest were brothers, and with their friend had walked all the way from Nice; taking with them, by way of travelling provision, two slices of bread and butter each, and twenty-two sous between the three. They had been four months on their way; of course begging, when their magnificent resources were exhausted. They had reached Paris safely, without molestation of any kind; had got in at the Exhibition, and had dined comfortably, as they said, on the remains left by visitors. They gave their names and the address of their relations at Nice, to whom they were sent back, after a telegram had given notice of their safety. Soon, two more urchins were found, who had walked from Bordeaux; and lastly, another little fellow, who had come from Saint Jean d'Angély, was discovered, wandering about the outer Boulevards. On enquiry, it was found that he belonged to a most respectable family, and bore an excellent character, but had not been able to resist the temptation of seeing the Exhibition; which he had managed to effect, without getting into mischief!

A curious and interesting paper has just been read to the "Académie des Sciences," by a Professor of the Sorbonne, named Giart, setting forth new theories to explain the causes of the phosphorescent light seen on the sea; which he attributes to an infectious microbious disease, affecting the animalculæ on the surface, that are not luminous in their natural condition. He relates some curious experiments of inoculation, from phosphorescent insects to others, who immediately became luminous, but soon died. He has tried the inoculation successfully, even on crabs, communicating to them luminous properties, with their subsequent poisonous effects.

At the same time, he vindicates glow-worms and fire-flies from any such unpleasant attributes, which seem to belong especially to denizens of the seas, and to be produced by contact with their inhabitants.

It does not seem easy to induce Parisians to take the rejuvenating inventions of Professor Brown-Séquard seriously. The jokes on the subject are endless, and caricatures are numerous. Louise Michel, gone back to her schoolgirl days, in a short frock, with long curls on her shoulders, and her well-known, not very attractive countenance, about as fresh as a pickled walnut; M. Brown-Séquard himself, manipulating his ingredients, with a weeping rabbit by his side; evidently a provokingly good likeness of the Professor; but perhaps the most humorous is a representation of a very old gentleman, staring earnestly at a placard, in large letters and advertisement style: "Si vous nous donnez Vingt Francs et Un Vieux Monsieur, nous vous rendrons Un Jeune." (If you give us Twenty Francs and an Old Gentleman, we Will give you back a Young one.) Every injection being supposed to take off ten years, we are also shown a series of heads; beginning at ninety, and growing young progressively, back to babyhood. If it be true that "Le Ridicule tue," M. Brown-Séquard will need all his injections to prolong his own life.

Our Library List.

OUR VICEREGAL LIFE IN INDIA. By the MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA. (2 vols. 24*s*. *Murray*.) This is a book the general character of which is fully indicated by its title, but one to the charms of which no brief notice or extracts can do justice. The political and official duties of the Viceroy of India are familiar matters of public discussion, while the grave responsibilities and the far-reaching influence of the social side of Viceregal Life are too apt to be overlooked. Durbars and high functions have to be organized, distinguished visitors have to be entertained, the etiquette and the love of pomp of native princes and rulers, the aspirations and jealousies of the Anglo-Indian community, have to be controlled and harmonized.

A few years ago Baron Hübner gave us a brilliant sketch of our Indian Empire, from the external point of view of an experienced foreign statesman and admirer; Lady Dufferin now gives us the complement thereto by her description of the inner social life of the Viceroy, and of his journeys from Quetta to Mandalay, and from Peshawur to Cape Comorin; a description so bright and clever, so full of tact and geniality, that it cannot fail to fascinate the reader.

THE LIFE OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL, by SPENCER WALPOLE (2 vols. 36*s*. *Longmans*), furnishes a mine of information to the political student, and also gives a full and carefully drawn portrait of a very interesting character. The biographer has had access not only to all Lord Russell's papers, official and private, but also to volumes of letters in the possession of the Queen, to the family archives at Woburn, and to correspondence stored up in other great Whig houses and elsewhere. Over all this wealth of material he shows his mastery, and has woven it into a perfectly clear narrative, his object being rather "to draw a portrait of the man than to write an account of the time." Lord Russell's personal character did not perhaps obtain full recognition from his contemporaries, being obscured by certain faults of manner which rendered him a somewhat difficult colleague and a not very sympathetic chief. His biographer reveals him as a high-minded patriot, an indefatigable worker, a most capable administrator, and a man in all the domestic relations of life blameless. It is not generally known hat Lord Russell, who was a very voluminous writer, once contemplated abandoning politics for literature.

A NATURALIST IN NORTH CELEBES. By DR. SYDNEY J. HICKSON. With Map and Illustrations. (1 vol. 16*s*. *Murray*.) Lovers of things thorough and precise will be satisfied with Dr. Hickson's account of his sojourn in Celebes, and with his exact and methodical descriptions of the fauna, flora, and marine zoology of that interesting and little known country. To the naturalist's library especially his book will be found a valuable addition, more particularly on account of the important investigations which he has made into the ways and habits of the coral "polypes" and the circumstances under which the reefs are formed; throwing much light on a subject concerning which the scientific world eagerly welcomes every new fact. The anthropologist will be interested in the ways and customs of a curious people; and last, but not least, the general reader will find from the judicious manner in which the science has been introduced, that he will come to the end of the book before ever he has discovered that it is a "scientific work." We have not space to enter into details, but there is one point to which we would draw the reader's attention: let him look at the frontispiece, and then turn to the description of "the little jumping fishes" which it represents. Fishes that live out of water, associate with crabs, and possess goggle-eyes more like those of frogs than of ordinary fishes, are surely a great curiosity.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE AND SLAVERY IN AFRICA, by RICHARD F. CLARKE, S.J. (1 vol. 14*s*. *Longmans*), is a sympathetic account of the mission work done in North Africa under the leadership of the energetic Archbishop of Algiers, to which Anglicans scarcely less than Roman Catholics must wish God speed. Visitors to last year's Paris Salon can hardly have failed to notice M. Bonnat's striking full-length portrait of an impressive figure which, were it not for the Cardinal's robes and biretta, would have seemed to be that of some Eastern potentate. The account given by Father Clarke of his hero fully bears out and deepens the impression left by the picture. Indomitable energy and abounding enthusiasm are reflected in every page of the book and in every line of the portrait. Like other men of his stamp, the Cardinal has his enemies, and has been accused of overweening ambition and a certain unscrupulousness as to means; be this as it may, his lifework is undoubtedly a great one, and he is one of the most remarkable personalities of his time. The book covers ground not so familiar as it should be to Englishmen, and ought decidedly to be read.

HINDU KOH, by Major-General D. MACINTYRE (1 vol. 21*s*. *Blackwood*), is a book that will fascinate sportsmen and provide excellent entertainment for such general readers as possess any spark of the hunter's spirit. For many years General Macintyre has roamed the

Himalayas in quest of big game; not the wild beasts of the jungle, tigers and elephants, but varieties of stag and goat and sheep, whose very names are unfamiliar to English ears. The excitement of the sport is similar to that afforded by chamois hunting in Europe, but it is indefinitely heightened by the remoteness of the region, the variety of the quarry, the savage grandeur of the scenery, and the necessary hardships and dangers which render success doubly sweet and rob failure of half its bitterness. General Macintyre is no indiscriminate slaughterer, and spares every animal which, from its sex or size, can add no lustre to his sportsman's trophies, or which is not required as food. He describes, clearly and graphically, the various objects of his chase and their haunts. A good example of his skill, both with rifle and pen, is afforded by his account of the stalking and shooting of a magnificent *Ovis Ammon*, a giant mountain ram whose horns are regarded as the "blue ribbon" of Himalayan sportsmen. The volume concludes with a few hints to young hunters concerning kit, camp equipage, &c., which will no doubt be appreciated in the proper quarter; there are several good illustrations.

WOODLAND, MOOR, AND STREAM (1 vol. 5*s*. *Smith, Elder, & Co.*), is a gracefully written series of country sketches in the manner of the late Richard Jeffries. The anonymous author is mysteriously alluded to by his editor, J. A. Owen, as "a friend of ours, a skilled workman," and all names of localities are suppressed; but so many indications are given of the latter, that they would be an open secret for any one acquainted with the neighbourhoods of North Kent and Surrey, while we gather from certain hints that the writer is an artist. At any rate, he is a close observer of nature, and inspires one with an absolute trust in his good faith. Amateurs of this kind of literature are perhaps rather too apt to imagine that reading about the habits of shy wild animals and the intimate details of unfrequented spots is equivalent to discovering what is described for themselves, whereas it is no more like the real thing than a museum of stuffed birds is like a sequestered wood. Still there are many "in populous city pent" who must take what they can get, and these will seldom find work of the kind more conscientious or more dainty than in the present volume.

THE HERITAGE OF DEDLOW MARSH, by BRET HARTE (2 vols. *Macmillan*), is a collection of four stories which if they do not reach quite the highest level attained previously by their author, approach sufficiently near to be far above the average work in their kind. Two are concerned with half-savage settlers in the Wild West, brought face to face with a more decorous and complicated civilization In the first of these we are introduced to a brother and sister dwelling alone in a log cabin on a salt marsh. They have inherited a hatred of

civilized ways, and resolve to live as Ishmaels, but the force of circumstances gradually brings them to a better mind. Both they and their home are most vividly sketched; Mr. Bret Harte has seldom been more happily inspired. In "Captain Jim's friend" we renew our acquaintance with Yuba Bill, but only in a subordinate capacity, the chief parts being taken by a mendacious cowardly braggart and his quixotically simple-minded friend and patron. "A Knight Errant of the Foot hills" is too extravagantly fanciful to allow much reality for the pathetic touches here and there introduced; while the fourth story, "a Secret of Telegraph Hill," calls for no particular comment.

MEMOIRS OF E. A. SOTHERN, by T. E. PEMBERTON (1 vol. 16*s*. *Bentley*), gives a lively picture of the famous comedian, and of the "creation" of the celebrated "character parts," Lord Dundreary, Brother Sam and David Garrick. To readers approaching middle age it will recall many merry hours in the "sixties" and earlier "seventies," when its hero held the town and drew crowded houses week after week. Of the four main divisions of the book, "On the Stage," "Off the Stage," "In the Hunting Field" and "In High Spirits," the first possesses much the most permanent interest; for Sothern, though a bold rider, cannot be reckoned among mighty hunters, and his high spirits generally took the form of elaborate practical jokes. It is no longer considered excruciatingly funny to hoax inoffensive strangers, and lead them into awkward positions to extricate themselves as best they may. The great Theodore Hook, to cite an earlier master of this kind of humour, would probably find himself boycotted at the end of a week.

> "For when these kind of jokes are cracked,
> We do not laugh as we were wont,
> I know not why, but as a fact,
> We don't."

Still the book is worth reading as a picture of manners now almost obsolete.

THE PARIAH, by F. ANSTEY (3 vols. *Smith, Elder, & Co.*), is a very clever and yet a somewhat disappointing book. The author has forsaken the field of broad comedy in which his first laurels were won, and has chosen a subject pathetic and almost tragic; we say *almost*, because the distress caused by an inability to acquire fashionable manners and a gentlemanly deportment seems hardly worthy to range with the deepest of human sorrows. Allen Chadwick, the "pariah," is the neglected son of an indigo planter, who inherited a large fortune in middle life. During his father's absence in India the boy had served in a shop, and when installed in material luxury finds himself unsuited to his new surroundings. The conditions of his life are further complicated by his father's marriage with a would-be fashionable but impecunious widow,

sister-in-law to a peer of the realm, and mother of a beautiful daughter and other offspring. Allen is regarded with natural hostility by his new relations, and his social shortcomings are mercilessly satirized. He, poor lad, falls hopelessly in love with his brilliant sister-in-law, and her scorn, coupled with an estrangement from his father, drives him to evil courses. In the midst of his humiliation he shows himself capable of Quixotic self-sacrifice for the sake of his beloved. The characters are very elaborately drawn and show keen observation and much skill in delineation; yet we close the volumes with a sigh for a breath of fresh human feeling, the love and pity and sympathy that sway men's hearts quite irrespective of etiquette.

THE BELL OF ST. PAULS, by WALTER BESANT (3 vols. *Chatto & Windus*), is just such a fresh cheery tale as readers of its author's former novels have learned to expect. Laurence Waller, a rich young Australian visiting England for the first time, takes up his abode as a lodger among a family of kind-hearted eccentric people, who turn out to be his uncles, aunts and cousins, though the relationship is concealed from them till nearly the close of the story. The head of the household describes himself as belonging to "the Higher Branch" of the law, being in fact a barrister's clerk; one of his sisters is "in the Church," *i.e.* a pew-opener; while another is revered as a prophetess by an obscure religious sect. Hard by dwell a simple-minded neglected Poet, retired from the world for thirty years, and his lovely daughter, who sculls herself about the Thames, and discourses on London as it probably appeared some three centuries or so since. A prominent part in the story is played by a young member of the Royal Society, who had been bought from his gipsy mother in early childhood by a benevolently theorising doctor. Given these *dramatis personæ*, and Mr. Besant's skill as an artificer, the reader may rest assured that he will be well amused and in a desultory pleasant fashion instructed. We leave him to find out the plot for himself.

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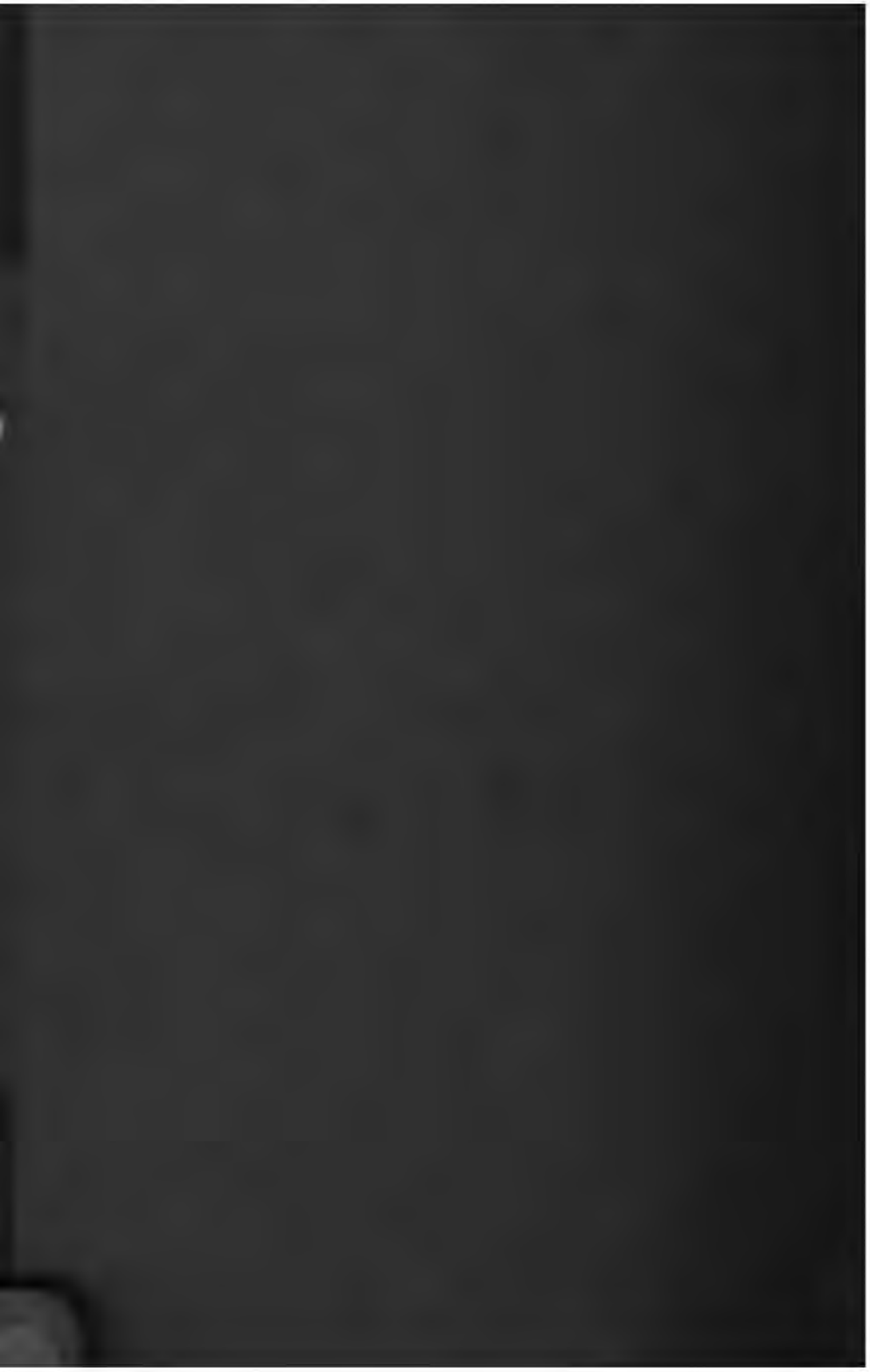

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